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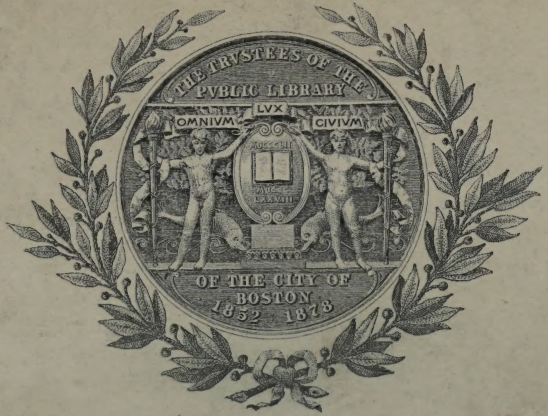
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SAWYER'S

Graded School-Song Book

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II.	„ 9	„	16,	IN C MAJOR, TRIPLE TIME.
III.	„ 17	„	24,	IN C MAJOR, QUADRUPLE TIME.
IV.	„ 25	„	32,	IN G MAJOR.
V.	„ 33	„	40,	IN F MAJOR.
VI.	„ 41	„	48,	IN D MAJOR AND B FLAT MAJOR.
VII.	„ 49	„	56,	IN A MAJOR AND E FLAT MAJOR.
VIII.	„ 57	„	64,	IN MINOR KEYS.
IX.	„ 65	„	72,	IN SIX-EIGHT TIME.
X.	„ 73	„	84,	IN E MAJOR AND A FLAT MAJOR.

N.B.—Parts VI to X have a part for 2nd Treble

EDITED BY

FRANK J. SAWYER, MUS DOC., OXON.

PROFESSOR OF SIGHT-SINGING, ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Price, in separate Parts, each containing 8 Songs, 2d. net.

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THE VINCENT MUSIC COMPANY, LTD.

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE Author, grateful for the success that has attended the first edition of the Graded School Song-Book, desires, in issuing the second edition, to acknowledge the valuable suggestions made to him by Dr. C. Harford Lloyd, Precentor of Eton, and also by Professor Sir Frederick Bridge and Professor Ebenezer Prout.

BRIGHTON, 1903.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

As in the development of our National character our National songs play an important part, it is essential that our children should be taught to sing them in their early youth.

But the advantage of Songs, learnt and sung, parrot-like, by ear only, is very small, when compared with the great educational advantage it is, if the children are taught to read the melodies from the five-line staff,—the one language of music.

The Graded School-Song Book has been compiled to achieve this desirable result; thus, as soon as the pupils can sing at sight from the blackboard in C major, Duple Time (see Manual of Sight-Singing Book I, Chapters 1 to 3), then Part I of the Graded School-Song Book (price 2d.) provides them with eight songs in that key and time. When Triple Time has been learnt, Part II contains eight songs in C major, three-four Time. Quadruple Time having been mastered (see Manual of Sight-Singing, Chapter 5), Part III of the Song Book contains eight songs in C major, four-four Time. Thus the first twenty-four songs are all in C major.

When the class has extended its work to G major (Manual of Sight-Singing, Chapter 7), Part IV of the Graded School-Song Book will be found to contain eight songs in that key, while Part V similarly contains eight songs in F major. The children having learnt Sight-Singing in the keys of C, F, and G, are thus provided in the first five Parts of the Song Book with *forty* songs in those keys.

APR 21 1903
L

In Book II of the Manual of Sight-Singing, their studies are continued to the keys of D and B flat, while duett singing is introduced. Hence Part VI of the Song Book contains four songs in D major and four in B flat, a *simple second treble part* being added. Part VII similarly treats the keys of A and E flat major; Part VIII is devoted to songs in minor keys; Part IX to songs in six-eight time, and Part X to songs in E and A flat major.

The Teacher should note that these songs should be learnt *without* the piano, the melodies being first read through like Sight-Reading exercises, afterwards sung with words, and only then, when firmly learnt, should the simple piano accompaniment be used, which is designed only to *support* and never to *lead* the voices.

Regarding the melodies, every effort has been made that they shall be given in their pure and original state, only such alterations being admitted as have become traditional (*vide* "Rule, Britannia"). The words have been similarly treated, the original poems being retained where possible. In the case of songs not in the vernacular (as songs from the Welsh and German), special translations have been made in order to reproduce as far as possible the original sentiment of the poem, thus revealing beauties hitherto unnoticed (*vide* "All through the night.")

In conclusion, a German author has recently traced the growth of socialism in Germany to the present neglect of national songs in the schools of the Fatherland. The author of this Graded School-Song Book therefore ardently hopes that the singing of these songs may awaken in the heart of Young England the highest sentiments of patriotism, nobility and tenderness.

BRIGHTON, *March 1902.*

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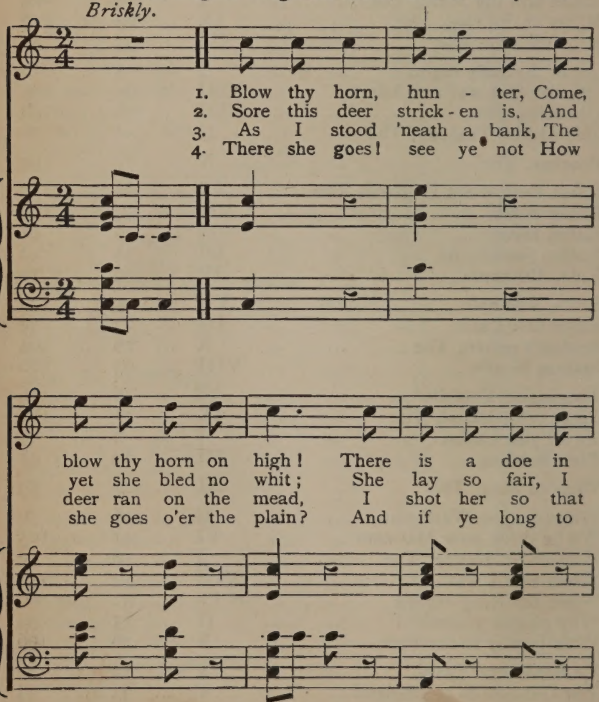
SAWYER'S
GRADED SCHOOL-SONG BOOK.

Part I is intended to coincide with the instruction in "Manual of Sight-Singing," Chapters 2 and 3.

No. 1. Blow thy horn, Hunter.

Old English Song from MSS., time of Henry VIII.


Briskly.
1. Blow thy horn, hun - ter, Come,
2. Sore this deer strick - en is, And
3. As I stood 'neath a bank, The
4. There she goes! see ye not How
blow thy horn on high! There is a doe in
yet she bled no whit; She lay so fair, I
deer ran on the mead, I shot her so that
she goes o'er the plain? And if ye long to

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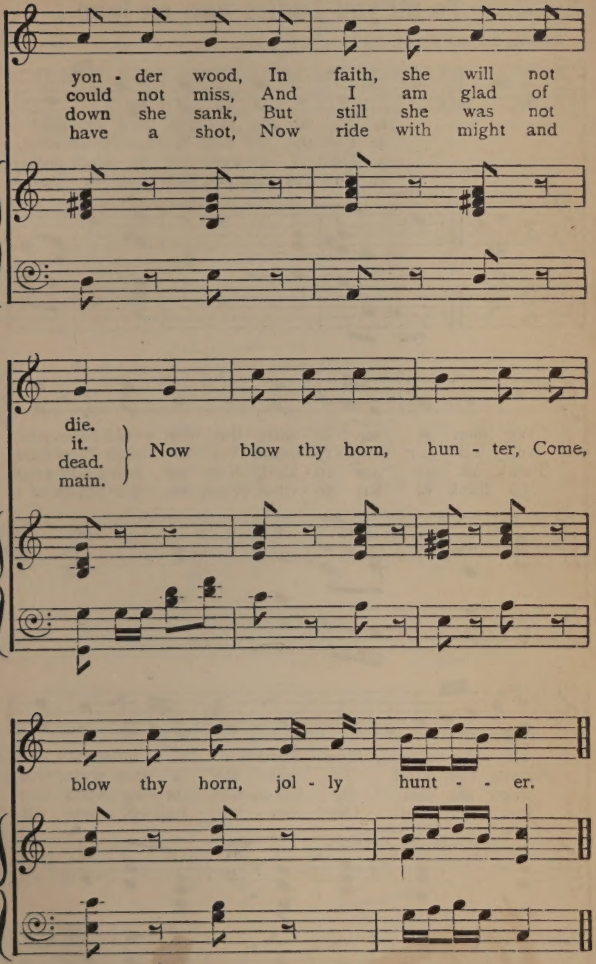
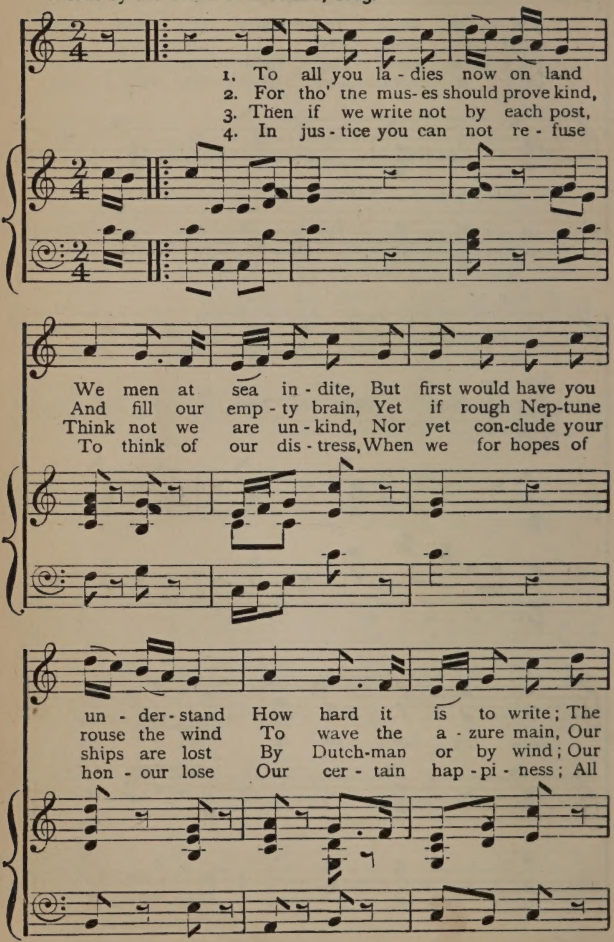

yon - der wood, In faith, she will not
could not miss, And I am glad of
down she sank, But still she was not
have a shot, Now ride with might and
die.
it.
dead.
main.
Now blow thy horn, hun - ter, Come,
blow thy horn, jol - ly hunt - - er.

No. 2. To all you Ladies now on land.

Words by the EARL OF DORSET, 1663.


1. To all you la - dies now on land
2. For tho' the mus- es should prove kind,
3. Then if we write not by each post,
4. In jus - tice you can not re - fuse
We men at sea in - dite, But first would have you
And fill our emp - ty brain, Yet if rough Nep-tune
Think not we are un - kind, Nor yet con-clude your
To think of our dis - tress, When we for hopes of
un - der - stand How hard it is to write; The
rouse the wind To wave the a - zure main, Our
ships are lost By Dutch-man or by wind; Our
hon - our lose Our cer - tain hap - pi - ness; All

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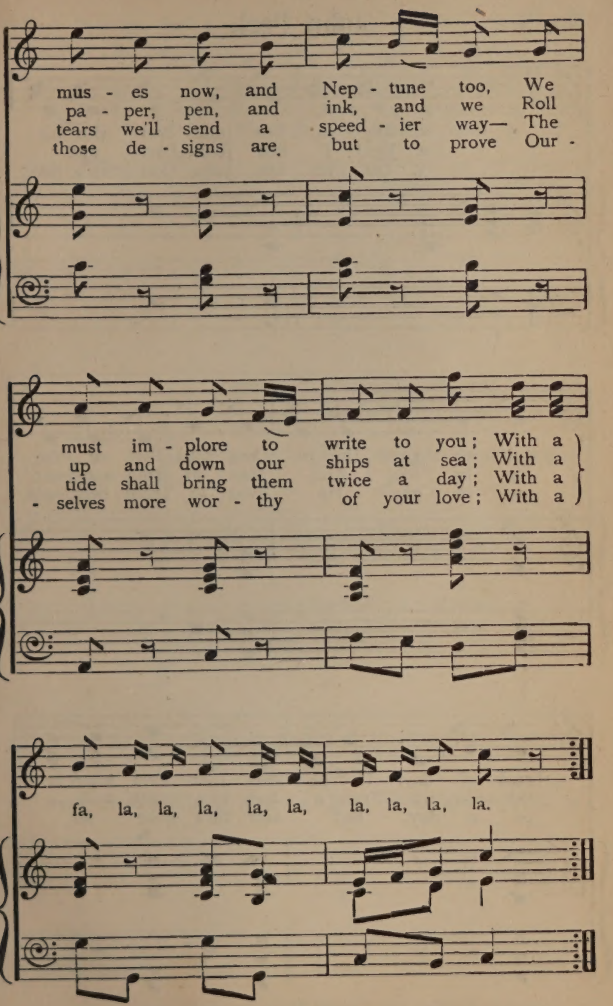
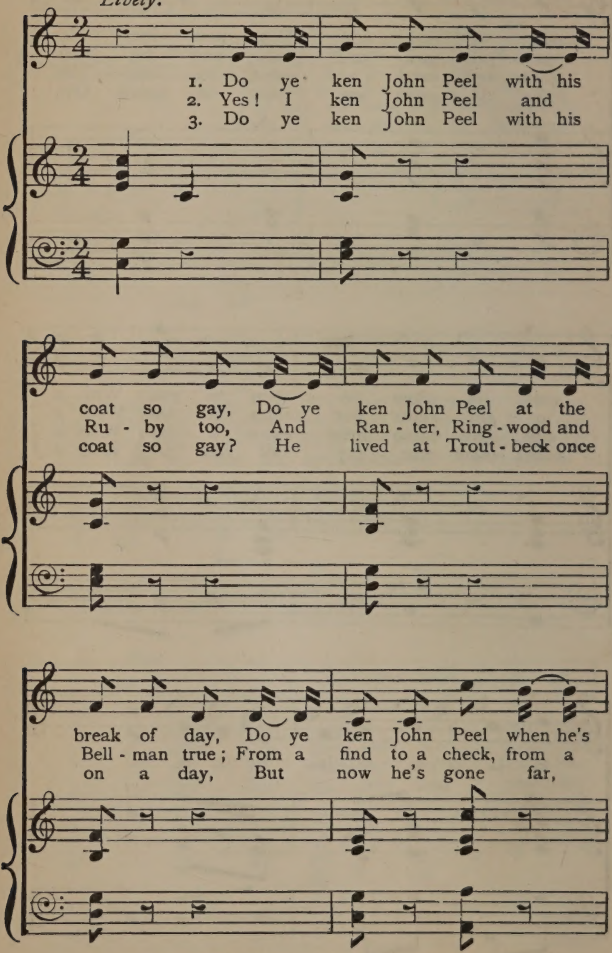

mus - es now, and Nep - tune too, We
pa - per, pen, and ink, and we Roll
tears we'll send a speed - ier way— The
those de - signs are but to prove Our -
must im - plore to write to you; With a
up and down our ships at sea; With a
tide shall bring them twice a day; With a
- selves more wor - thy of your love; With a
fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

No. 3. John Peel.

Lively.


1. Do ye ken John Peel with his
2. Yes! I ken John Peel and
3. Do ye ken John Peel with his
coat so gay, Do ye ken John Peel at the
Ru - by too, And Ran - ter, Ring - wood and
coat so gay? He lived at Trout - beck once
break of day, Do ye ken John Peel when he's
Bell - man true; From a find to a check, from a
on a day, But now he's gone far,

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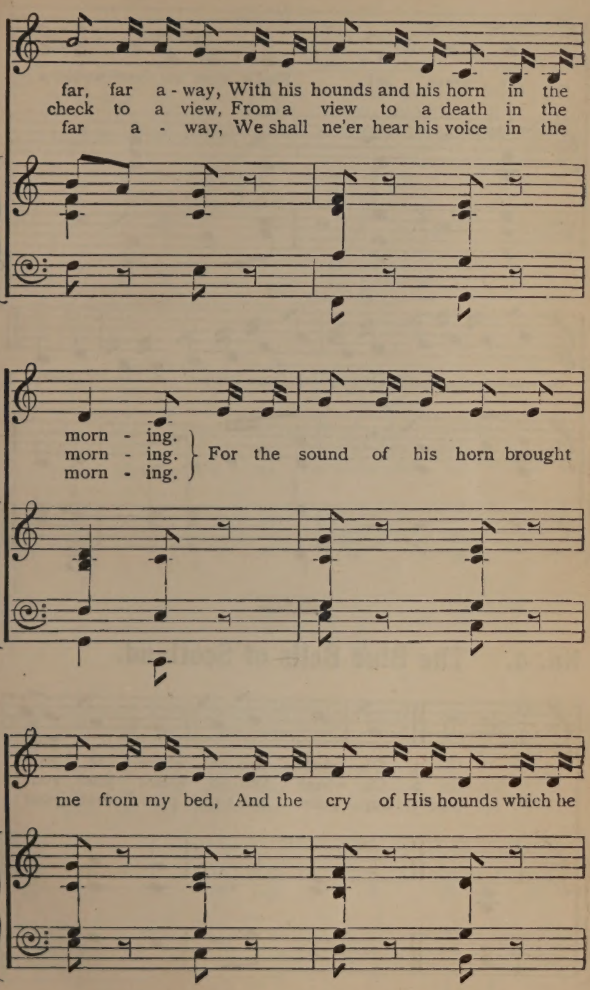
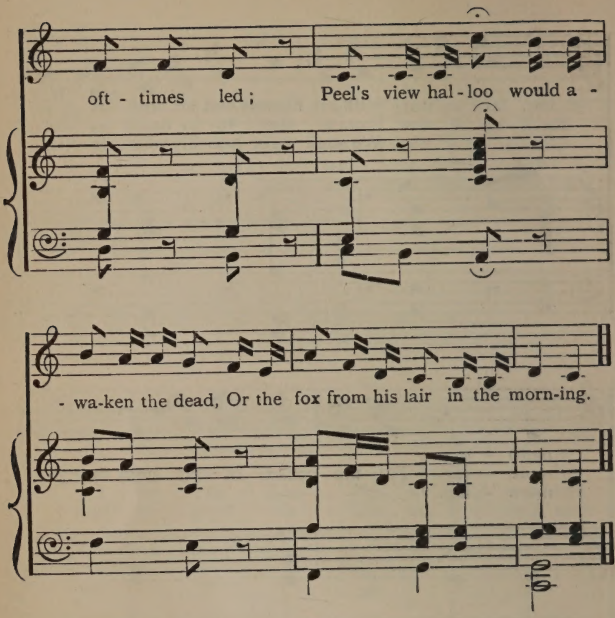
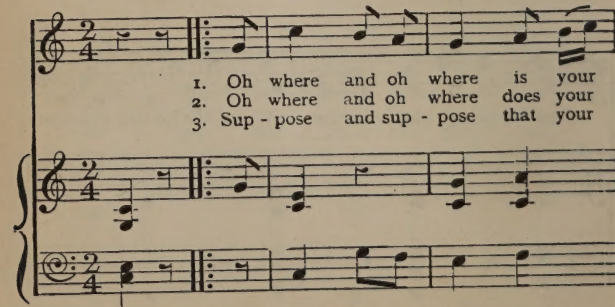

far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the
check to a view, From a view to a death in the
far a - way, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the
morn - ing.
morn - ing.
morn - ing.
For the sound of his horn brought
me from my bed, And the cry of His hounds which he



No. 4. The Blue Bells of Scotland.



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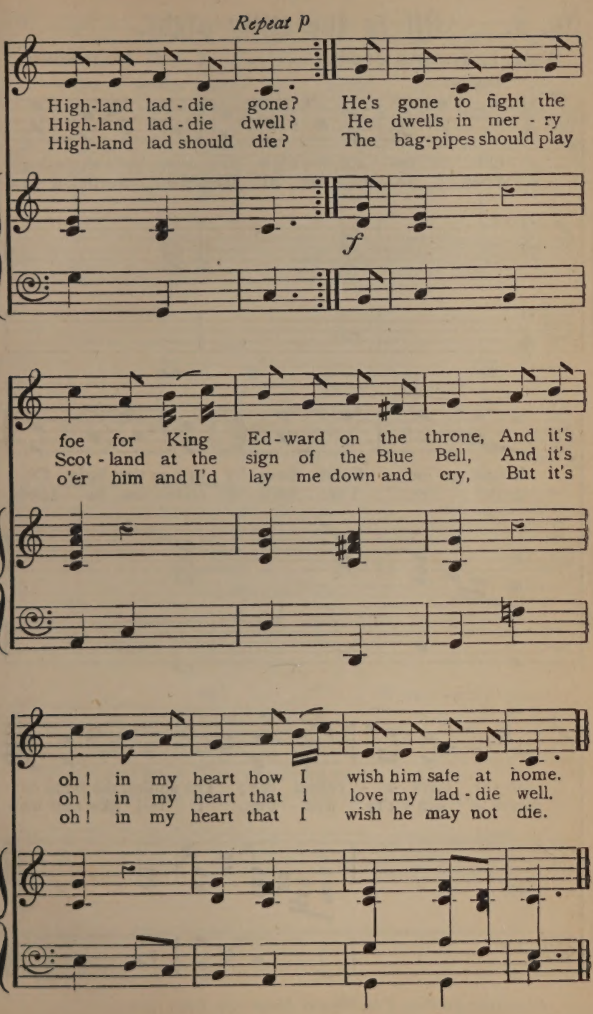
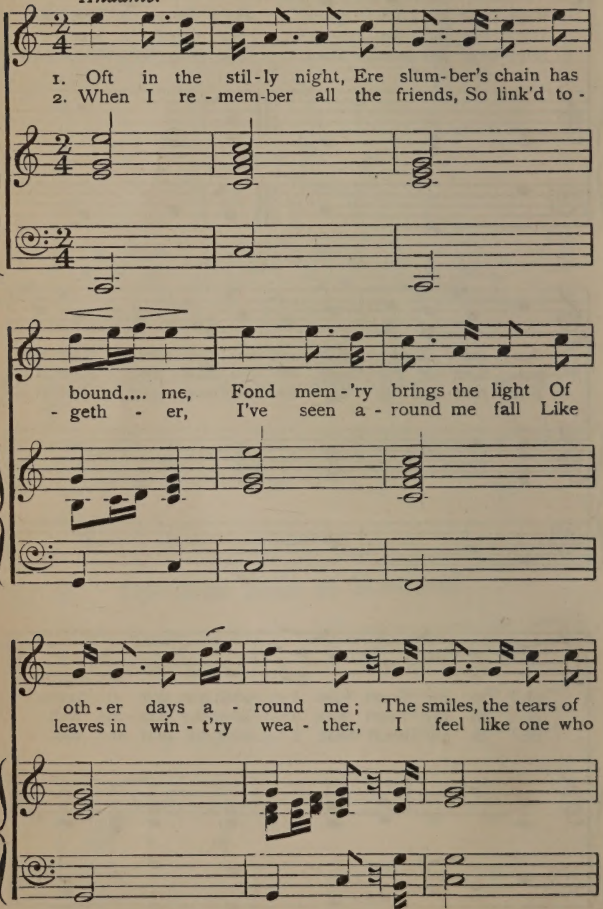

Repeat p
High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the
High-land lad - die dwell? He dwells in mer - ry
High-land lad should die? The bag-pipes should play
f
foe for King Ed - ward on the throne, And it's
Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell, And it's
o'er him and I'd lay me down and cry, But it's
oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.
oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

No. 5. Oft in the stilly night.

Words by THOMAS MOORE. IRISH SONG.

Andante.


1. Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain has
2. When I re-mem-ber all the friends, So link'd to-
bound.... me, Fond mem-'ry brings the light Of
-geth-er, I've seen a-round me fall Like
oth-er days a-round me; The smiles, the tears of
leaves in win-t'ry wea-ther, I feel like one who

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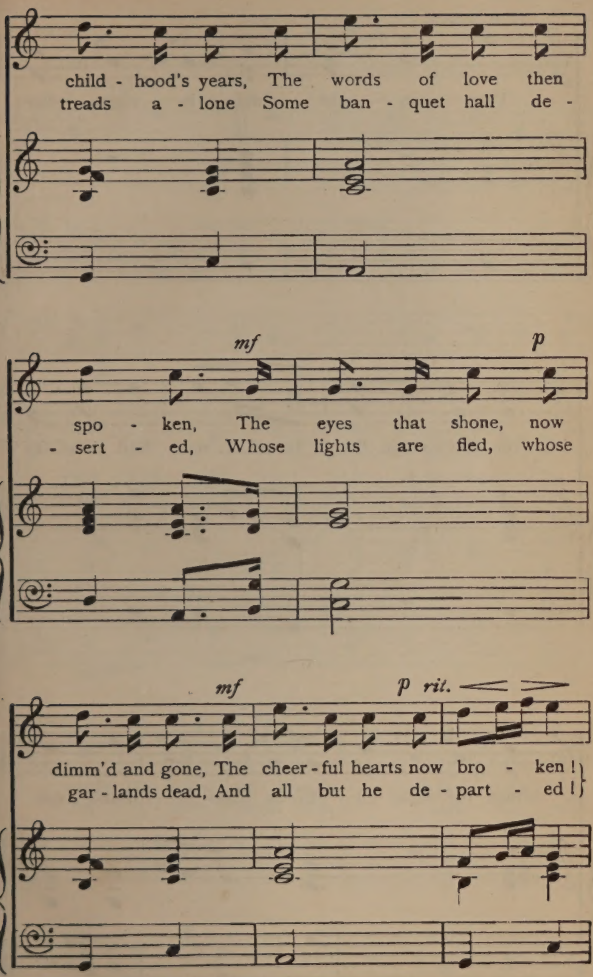
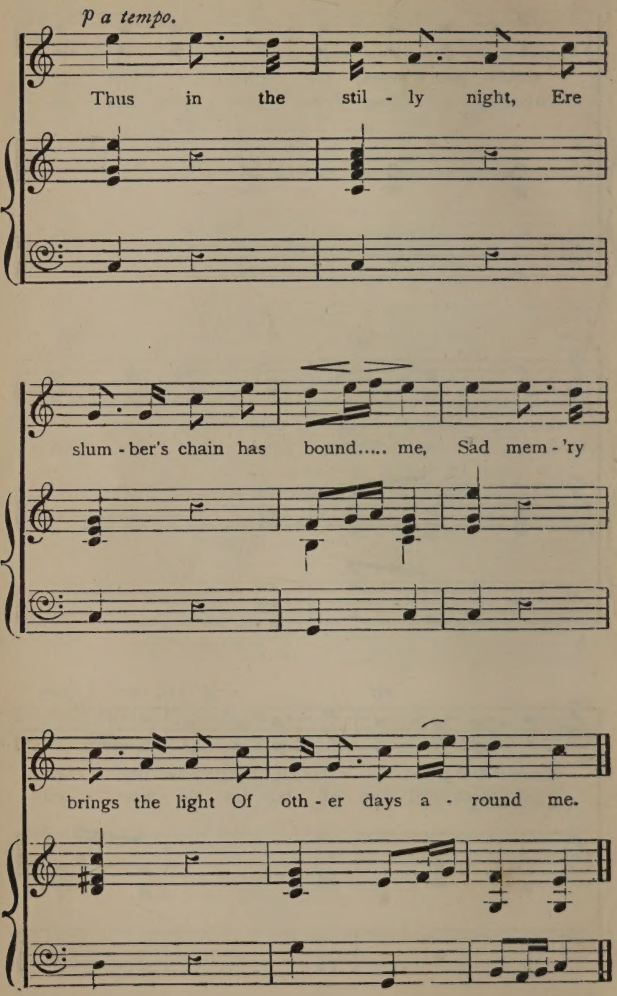
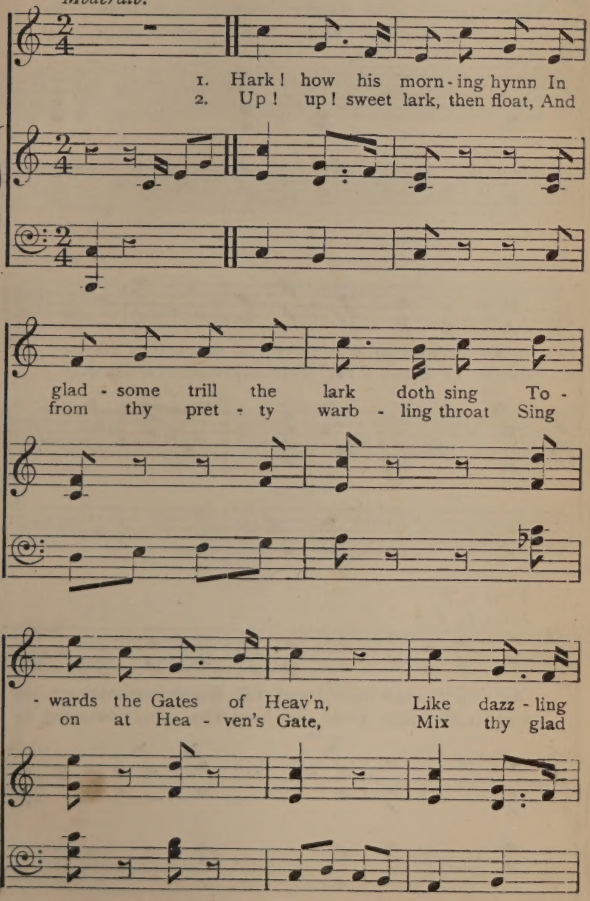

child - hood's years, The words of love then
treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de -
mf
p
spo - ken, The eyes that shone, now
- sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose
mf
p rit.
dimm'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken!
gar - lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed!


p a tempo.
Thus in the stil - ly night, Ere
slum - ber's chain has bound..... me, Sad mem - 'ry
brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

No. 6. The Lark.

Words adapted from the original Welsh by F.J.S. WELSH

Moderato.


1. Hark! how his morn - ing hymn In
2. Up! up! sweet lark, then float, And
glad - some trill the lark doth sing To -
from thy pret - ty warb - ling throat Sing
- wards the Gates of Heav'n, Like dazz - ling
on at Hea - ven's Gate, Mix thy glad

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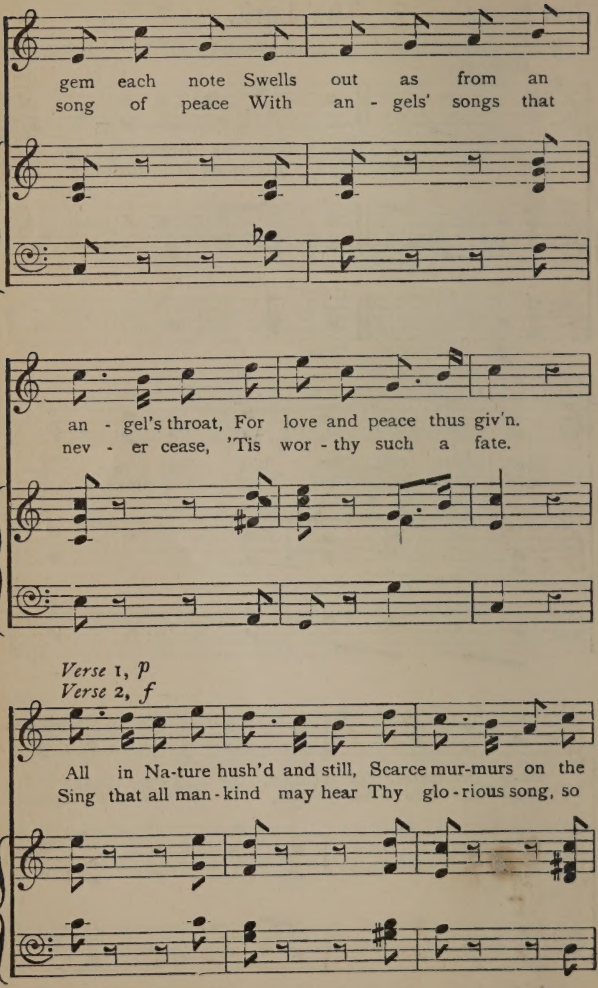
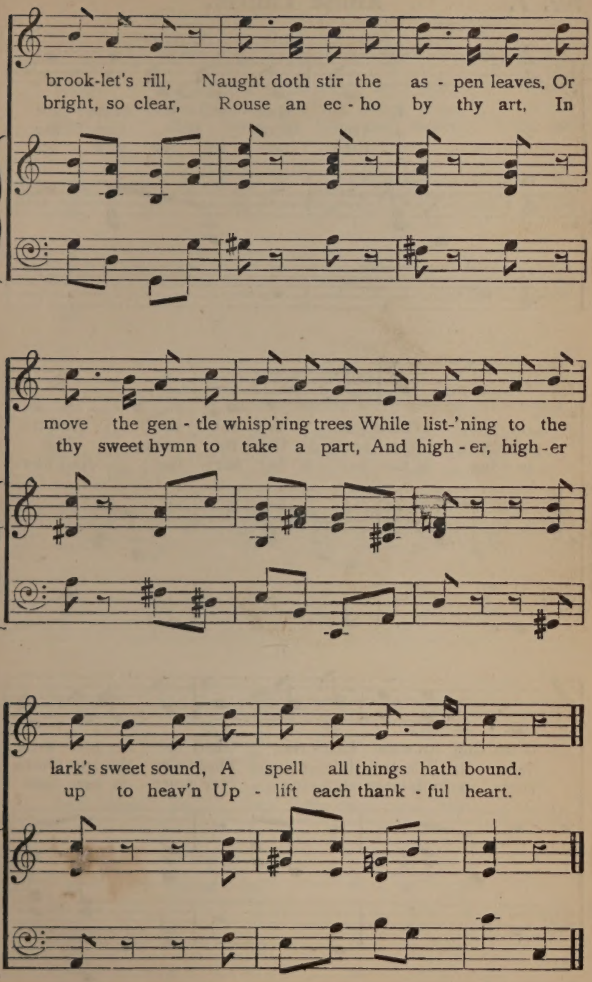
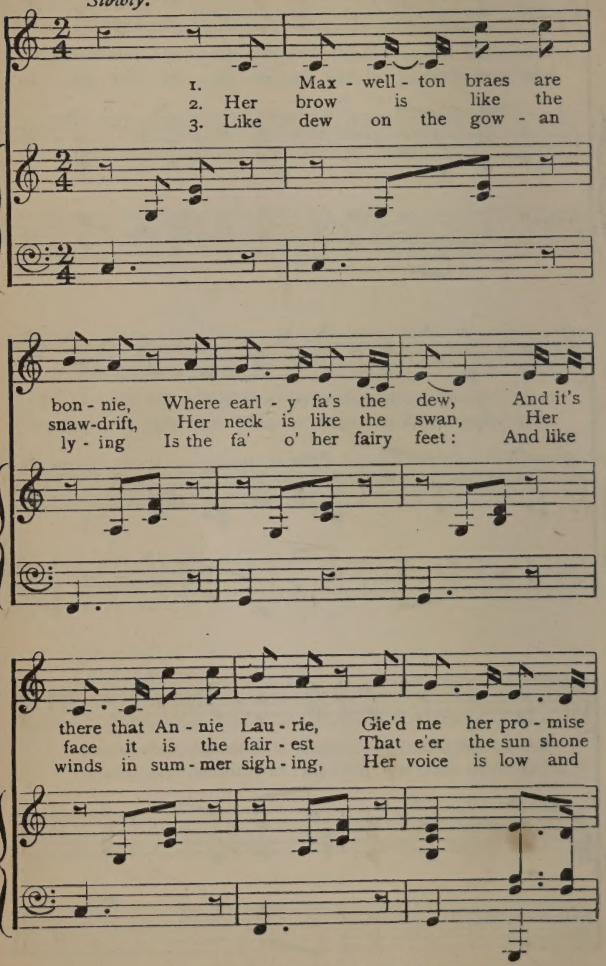

gem each note Swells out as from an
song of peace With an - gels' songs that
an - gel's throat, For love and peace thus giv'n.
nev - er cease, 'Tis wor - thy such a fate.
Verse 1, *p*
Verse 2, *f*
All in Na-ture hush'd and still, Scarce mur-murs on the
Sing that all man-kind may hear Thy glo-rious song, so


brook-let's rill, Naught doth stir the as - pen leaves, Or
bright, so clear, Rouse an ec - ho by thy art, In
move the gen - tle whisp'ring trees While list-'ning to the
thy sweet hymn to take a part, And high - er, high - er
lark's sweet sound, A spell all things hath bound.
up to heav'n Up - lift each thank - ful heart.

No. 7. Annie Laurie.

Slowly.


1. Max - well - ton braes are
2. Her brow is like the
3. Like dew on the gow - an
bon - nie, Where earl - y fa's the dew, And it's
snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her
ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fairy feet: And like
there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gie'd me her pro - mise
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and

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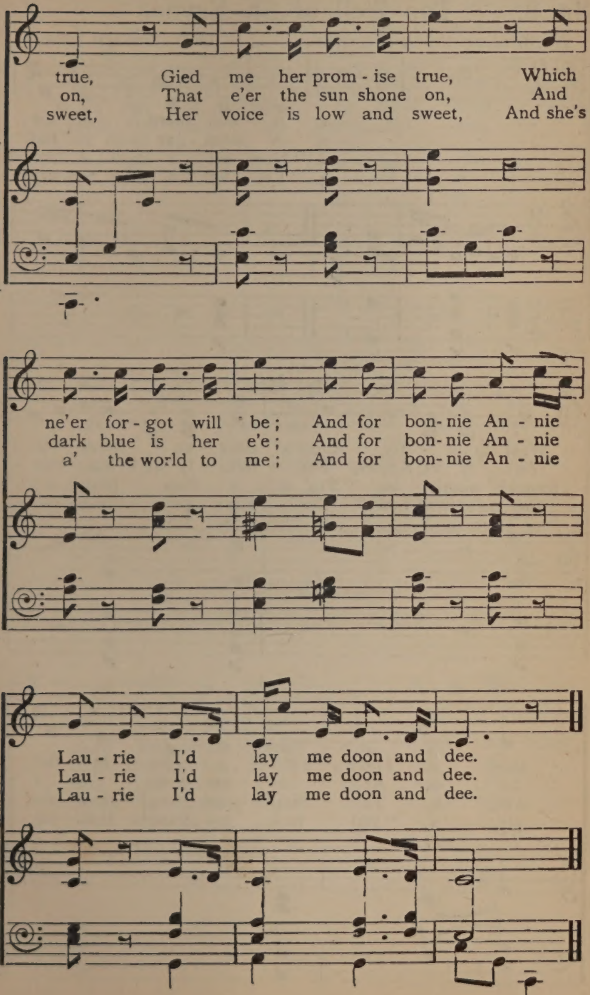
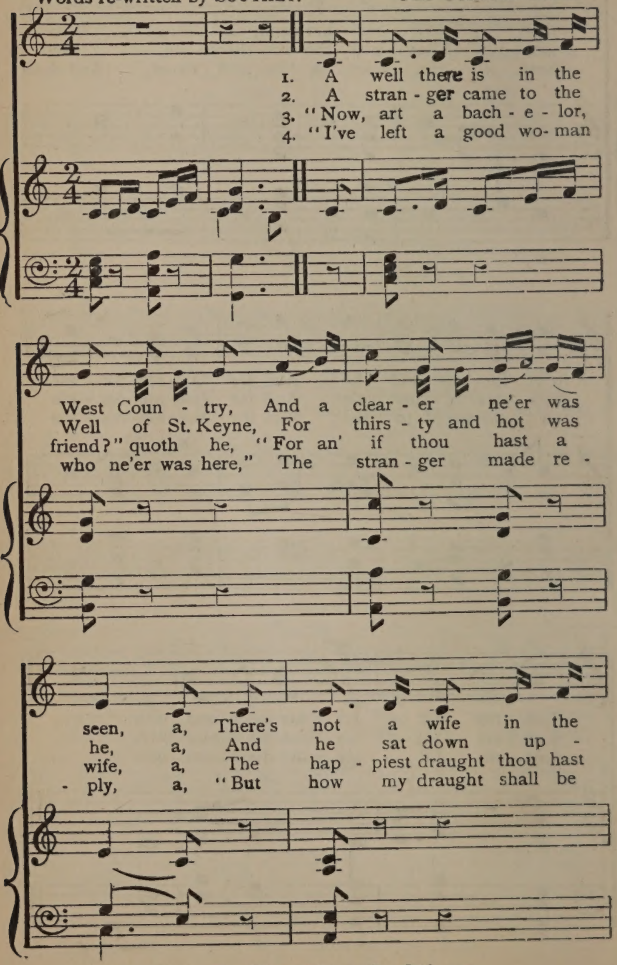

true, Gied me her prom - ise true, Which
on, That e'er the sun shone on, And
sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's
ne'er for - got will be; And for bon - nie An - nie
dark blue is her e'e; And for bon - nie An - nie
a' the world to me; And for bon - nie An - nie
Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

No. 8. The Well of St. Keyne.

Words re-written by SOUTHEY. OLD CORNISH SONG.


1. A well there is in the West Coun - try, And a clear - er ne'er was seen, a, There's not a wife in the
2. A stran - ger came to the Well of St. Keyne, For thirs - ty and hot was he, a, And he sat down up -
3. "Now, art a bach - e - lor, friend?" quoth he, "For an' if thou hast a wife, a, The hap - piest draught thou hast
4. "I've left a good wo - man who ne'er was here," The stran - ger made re - ply, a, "But how my draught shall be

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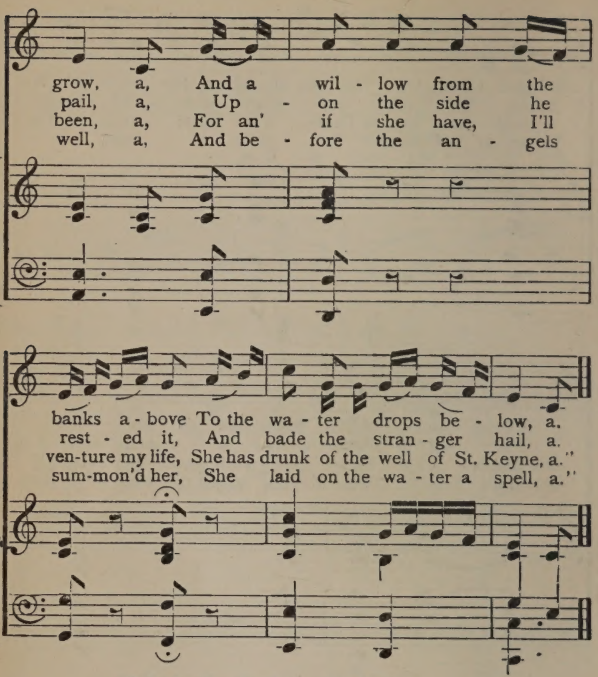
West Coun - try But has heard of the well of St.
- on the bank, Be - neath the wil - low
drank this day, That e'er thou didst in thy
bet-ter for that, To guess in vain I
Keyne, a; An oak and an elm tree
tree, a; There came a man from a
life, a; Or has your good wo - man, if
try, a." "St. Keyne," quoth the coun - try- man,
stand be - side, And be - hind does an ash tree
neigh- b'ring town, At the well to fill his
one you have, In Corn - wall ev - er
"Ma-ny a time Would drink of this crys - tal


grow, a, And a wil - low from the
pail, a, Up - on the side he
been, a, For an' if she have, I'll
well, a, And be - fore the an - gels
banks a - bove To the wa - ter drops be - low, a.
rest - ed it, And bade the stran - ger hail, a.
ven-ture my life, She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne, a."
sum-mon'd her, She laid on the wa - ter a spell, a."

5. If the husband, of this gifted well
Shall drink before the wife, a,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life, a ;
But if the wife should drink of it first,
God bless the husband then, a,"
The stranger stoop'd to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again, a.

6. "You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,"
To the country man, he said, a,
But the rustic sigh'd as the stranger spake,
And sadly shook his head, a ;
"I hasten'd here when the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch, a,
But truly she had been wiser than me
For she took a bottle to church, a."

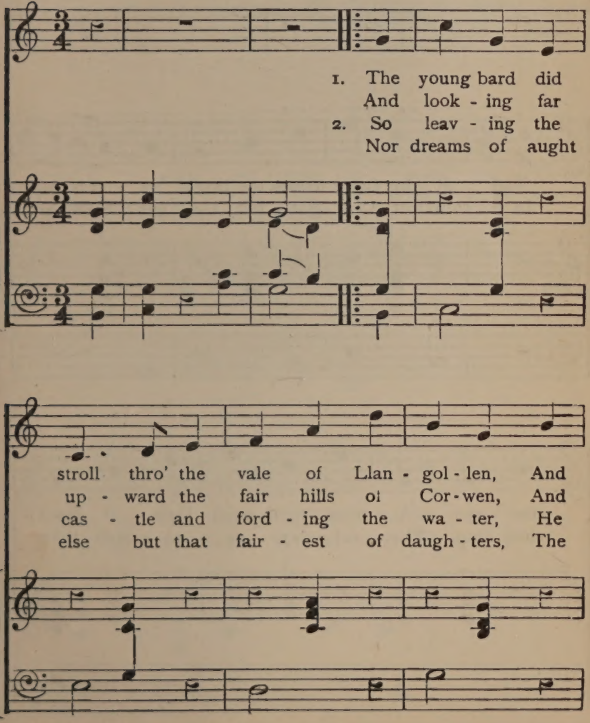
PART II.—C major, Triple Time.

Part II is intended to coincide with the instructions in "Manual of Sight-Singing," Chapter 4.

No. 9. Jenny Jones.

(CADAIR IDRIS.)

Words from the Welsh. OLD WELSH AIR.


1. The young bard did
And look - ing far
2. So leav - ing the
Nor dreams of aught
stroll thro' the vale of Llan - gol - len, And
up - ward the fair hills of Cor - wen, And
cas - tle and ford - ing the wa - ter, He
else but that fair - est of daugh - ters, The

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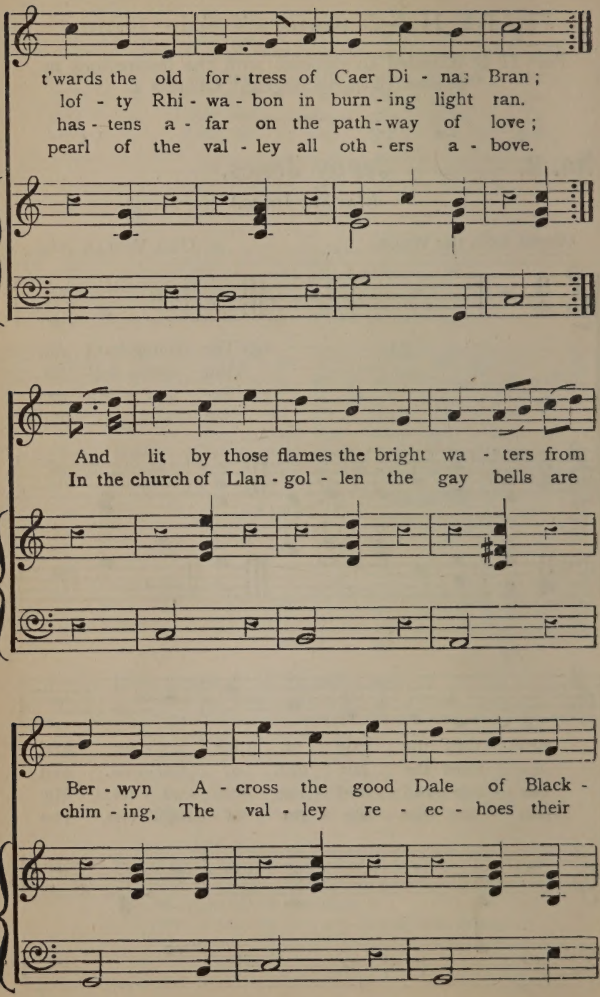
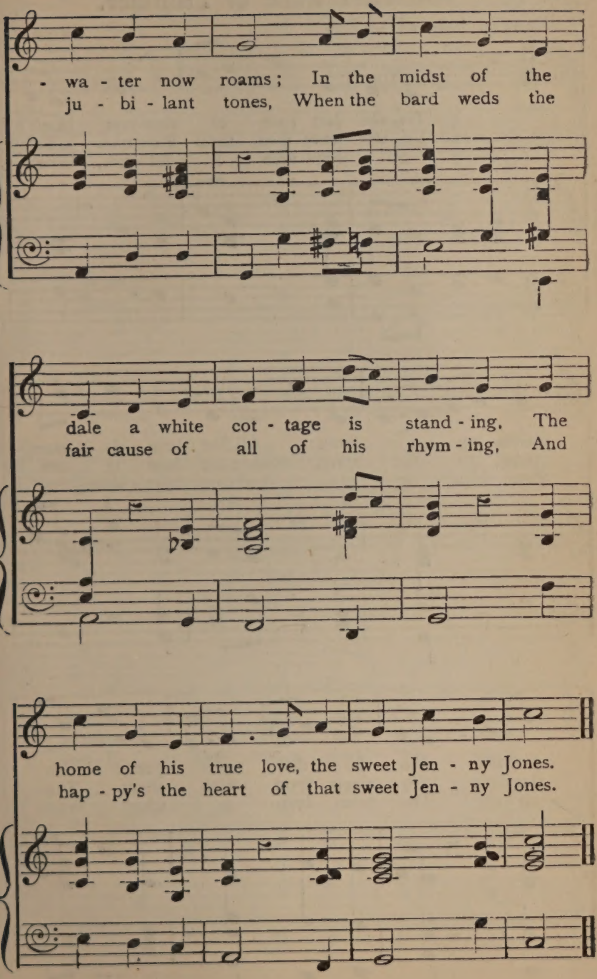
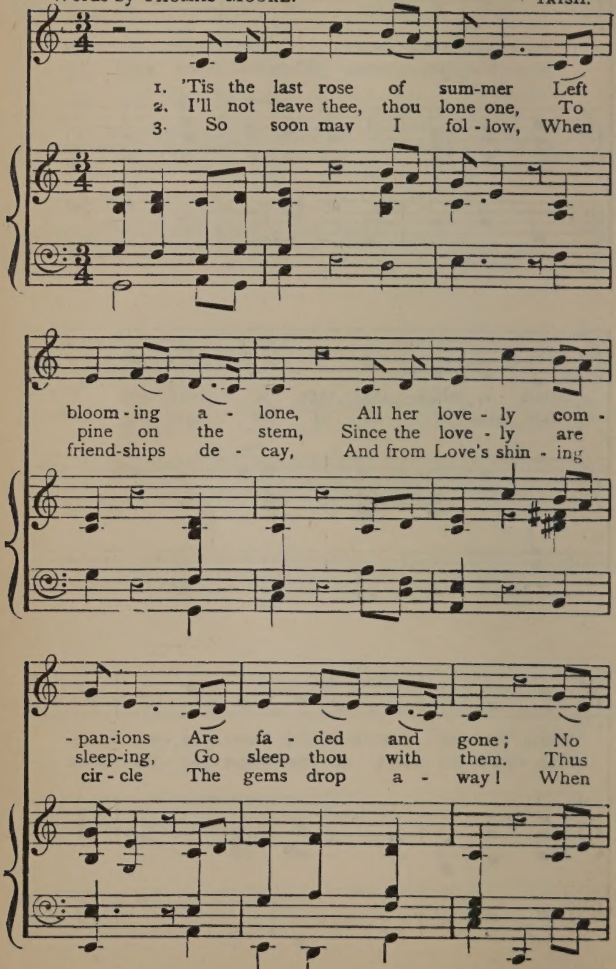

t'wards the old for - tress of Caer Di - na; Bran;
lof - ty Rhi - wa - bon in burn - ing light ran.
has - tens a - far on the path - way of love;
pearl of the val - ley all oth - ers a - bove.
And lit by those flames the bright wa - ters from
In the church of Llan - gol - len the gay bells are
Ber - wyn A - cross the good Dale of Black -
chim - ing, The val - ley re - ec - hoes their


- wa - ter now roams; In the midst of the
ju - bi - lant tones, When the bard weds the
dale a white cot - tage is stand - ing, The
fair cause of all of his rhym - ing, And
home of his true love, the sweet Jen - ny Jones.
hap - py's the heart of that sweet Jen - ny Jones.

No. 10. The Last Rose of Summer.

Words by THOMAS MOORE. IRISH.


1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer Left
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To
3. So soon may I fol - low, When
bloom - ing a - lone, All her love - ly com -
pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are
friend-ships de - cay, And from Love's shin - ing
- pan-ions Are fa - ded and gone; No
sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them. Thus
cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When

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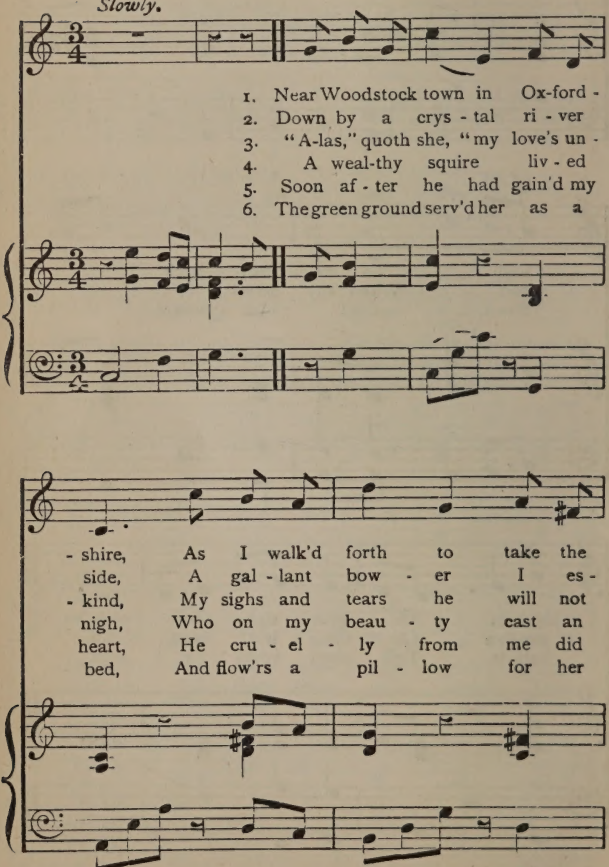
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
true hearts lie with - er'd And fond ones are
ad lib.
nigh..... To re - flect back her
bed,..... When thy mates of the
flown,.... Oh! who would in -
blush-es Or give sigh for sigh.
gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

No. 11. The Oxfordshire Tragedy.

Words and Air from "THE COBBLER'S OPERA," 1729.


Slowly.
1. Near Woodstock town in Ox-ford -
2. Down by a crys - tal ri - ver
3. "A-las," quoth she, "my love's un -
4. A weal-thy squire liv - ed
5. Soon af - ter he had gain'd my
6. The green ground serv'd her as a
- shire, As I walk'd forth to take the
side, A gal - lant bow - er I es -
- kind, My sighs and tears he will not
nigh, Who on my beau - ty cast an
heart, He cru - el - ly from me did
bed, And flow'rs a pil - low for her

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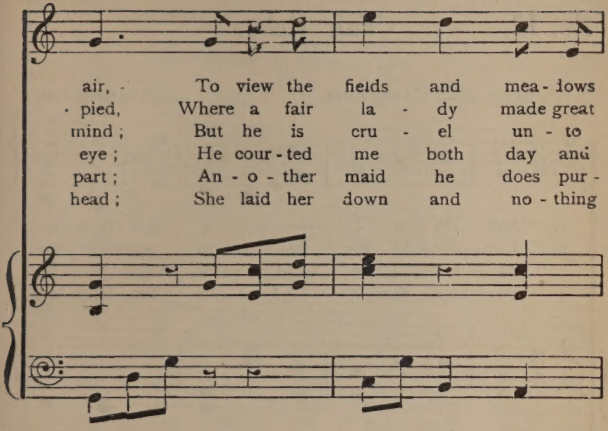
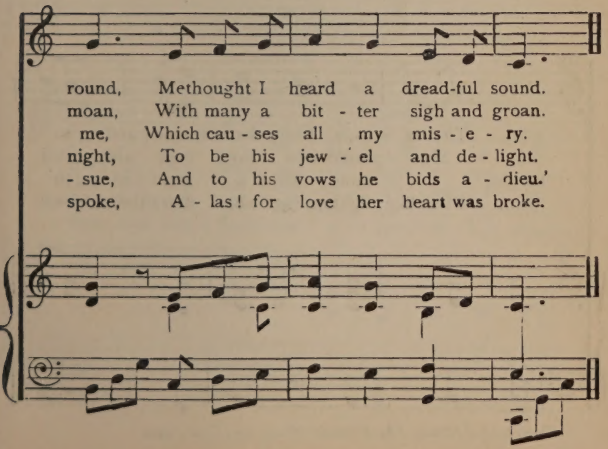
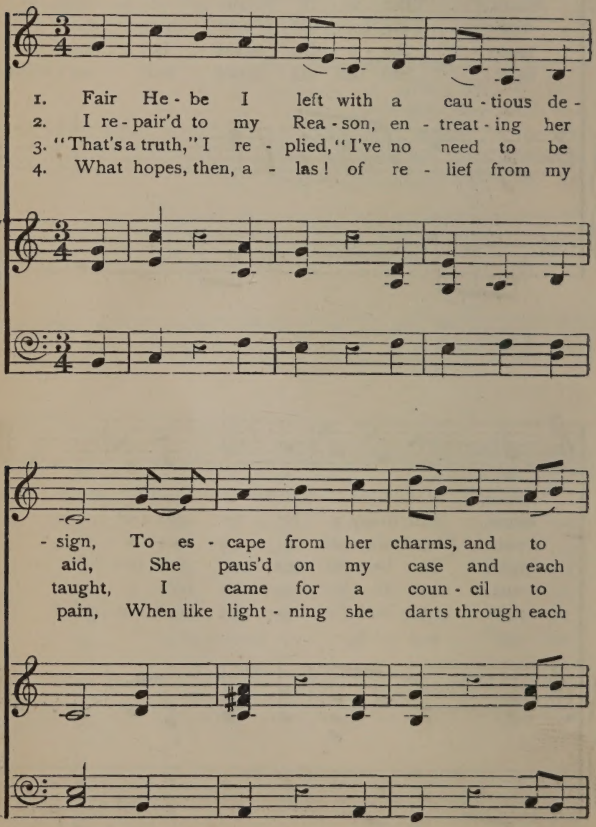

air, - To view the fields and mea - dows
· pied, Where a fair la - dy made great
mind ; But he is cru - el un - to
eye ; He cour - ted me both day and
part ; An - o - ther maid he does pur -
head ; She laid her down and no - thing


round, Methought I heard a dread-ful sound.
moan, With many a bit - ter sigh and groan.
me, Which cau - ses all my mis - e - ry.
night, To be his jew - el and de - light.
- sue, And to his vows he bids a - dieu.'
spoke, A - las ! for love her heart was broke.

No. 12. Fair Hebe.

Words by LORD CANTELUPE. OLD ENGLISH.


1. Fair He - be I left with a cau - tious de -
2. I re - pair'd to my Rea - son, en - treat - ing her
3. "That's a truth," I re - plied, "I've no need to be
4. What hopes, then, a - las! of re - lief from my
- sign, To es - cape from her charms, and to
aid, She paus'd on my case and each
taught, I came for a coun - cil to
pain, When like light - ning she darts through each

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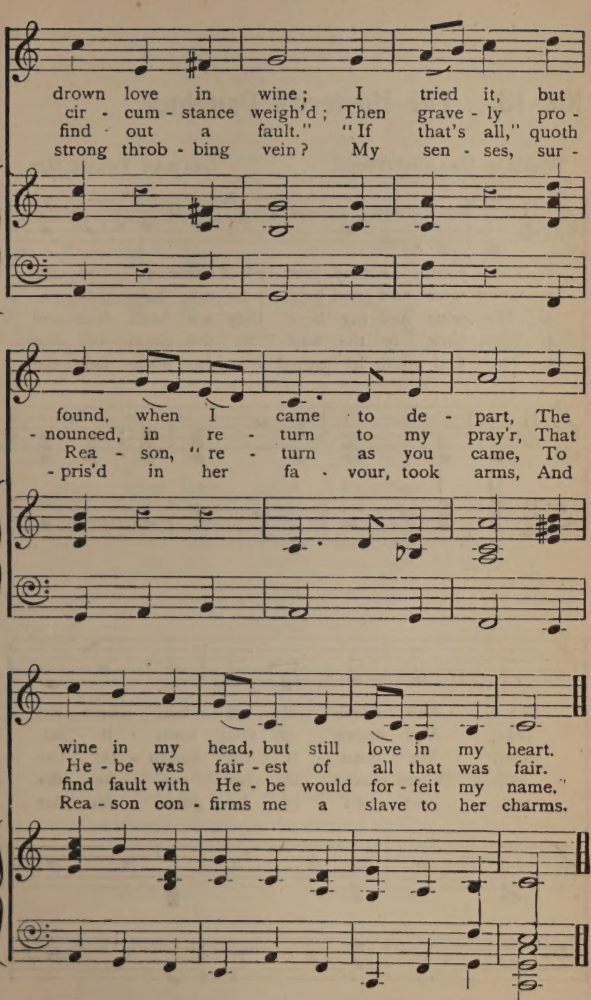
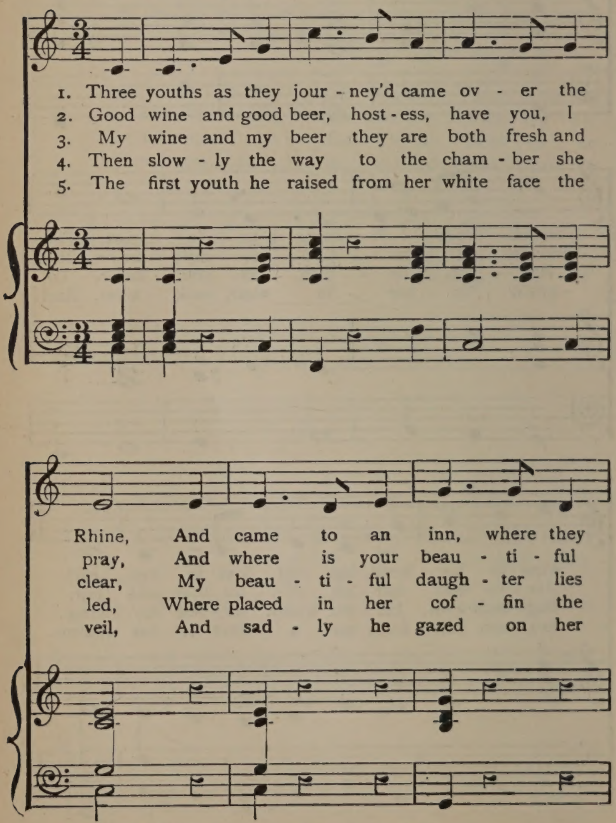

drown love in wine; I tried it, but
cir - cum - stance weigh'd; Then grave - ly pro -
find out a fault." "If that's all," quoth
strong throb - bing vein? My sen - ses, sur -
found, when I came to de - part, The
- nounced, in re - turn to my pray'r, That
Rea - son, "re - turn as you came, To
- pris'd in her fa - vour, took arms, And
wine in my head, but still love in my heart.
He - be was fair - est of all that was fair.
find fault with He - be would for - feit my name."
Rea - son con - firms me a slave to her charms.

No. 13. The Hostess's Daughter.

Words by UHLAND (1809). GERMAN VOLKSLIED.


1. Three youths as they jour - ney'd came ov - er the
2. Good wine and good beer, host - ess, have you, I
3. My wine and my beer they are both fresh and
4. Then slow - ly the way to the cham - ber she
5. The first youth he raised from her white face the
Rhine, And came to an inn, where they
pray, And where is your beau - ti - ful
clear, My beau - ti - ful daugh - ter lies
led, Where placed in her cof - fin the
veil, And sad - ly he gazed on her

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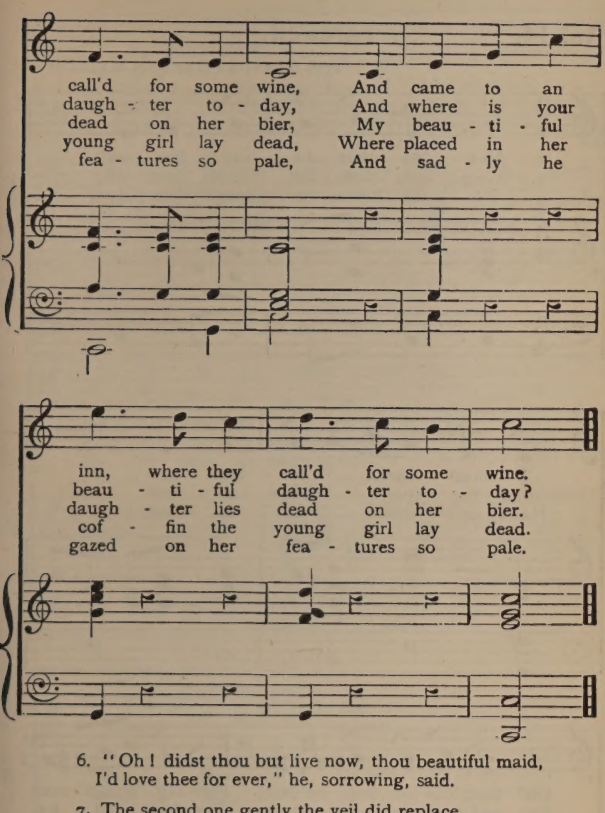

call'd for some wine, And came to an
daugh - ter to - day, And where is your
dead on her bier, My beau - ti - ful
young girl lay dead, Where placed in her
fea - tures so pale, And sad - ly he
inn, where they call'd for some wine.
beau - ti - ful daugh - ter to - day?
daugh - ter lies dead on her bier.
cof - fin the young girl lay dead.
gazed on her fea - tures so pale.

6. "Oh! didst thou but live now, thou beautiful maid,
I'd love thee for ever," he, sorrowing, said.

7. The second one gently the veil did replace
As turning, the sad tears bedewed his face.

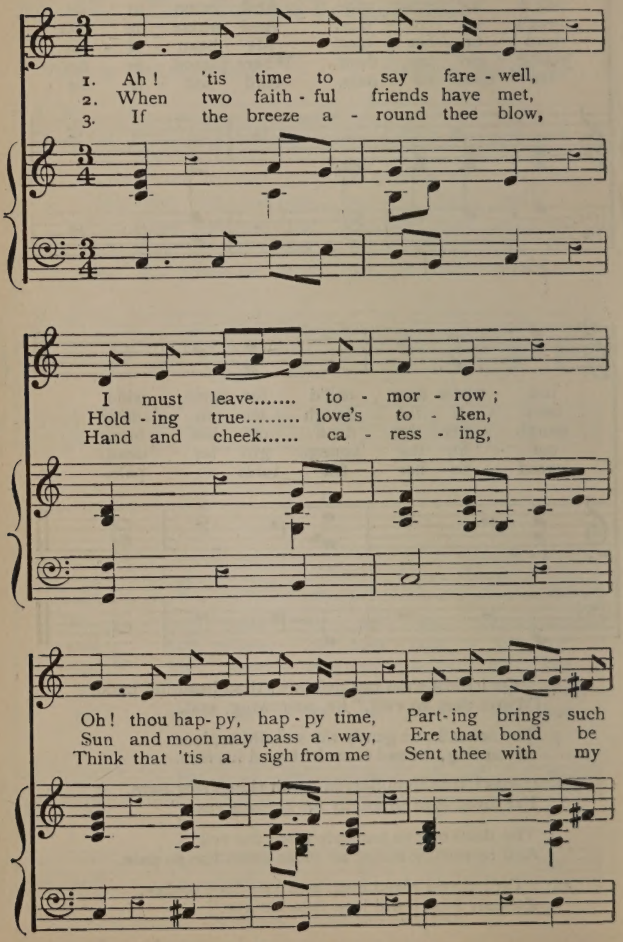
8. "Alas! that thou liest in death slumb'ring here,
I've loved thee so fondly for many a year."

9. The third one so tenderly lifted the veil
And reverently kissed he those sweet lips so pale.

10. "Oh! thee I loved ever, and love thee to-day,
Eternity long I will love thee for aye."

No. 14. Farewell.

17th CENTURY GERMAN MELODY


1. Ah! 'tis time to say fare - well,
2. When two faith - ful friends have met,
3. If the breeze a - round thee blow,
I must leave..... to - mor - row;
Hold - ing true..... love's to - ken,
Hand and cheek..... ca - ress - ing,
Oh! thou hap - py, hap - py time, Part - ing brings such
Sun and moon may pass a - way, Ere that bond be
Think that 'tis a sigh from me Sent thee with my

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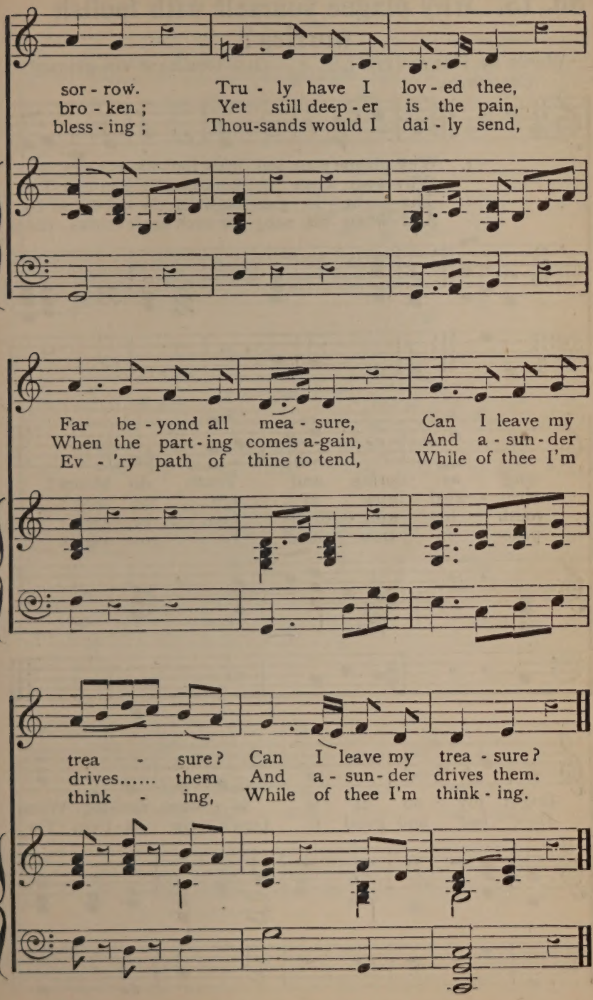
sor - row. Tru - ly have I lov - ed thee,
bro - ken ; Yet still deep - er is the pain,
bless - ing ; Thou-sands would I dai - ly send,
Far be - yond all mea - sure, Can I leave my
When the part - ing comes a-gain, And a - sun - der
Ev - 'ry path of thine to tend, While of thee I'm
trea - sure? Can I leave my trea - sure?
drives..... them And a - sun - der drives them.
think - ing, While of thee I'm think - ing.

No. 15. Why plague yourself with foolish worries?

Words by HÖLTZ (1776). OLD GERMAN VOLKSLIED.

Cheerfully.

1. Why plague your-self with fool-ish wor-ries, As long as Spring and Youth do bloom?
Why wear, when in life's flow'ry sum-mer, The wrin - kled brow of age..... too soon?
2. The night - in - gale sings in the woodland To youth his won - drous tale..... he tells,
And when his song in each heart echoes, Then peace in trou - bled bo - som dwells.
Bright joy on us is al - ways smil-ing, When
How fair and good is God's cre - a - tion, 'Tis

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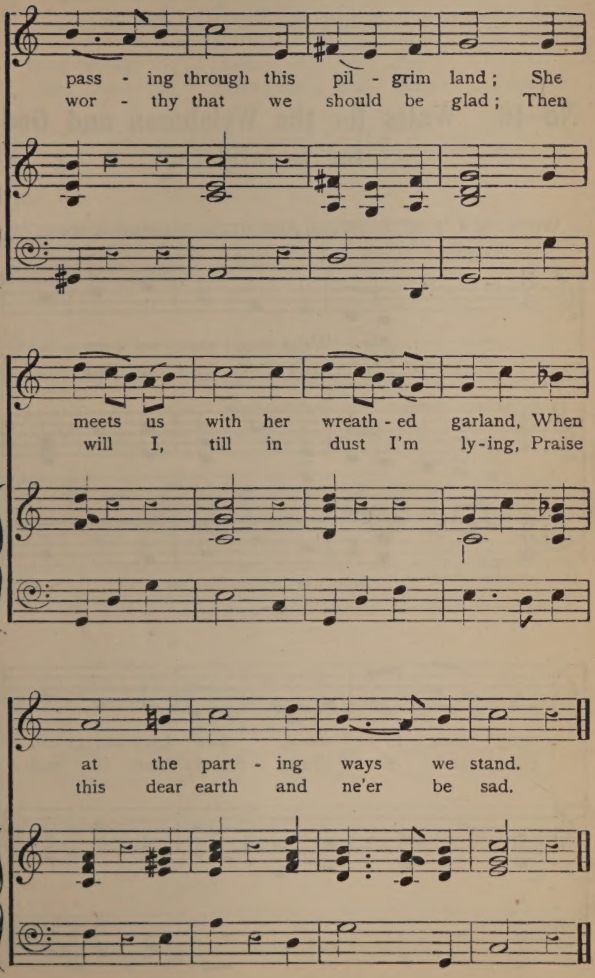
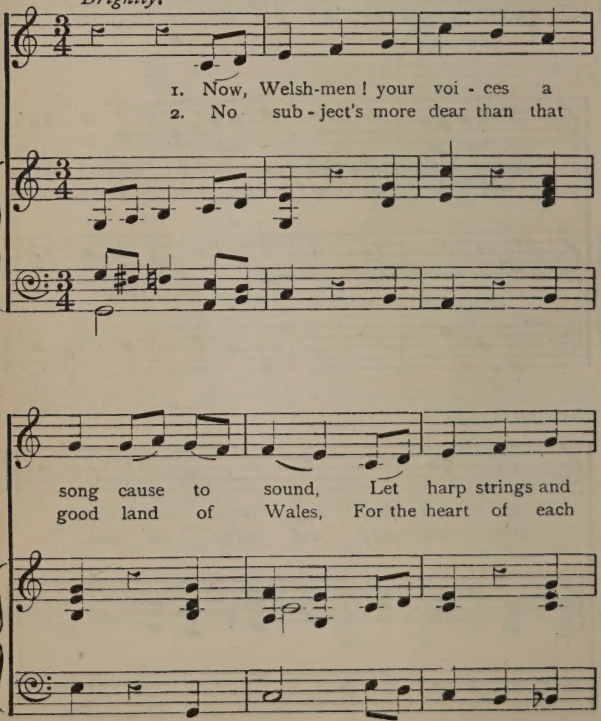

pass - ing through this pil - grim land; She
wor - thy that we should be glad; Then
meets us with her wreath - ed garland, When
will I, till in dust I'm ly - ing, Praise
at the part - ing ways we stand.
this dear earth and ne'er be sad.

No 16. Wales for the Welshman and God for us all!

Words by F. J. S. Welsh Air—"Glan Meddwdod Mwyn."

Brightly.


1. Now, Welsh-men! your voi - ces a
2. No sub - ject's more dear than that
song cause to sound, Let harp strings and
good land of Wales, For the heart of each

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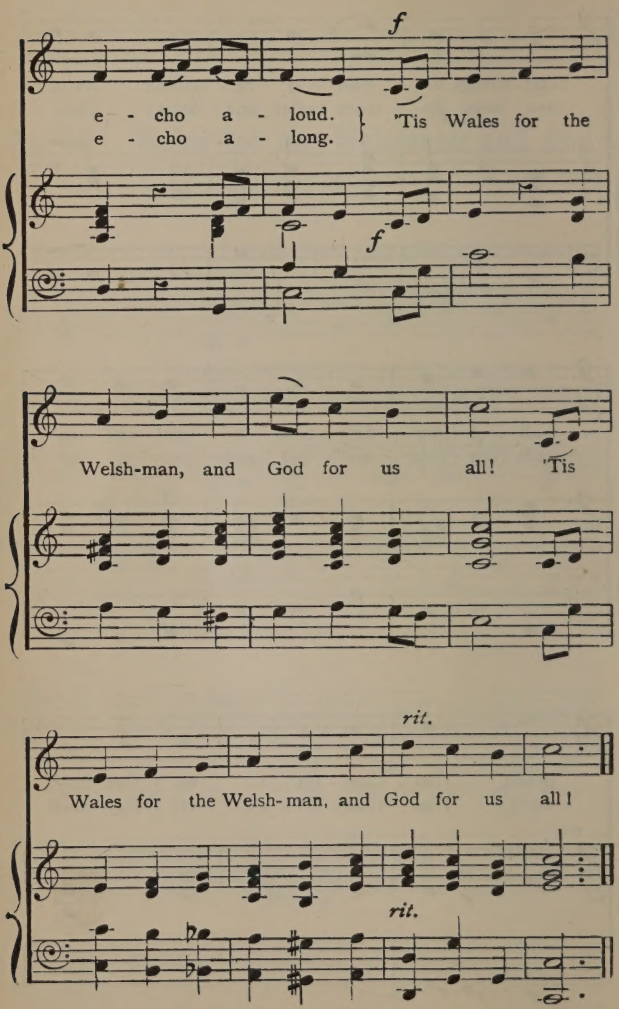
heart - strings to - geth - er re - sound; We're
man loves its moun - tains and dales; Then
all of our dear land so fond and so
lift up your voi - ces and join in my
proud, That Cam - bri - a's val - leys shall
song, That Cam - bri - a's val - leys shall


f
e - cho a - loud.
e - cho a - long.
'Tis Wales for the
f
Welsh-man, and God for us all! 'Tis
rit.
Wales for the Welsh-man, and God for us all!
rit.

PART III.—C major, Quadruple Time.

Part III is intended to coincide with the instructions in "Manual of Sight-Singing," Chapter 5.

No. 17. The Harp that once.

Words by MOORE. OLD IRISH SONG.

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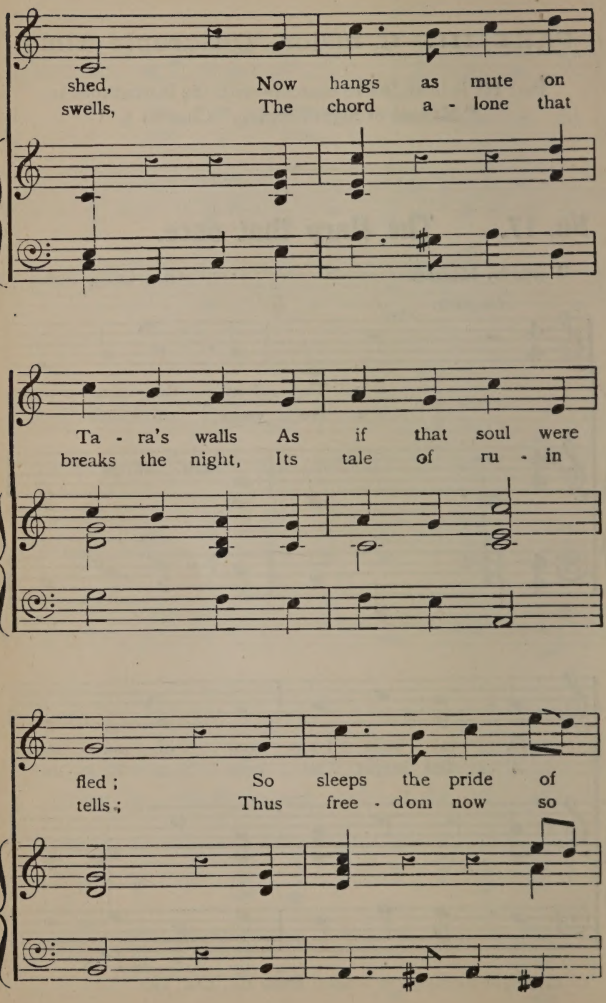
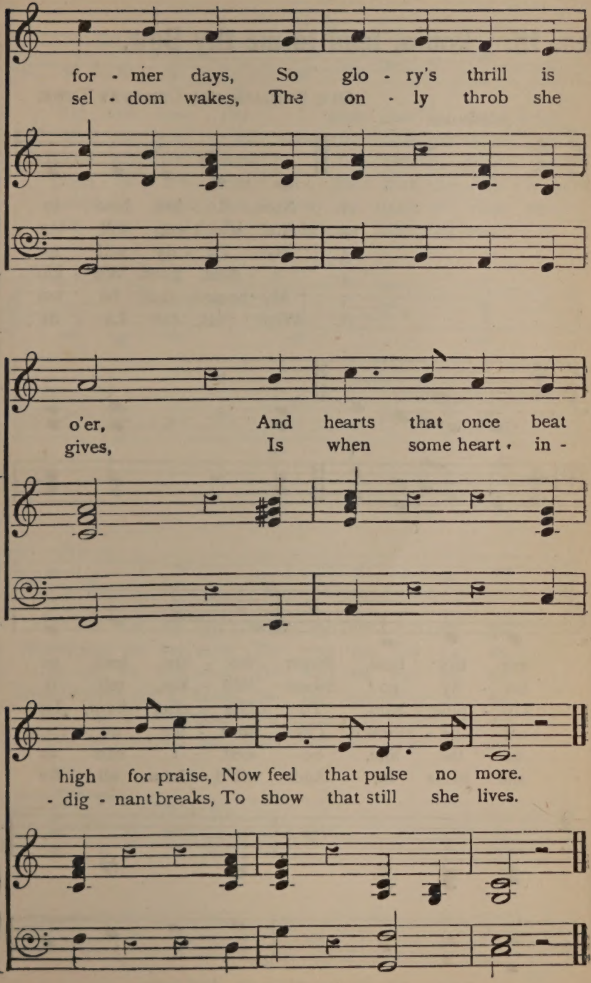
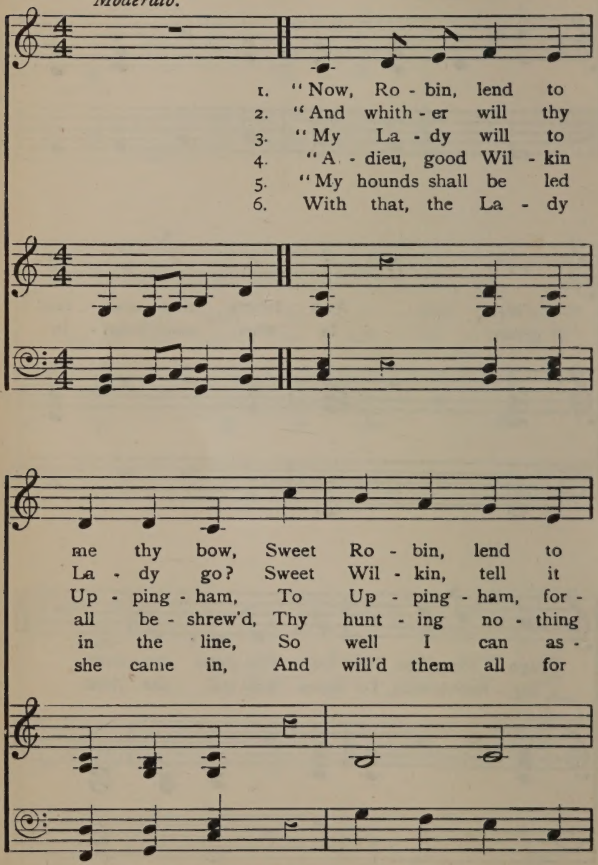

shed, Now hangs as mute on
swells, The chord a - lone that
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were
breaks the night, Its tale of ru - in
fled; So sleeps the pride of
tells; Thus free - dom now so


for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is
sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she
o'er, And hearts that once beat
gives, Is when some heart in -
high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
- dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

No. 18. Robin, lend to me thy Bow.

OLD ENGLISH 16th CENTURY TUNE.

Moderato.


1. "Now, Ro - bin, lend to
2. "And whith - er will thy
3. "My La - dy will to
4. "A - dieu, good Wil - kin
5. "My hounds shall be led
6. With that, the La - dy
me thy bow, Sweet Ro - bin, lend to
La - dy go? Sweet Wil - kin, tell it
Up - ping - ham, To Up - ping - ham, for -
all be - shrew'd, Thy hunt - ing no - thing
in the line, So well I can as -
she came in, And will'd them all for

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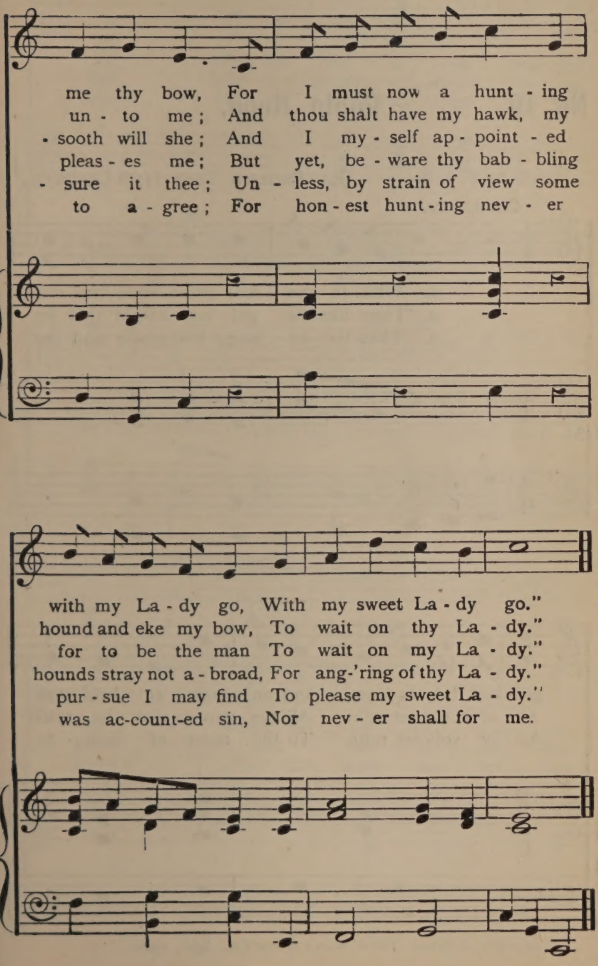
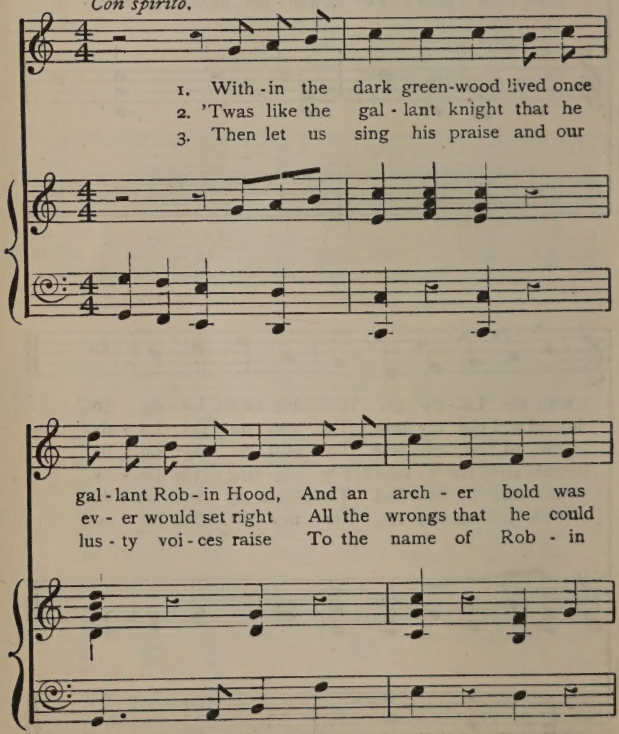

me thy bow, For I must now a hunt - ing
un - to me; And thou shalt have my hawk, my
- sooth will she; And I my - self ap - point - ed
pleas - es me; But yet, be - ware thy bab - bling
- sure it thee; Un - less, by strain of view some
to a - gree; For hon - est hunt - ing nev - er
with my La - dy go, With my sweet La - dy go."
hound and eke my bow, To wait on thy La - dy."
for to be the man To wait on my La - dy."
hounds stray not a - broad, For ang-'ring of thy La - dy."
pur - sue I may find To please my sweet La - dy."
was ac-count-ed sin, Nor nev - er shall for me.

No. 19. Robin Hood.

Words by F. J. S. OLD ENGLISH TUNE (17th Century).


Con spirito.
1. With - in the dark green-wood lived once
2. 'Twas like the gal - lant knight that he
3. Then let us sing his praise and our
gal - lant Rob - in Hood, And an arch - er bold was
ev - er would set right All the wrongs that he could
lus - ty voi - ces raise To the name of Rob - in

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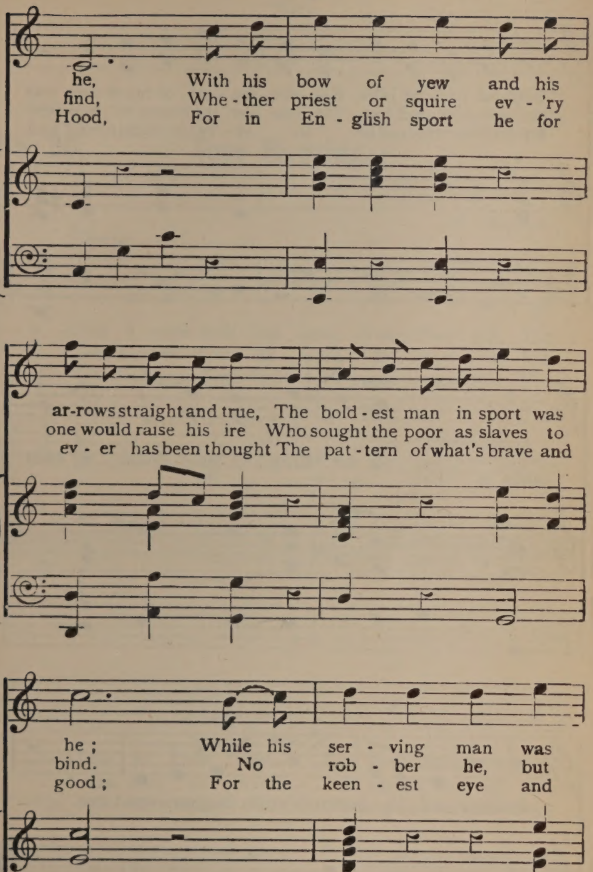
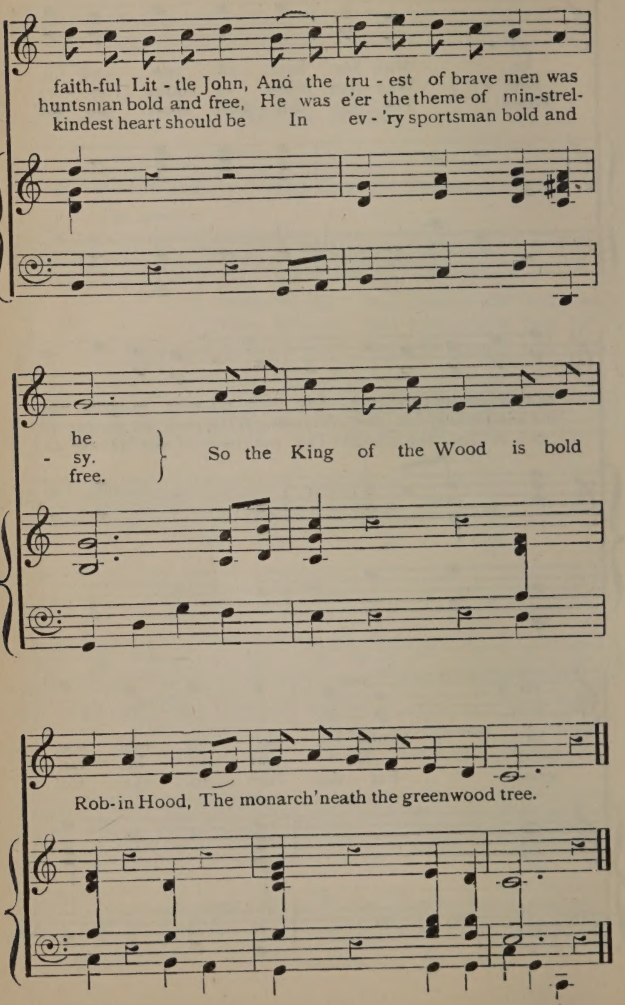
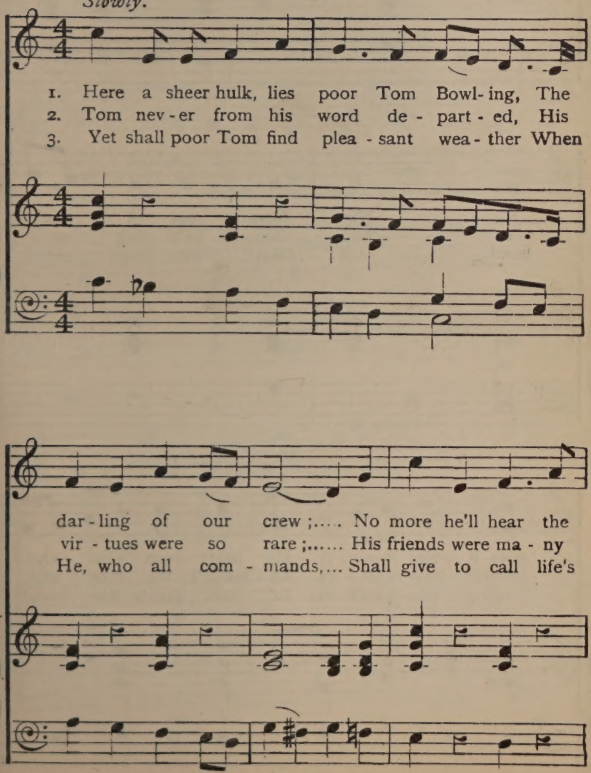

he, With his bow of yew and his
find, Whe-ther priest or squire ev-'ry
Hood, For in En-glish sport he for
ar-rows straight and true, The bold-est man in sport was
one would raise his ire Who sought the poor as slaves to
ev-er has been thought The pat-tern of what's brave and
he; While his ser-ving man was
bind. No rob-ber he, but
good; For the keen-est eye and


faith-ful Lit - tle John, And the tru - est of brave men was
huntsman bold and free, He was e'er the theme of min-strel-
kindest heart should be In ev - 'ry sportsman bold and
he
- sy.
free.
So the King of the Wood is bold
Rob-in Hood, The monarch'neath the greenwood tree.

No. 20. Tom Bowling.

C. DIBDIN.

Slowly.


1. Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowl-ing, The
2. Tom nev-er from his word de-part-ed, His
3. Yet shall poor Tom find plea-sant wea-ther When
dar-ling of our crew ;..... No more he'll hear the
vir-tues were so rare ;..... His friends were ma-ny
He, who all com-mands,... Shall give to call life's

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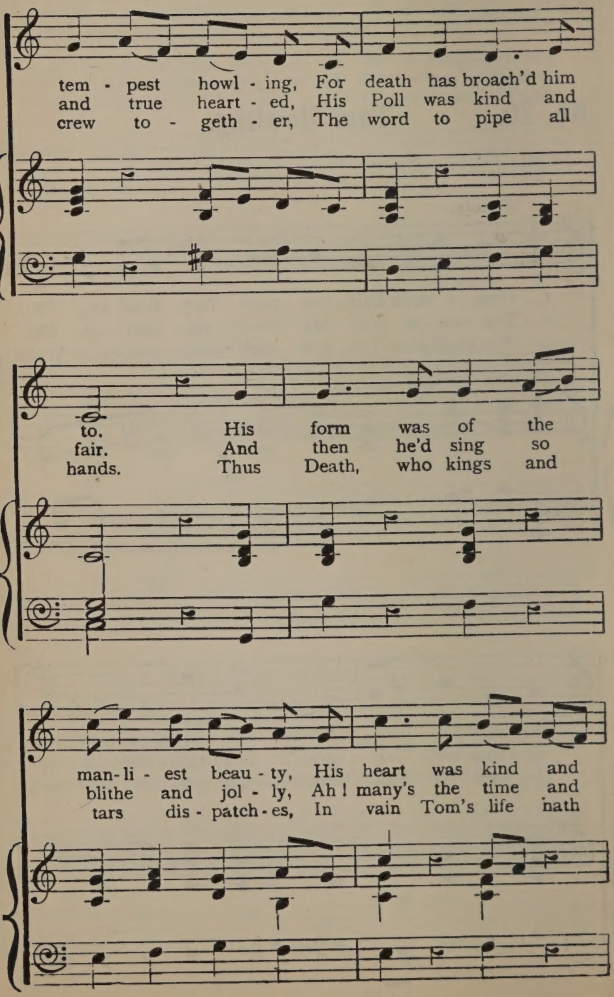

tem - pest howl - ing, For death has broach'd him
and true heart - ed, His Poll was kind and
crew to - geth - er, The word to pipe all
to. His form was of the
fair. And then he'd sing so
hands. Thus Death, who kings and
man-li - est beau - ty, His heart was kind and
blithe and jol - ly, Ah! many's the time and
tars dis - patch - es, In vain Tom's life hath

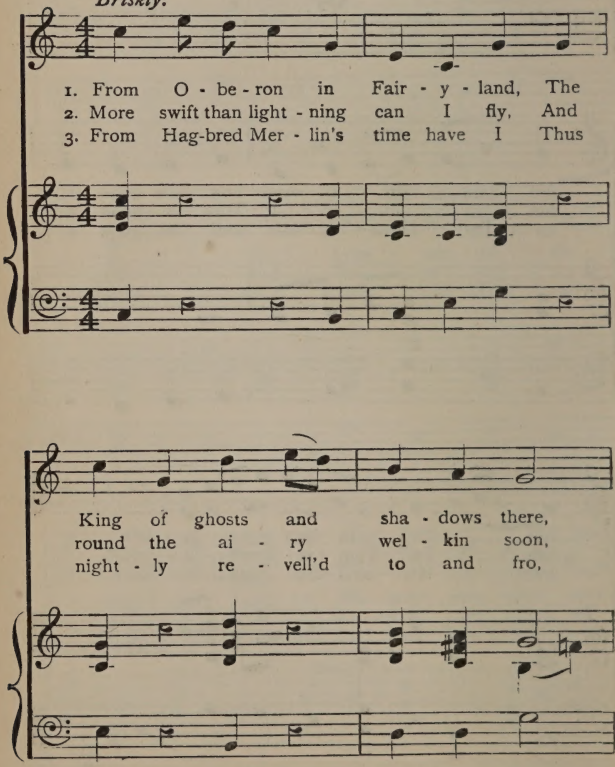
soft ;.....
oft ;.....
doff'd,.....
Faith - ful be - low, Tom
But mirth is turn'd to
For though his bo - dy's
did his du - ty, And now he's gone a -
mel - an - cho - ly, For Tom is gone a -
un - der hatch - es, His soul has gone a -
- loft,..... And now he's gone... a - loft.
- loft,..... For Tom is gone... a - loft.
- loft,..... His soul has gone... a - loft.

No. 21. From Oberon in Fairyland.

Words attributed to
BEN JONSON.

OLD ENGLISH AIR
(16th Century).

Briskly.


1. From O - be - ron in Fair - y - land, The
2. More swift than light - ning can I fly, And
3. From Hag-bred Mer - lin's time have I Thus
King of ghosts and sha - dows there,
round the ai - ry wel - kin soon,
night - ly re - vell'd to and fro,

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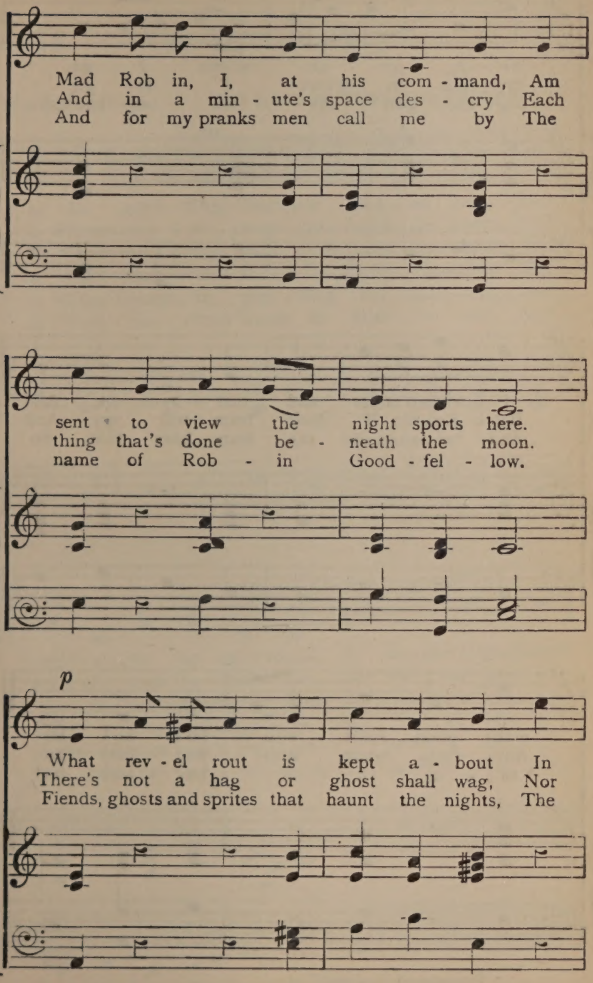
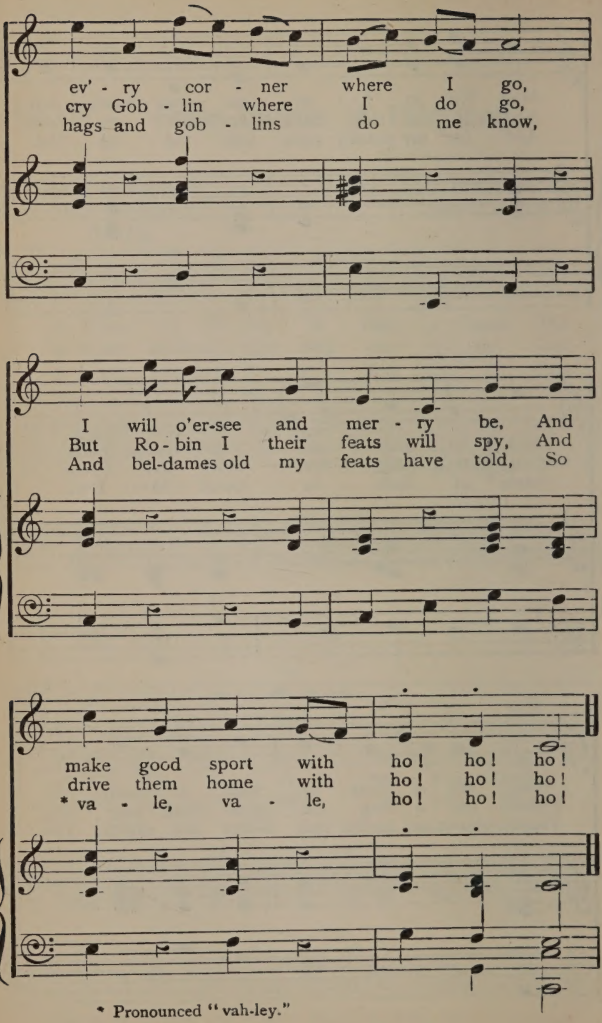
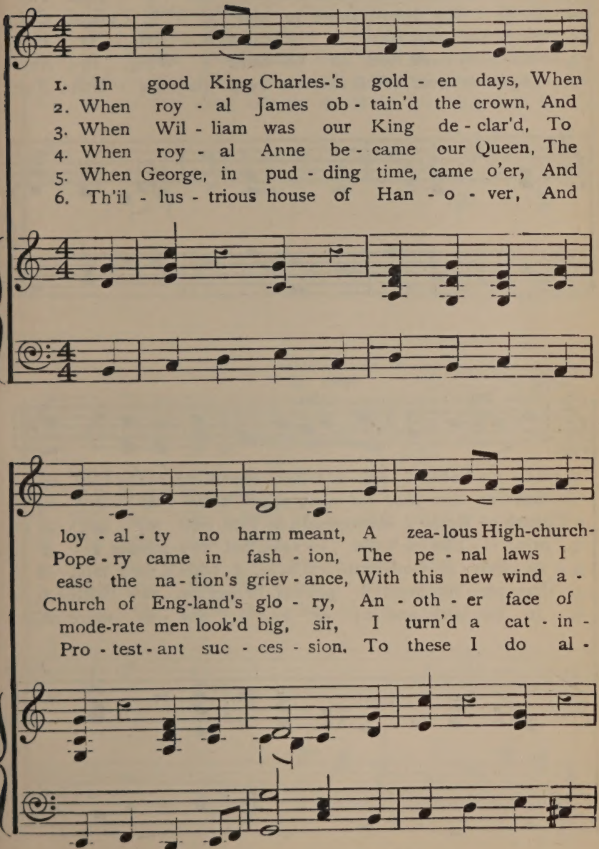

Mad Rob in, I, at his com - mand, Am
And in a min - ute's space des - cry Each
And for my pranks men call me by The
sent to view the night sports here.
thing that's done be - neath the moon.
name of Rob - in Good - fel - low.
p
What rev - el rout is kept a - bout In
There's not a hag or ghost shall wag, Nor
Fiends, ghosts and sprites that haunt the nights, The


ev' - ry cor - ner where I go,
cry Gob - lin where I do go,
hags and gob - lins do me know,
I will o'er-see and mer - ry be, And
But Ro - bin I their feats will spy, And
And bel-dames old my feats have told, So
make good sport with ho! ho! ho!
drive them home with ho! ho! ho!
* va - le, va - le, ho! ho! ho!

* Pronounced "vah-ley."

No. 22. The Vicar of Bray.

Words about 1720. OLD ENGLISH TUNE (17th CENTURY).


1. In good King Charles-'s gold - en days, When
2. When roy - al James ob - tain'd the crown, And
3. When Wil - liam was our King de - clar'd, To
4. When roy - al Anne be - came our Queen, The
5. When George, in pud - ding time, came o'er, And
6. Th'il - lus - trious house of Han - o - ver, And
loy - al - ty no harm meant, A zea - lous High-church-
Pope - ry came in fash - ion, The pe - nal laws I
ease the na - tion's griev - ance, With this new wind a -
Church of Eng-land's glo - ry, An - oth - er face of
mode-rate men look'd big, sir, I turn'd a cat - in -
Pro - test - ant suc - ces - sion. To these I do al -

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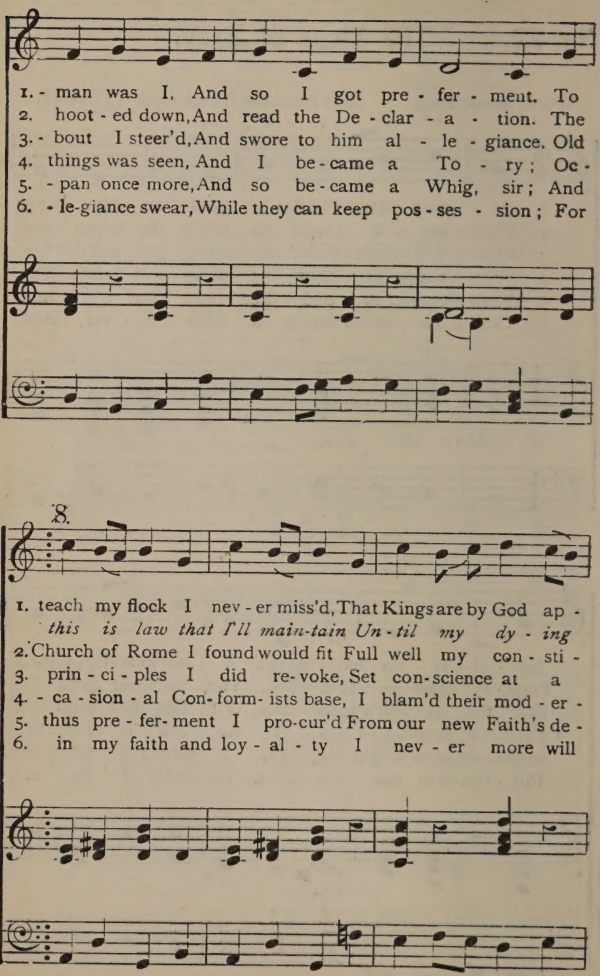
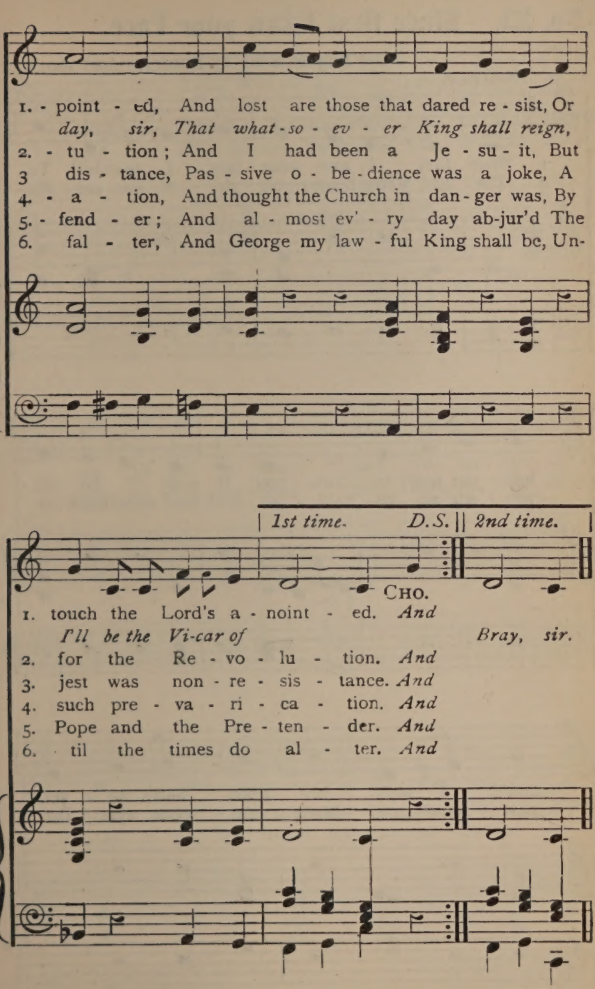
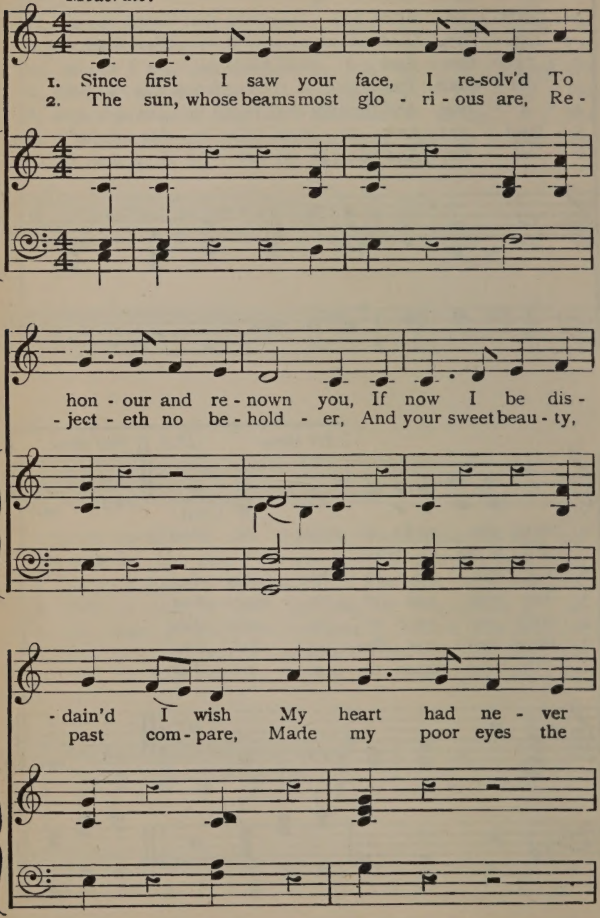

1. - man was I, And so I got pre - fer - ment. To
2. hoot - ed down, And read the De - clar - a - tion. The
3. - bout I steer'd, And swore to him al - le - giance. Old
4. things was seen, And I be - came a To - ry; Oc -
5. - pan once more, And so be - came a Whig, sir; And
6. - le-giance swear, While they can keep pos - ses - sion; For
8.
1. teach my flock I nev - er miss'd, That Kings are by God ap -
this is law that I'll main-tain Un - til my dy - ing
2. Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my con - sti -
3. prin - ci - ples I did re - voke, Set con - science at a
4. - ca - sion - al Con - form - ists base, I blam'd their mod - er -
5. thus pre - fer - ment I pro - cur'd From our new Faith's de -
6. in my faith and loy - al - ty I nev - er more will


1. - point - ed, And lost are those that dared re - sist, Or
day, sir, That what - so - ev - er King shall reign,
2. - tu - tion; And I had been a Je - su - it, But
3 dis - tance, Pas - sive o - be - dience was a joke, A
4. - a - tion, And thought the Church in dan - ger was, By
5. - fend - er; And al - most ev' - ry day ab-jur'd The
6. fal - ter, And George my law - ful King shall be, Un-
1st time.
D.S.
2nd time.
CHO.
1. touch the Lord's a - noint - ed. And
I'll be the Vi-car of Bray, sir.
2. for the Re - vo - lu - tion. And
3. jest was non - re - sis - tance. And
4. such pre - va - ri - ca - tion. And
5. Pope and the Pre - ten - der. And
6. til the times do al - ter. And

No. 23. Since first I saw your Face.

Old English Song by FORD (printed 1607).

Moderato.


1. Since first I saw your face, I re-solv'd To
2. The sun, whose beams most glo - ri - ous are, Re -
hon - our and re - nown you, If now I be dis -
- ject - eth no be - hold - er, And your sweet beau - ty,
- dain'd I wish My heart had ne - ver
past com - pare, Made my poor eyes the

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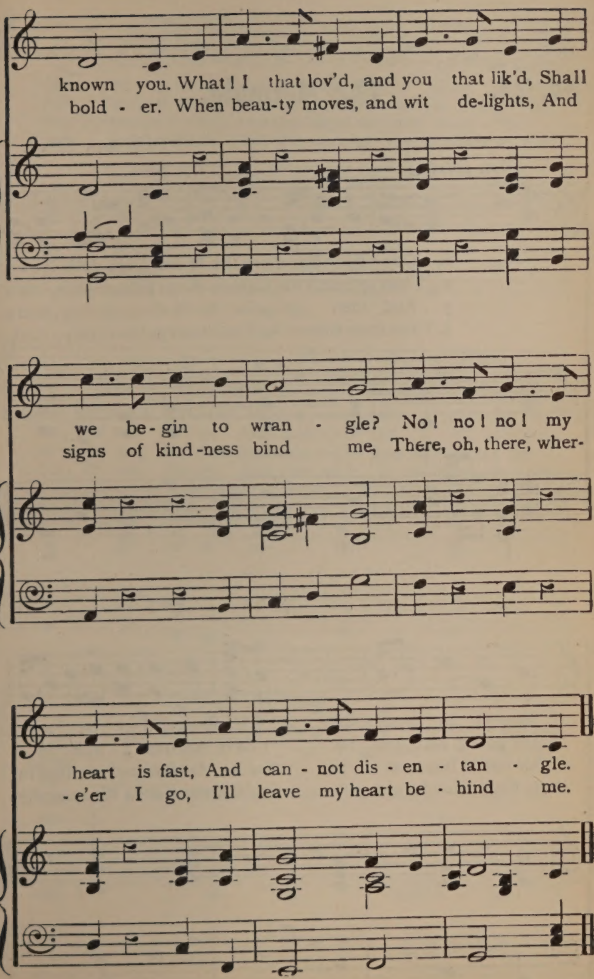
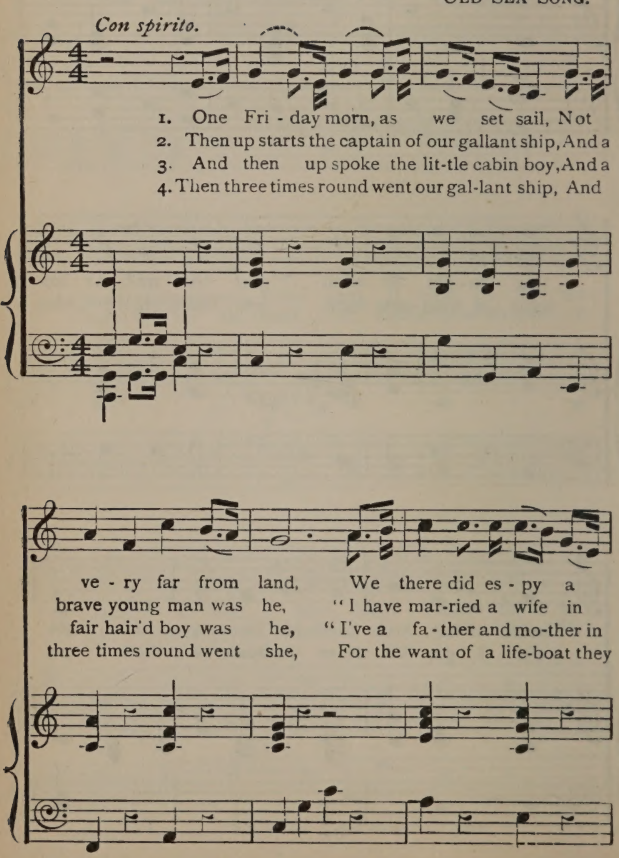

known you. What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall
bold - er. When beau-ty moves, and wit de-lights, And
we be - gin to wran - gle? No! no! no! my
signs of kind-ness bind me, There, oh, there, wher-
heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
- e'er I go, I'll leave my heart be - hind me.

No. 24. The Mermaid.

OLD SEA SONG.


Con spirito.
1. One Fri - day morn, as we set sail, Not
2. Then up starts the captain of our gallant ship, And a
3. And then up spoke the lit-tle cabin boy, And a
4. Then three times round went our gal-lant ship, And
ve - ry far from land, We there did es - py a
brave young man was he, "I have mar-ried a wife in
fair hair'd boy was he, "I've a fa - ther and mo-ther in
three times round went she, For the want of a life-boat they

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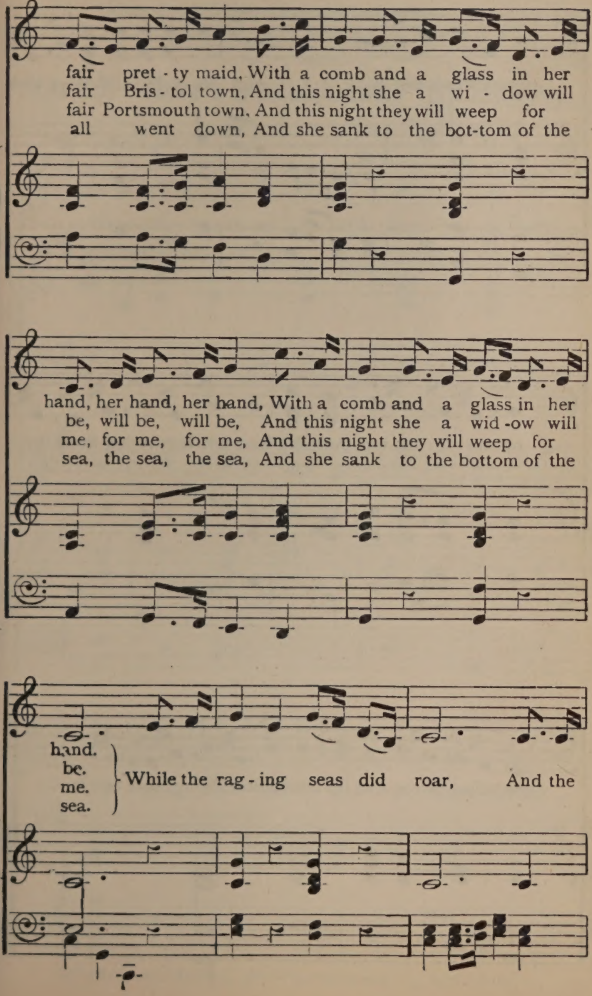
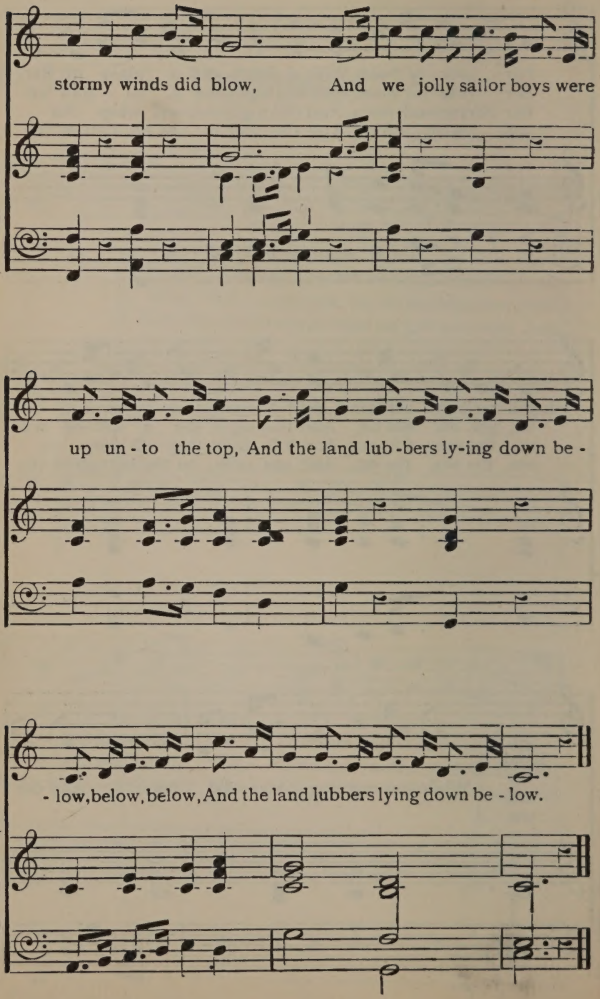

fair pret - ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her
fair Bris - tol town, And this night she a wi - dow will
fair Portsmouth town, And this night they will weep for
all went down, And she sank to the bot-tom of the
hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her
be, will be, will be, And this night she a wid -ow will
me, for me, for me, And this night they will weep for
sea, the sea, the sea, And she sank to the bottom of the
hand.
be.
me.
sea.
While the rag - ing seas did roar, And the

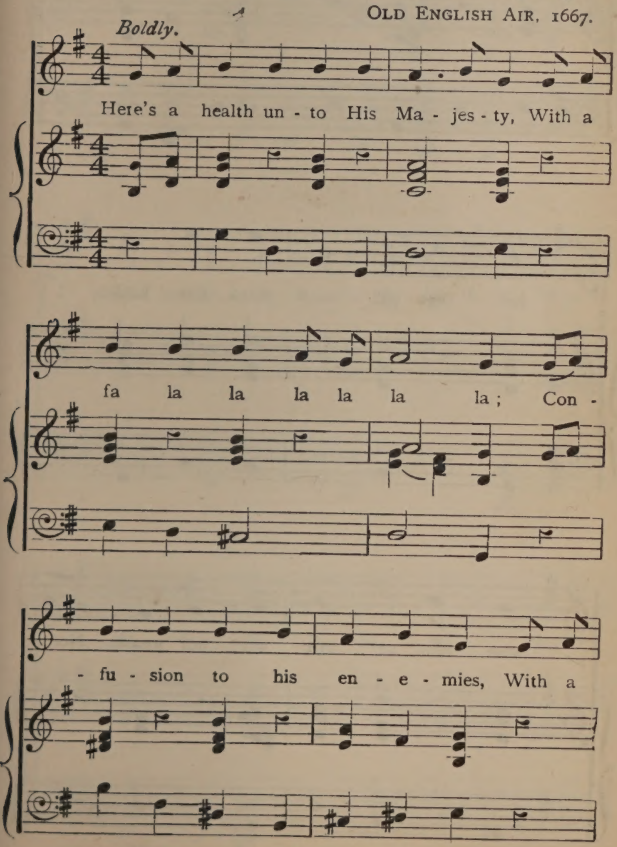

stormy winds did blow, And we jolly sailor boys were
up un - to the top, And the land lub - bers ly - ing down be -
- low, below, below, And the land lubbers lying down be - low.

PART IV.—G major.

Part IV is intended to coincide with the instructions in "Manual of Sight-Singing," Chapter 7.

No. 25. Here's a health unto His Majesty.

OLD ENGLISH AIR, 1667.



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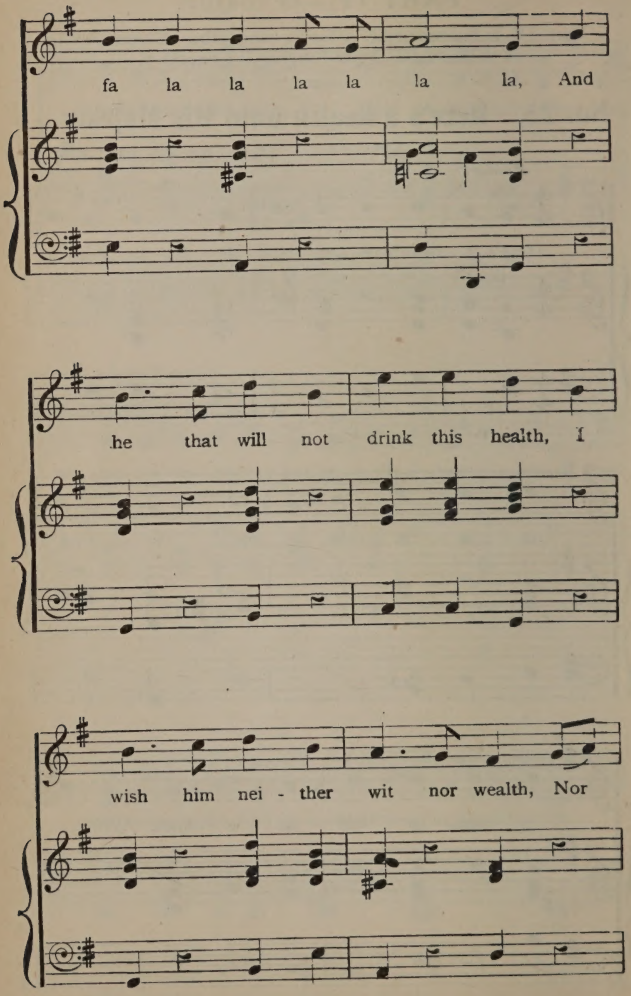
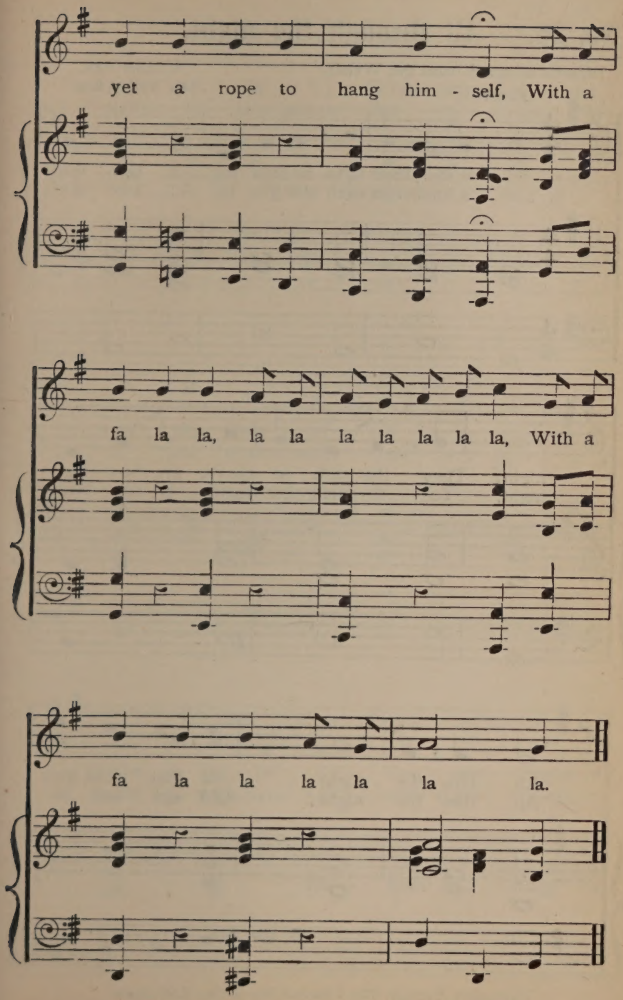

fa la la la la la la, And
he that will not drink this health, I
wish him nei - ther wit nor wealth, Nor

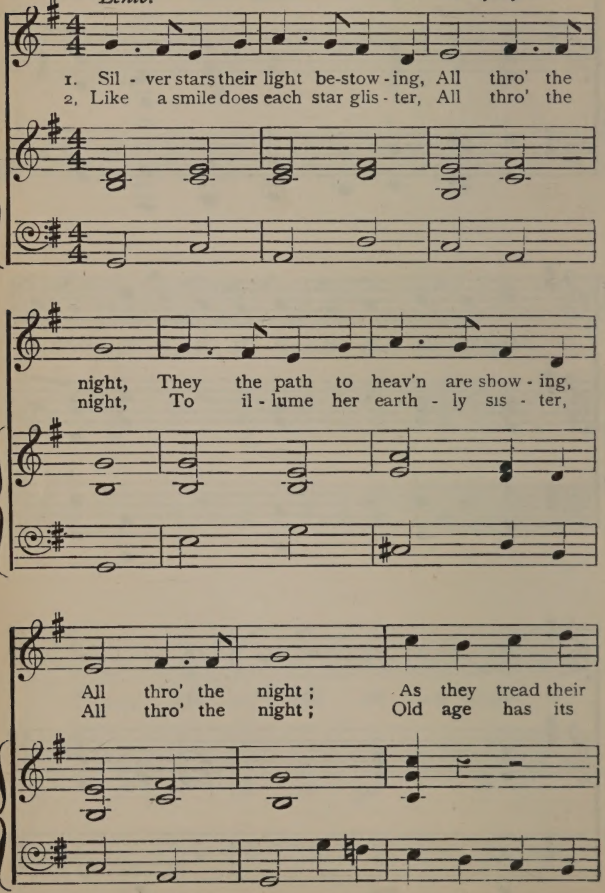

yet a rope to hang him - self, With a
fa la la, la la la la la la la, With a
fa la la la la la la.

No. 26. All through the night.

Words adapted from the Welsh.

WELSH AIR,
"Ar hyd y nos."

Lento.


1. Sil - ver stars their light be-stow - ing, All thro' the
2. Like a smile does each star glis - ter, All thro' the
night, They the path to heav'n are show - ing,
night, To il - lume her earth - ly sis - ter,
All thro' the night; As they tread their
All thro' the night; Old age has its

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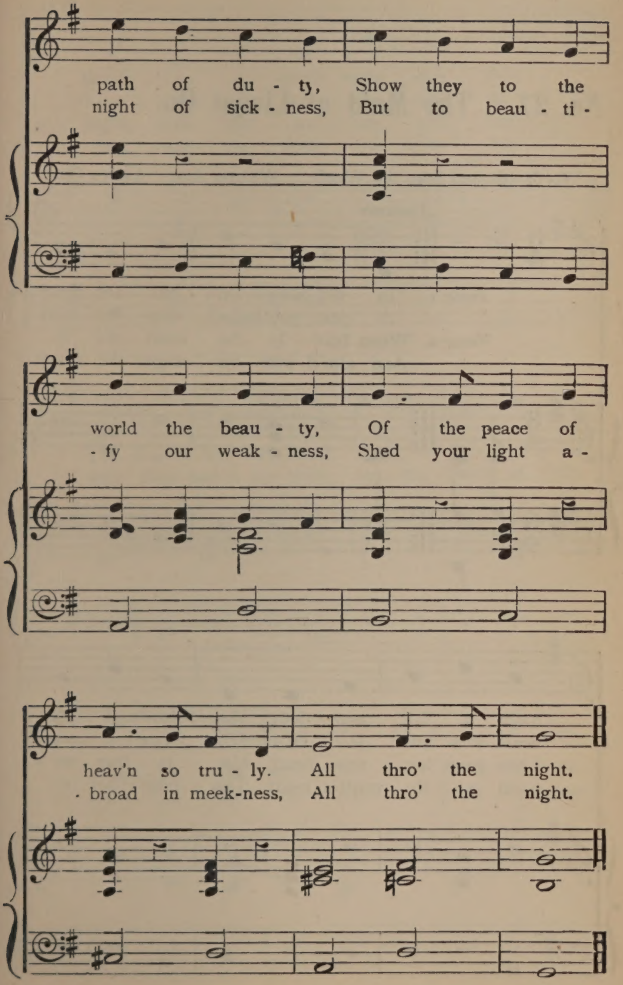
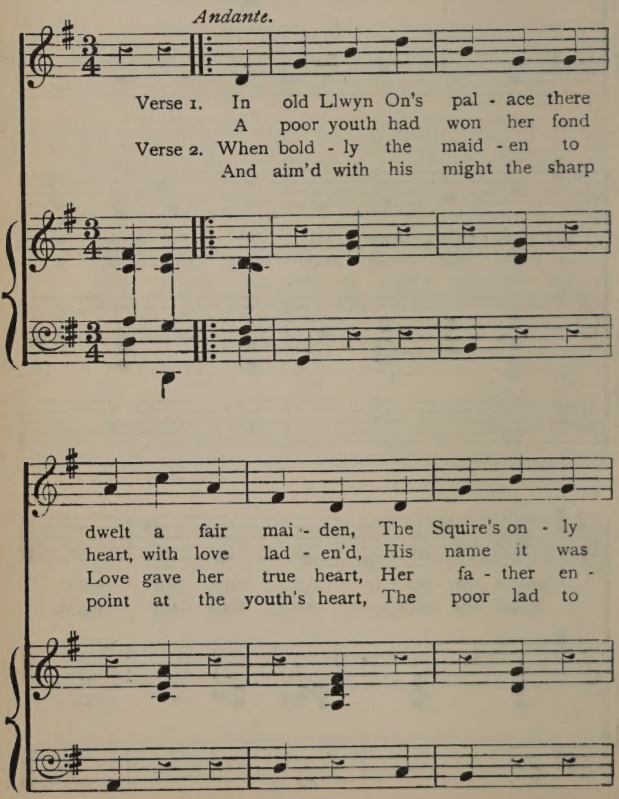

path of du - ty, Show they to the
night of sick - ness, But to beau - ti -
world the beau - ty, Of the peace of
- fy our weak - ness, Shed your light a -
heav'n so tru - ly. All thro' the night,
- broad in meek-ness, All thro' the night.

No. 27. The Maid of Llwyn On.

Words adapted from the Welsh. WELSH AIR, "Llwyn On."


Andante.
Verse 1. In old Llwyn On's pal - ace there
A poor youth had won her fond
Verse 2. When bold - ly the maid - en to
And aim'd with his might the sharp
dwelt a fair mai - den, The Squire's on - ly
heart, with love lad - en'd, His name it was
Love gave her true heart, Her fa - ther en -
point at the youth's heart, The poor lad to

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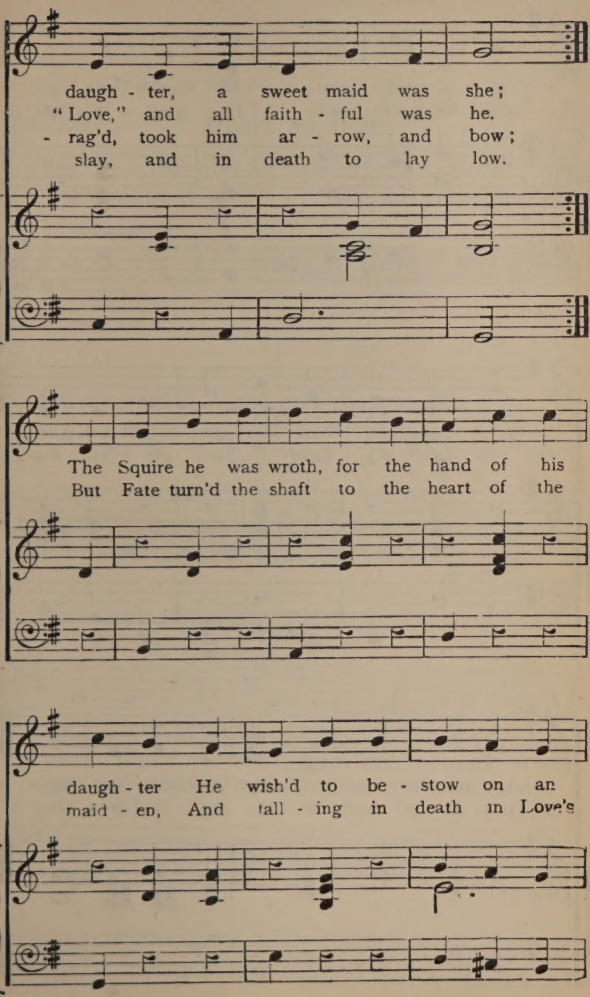
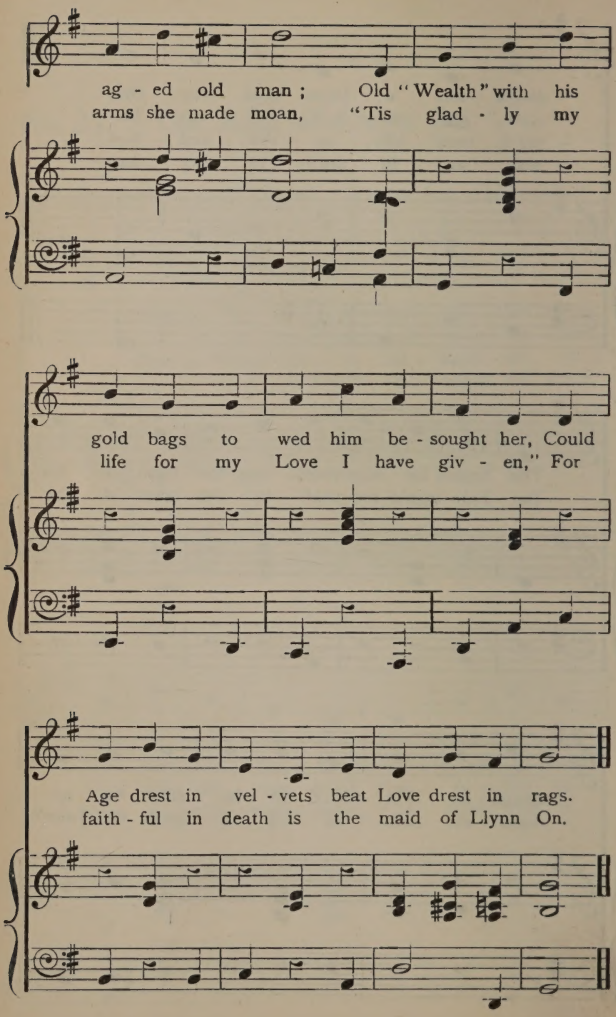
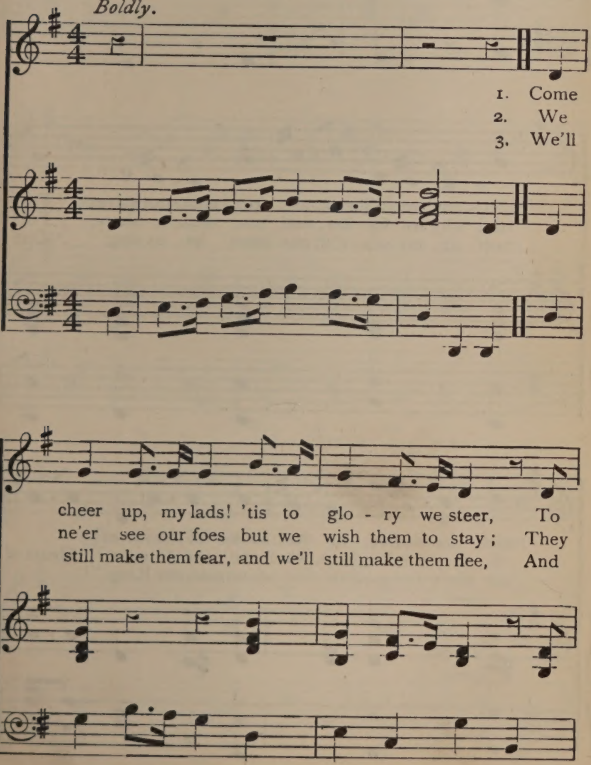

daugh - ter, a sweet maid was she;
"Love," and all faith - ful was he.
- rag'd, took him ar - row, and bow;
slay, and in death to lay low.
The Squire he was wroth, for the hand of his
But Fate turn'd the shaft to the heart of the
daugh - ter He wish'd to be - stow on an
maid - en, And fall - ing in death in Love's


ag - ed old man ; Old "Wealth" with his
arms she made moan, "Tis glad - ly my
gold bags to wed him be - sought her, Could
life for my Love I have giv - en," For
Age drest in vel - vets beat Love drest in rags.
faith - ful in death is the maid of Llynn On.

No. 28. Heart of Oak.

Words by GARRICK. 1759. Music by DR. BOYCE, 1759.


Boldly.
1. Come
2. We
3. We'll
cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To
ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay; They
still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee, And

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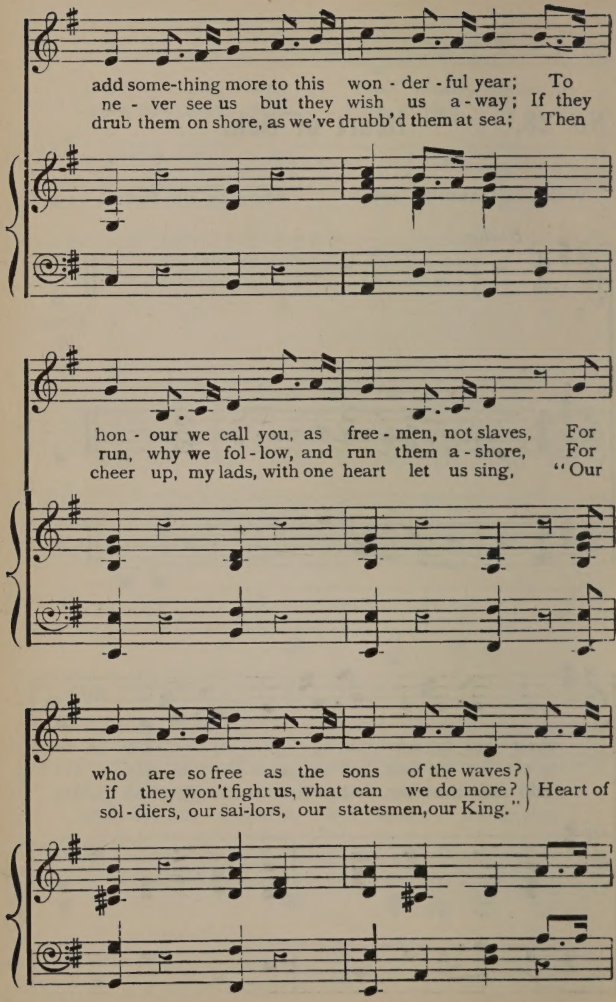
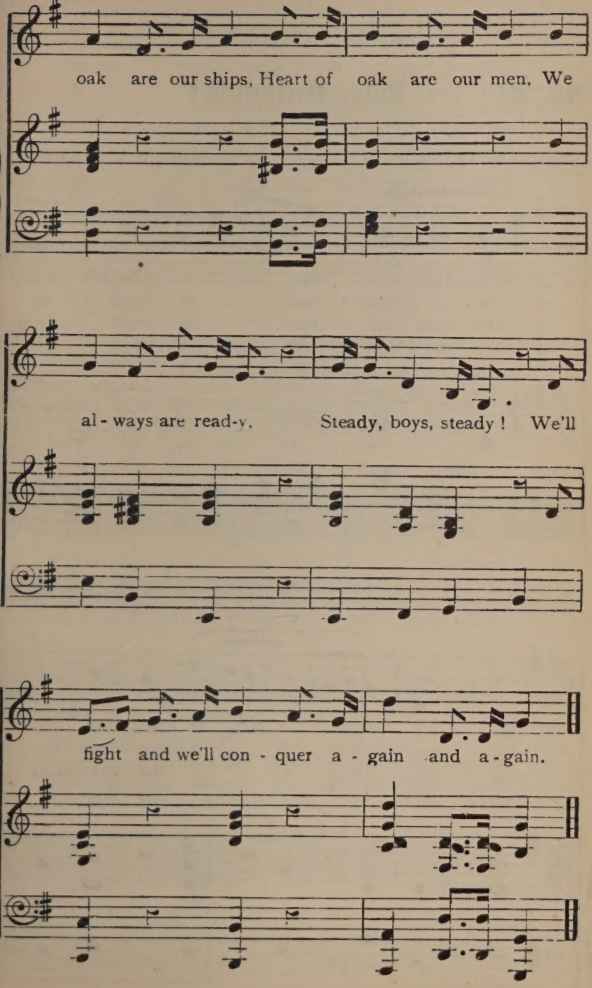
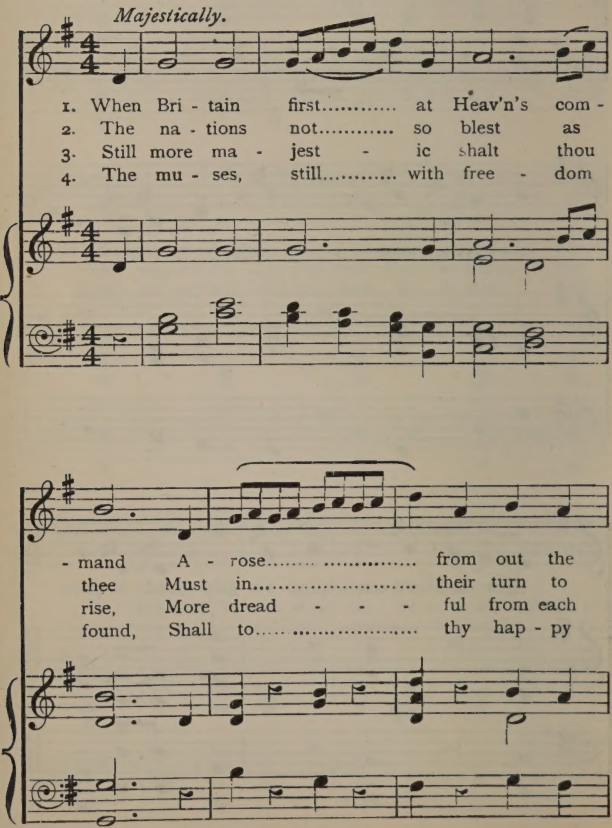

add some-thing more to this won - der - ful year; To
ne - ver see us but they wish us a - way; If they
drub them on shore, as we've drubb'd them at sea; Then
hon - our we call you, as free - men, not slaves, For
run, why we fol - low, and run them a - shore, For
cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing, "Our
who are so free as the sons of the waves?
if they won't fight us, what can we do more?
sol - diers, our sai-lors, our statesmen, our King."
Heart of


oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men, We
al - ways are read-y, Steady, boys, steady! We'll
fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

No. 29. Rule, Britannia!

Words by THOMSON. Music by DR. ARNE.


Majestically.
1. When Bri - tain first..... at Heav'n's com -
2. The na - tions not..... so blest as
3. Still more ma - jest - ic shalt thou
4. The mu - ses, still..... with free - dom
- mand A - rose..... ..... from out the
thee Must in..... their turn to
rise, More dread - - - ful from each
found, Shall to..... ..... thy hap - py

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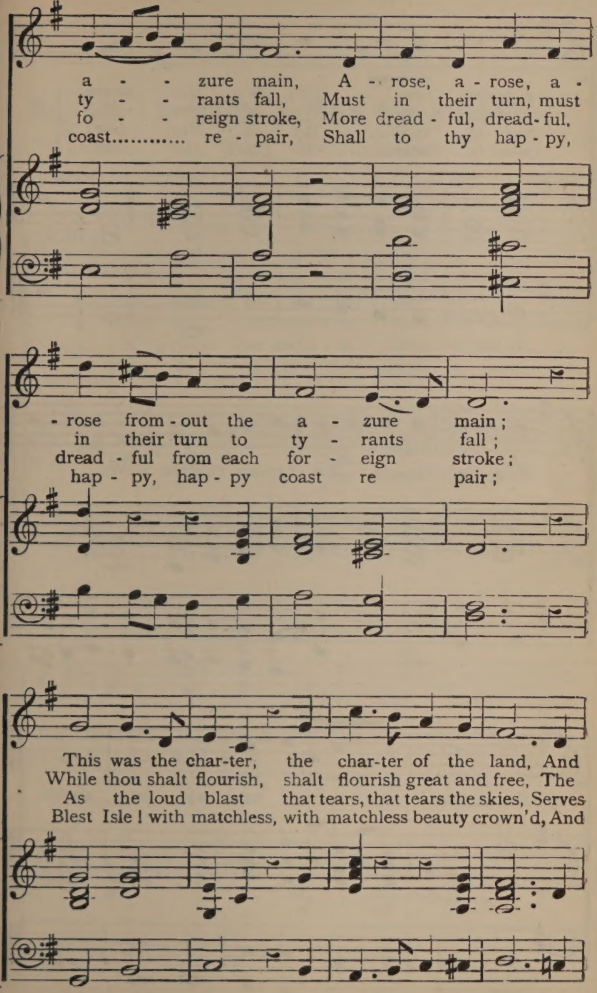
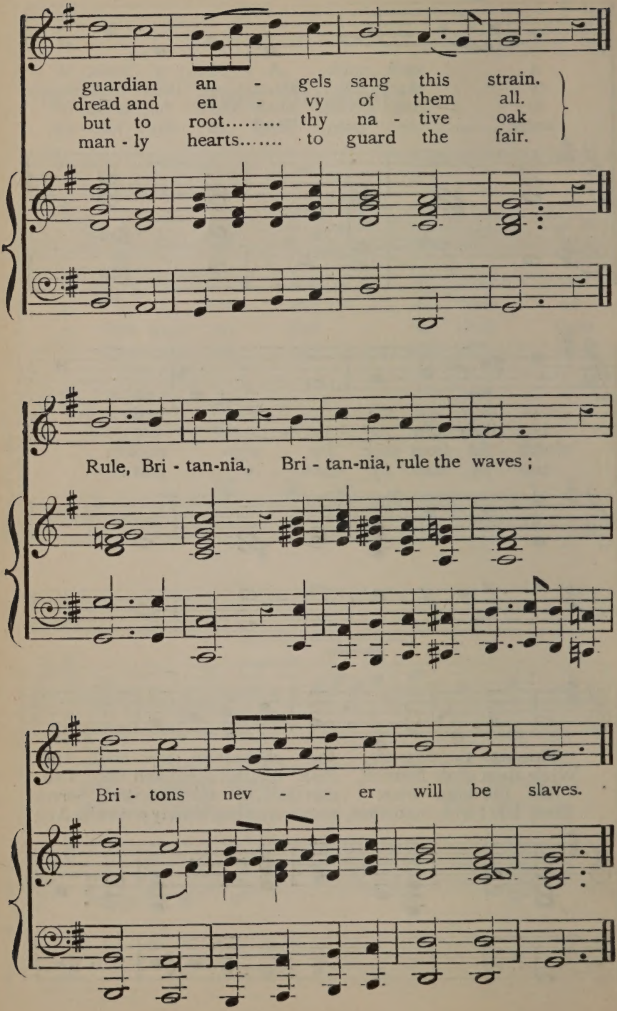
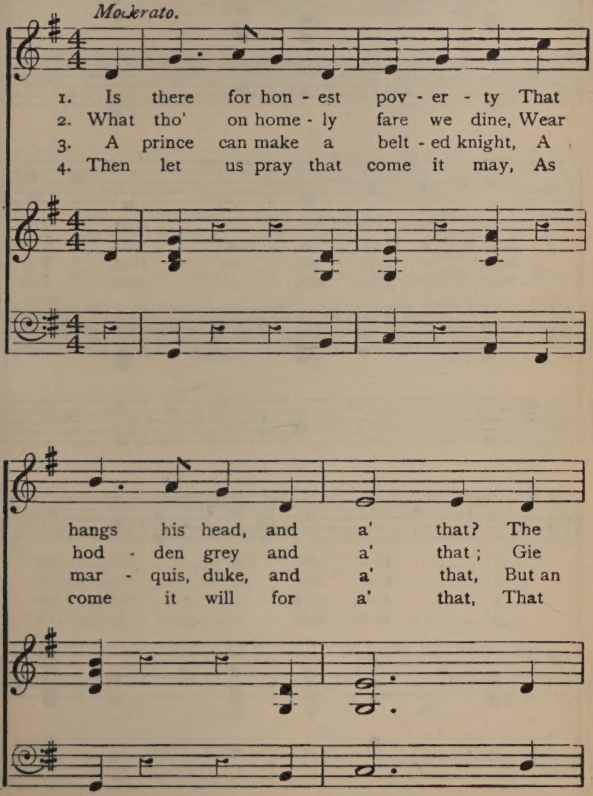

a - - zure main, A - rose, a - rose, a -
ty - - rants fall, Must in their turn, must
fo - - reign stroke, More dread - ful, dread- ful,
coast..... re - pair, Shall to thy hap - py,
- rose from - out the a - zure main ;
in their turn to ty - rants fall ;
dread - ful from each for - eign stroke ;
hap - py, hap - py coast re pair ;
This was the char-ter, the char-ter of the land, And
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, The
As the loud blast that tears, that tears the skies, Serves
Blest Isle ! with matchless, with matchless beauty crown'd, And


guardian an - gels sang this strain.
dread and en - vy of them all.
but to root..... thy na - tive oak
man - ly hearts..... to guard the fair.
Rule, Bri - tan-nia, Bri - tan-nia, rule the waves ;
Bri - tons nev - - er will be slaves.

No. 30. A Man's a Man for a' that.

Words by BURNS. SCOTCH MELODY


Moderato.
1. Is there for hon - est pov - er - ty That
2. What tho' on home - ly fare we dine, Wear
3. A prince can make a belt - ed knight, A
4. Then let us pray that come it may, As
hangs his head, and a' that? The
hod - den grey and a' that; Gie
mar - quis, duke, and a' that, But an
come it will for a' that, That

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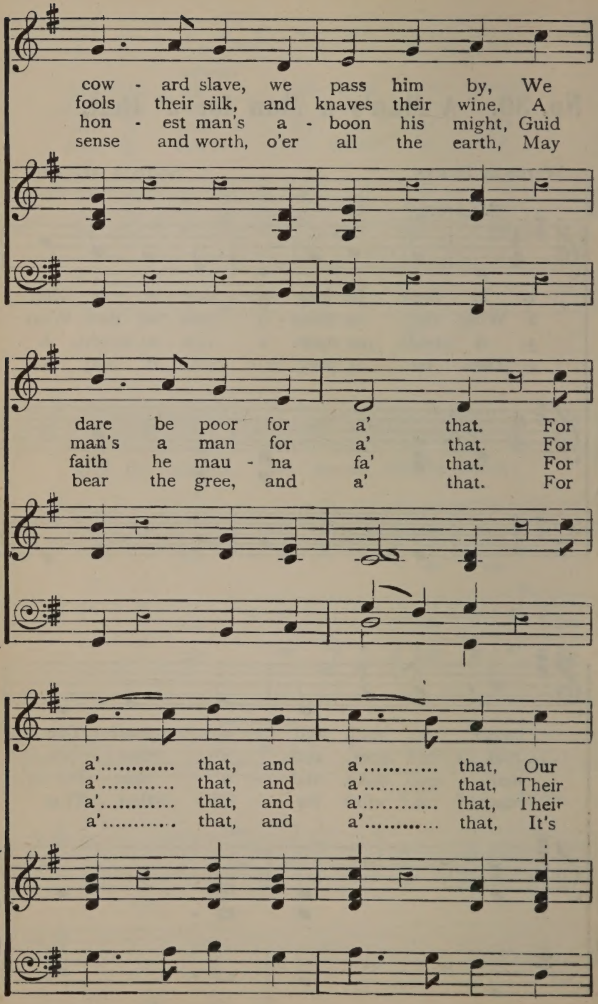
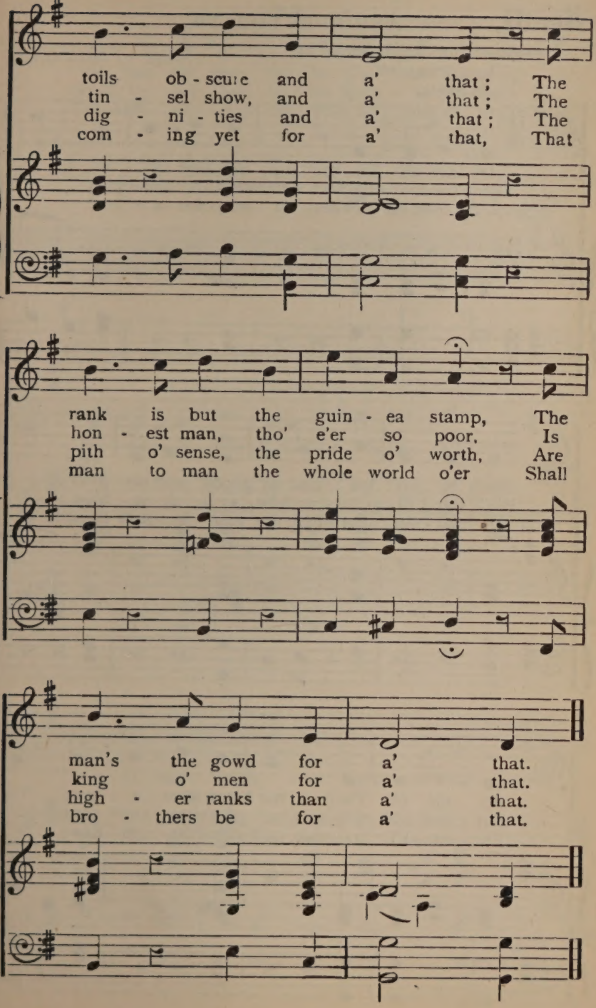

cow - ard slave, we pass him by, We
fools their silk, and knaves their wine, A
hon - est man's a - boon his might, Guid
sense and worth, o'er all the earth, May
dare be poor for a' that. For
man's a man for a' that. For
faith he mau - na fa' that. For
bear the gree, and a' that. For
a'..... that, and a'..... that, Our
a'..... that, and a'..... that, Their
a'..... that, and a'..... that, Their
a'..... that, and a'..... that, It's

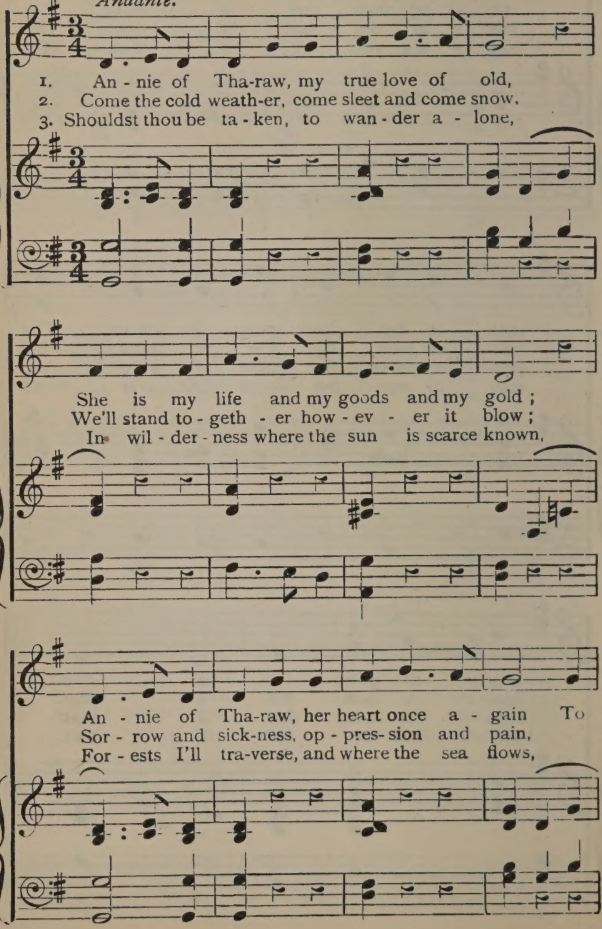

toils ob - scure and a' that; The
tin - sel show, and a' that; The
dig - ni - ties and a' that; The
com - ing yet for a' that, That
rank is but the guin - ea stamp, The
hon - est man, tho' e'er so poor, Is
pith o' sense, the pride o' worth, Are
man to man the whole world o'er Shall
man's the gowd for a' that.
king o' men for a' that.
high - er ranks than a' that.
bro - thers be for a' that.

No. 31. Annie of Tharaw.

Translated from the German by LONGFELLOW.

Music by SILCHER.

Andante.


1. An - nie of Tha-raw, my true love of old,
2. Come the cold weath-er, come sleet and come snow,
3. Shouldst thou be ta - ken, to wan - der a - lone,
She is my life and my goods and my gold;
We'll stand to - geth - er how - ev - er it blow;
In wil - der - ness where the sun is scarce known,
An - nie of Tha-raw, her heart once a - gain To
Sor - row and sick-ness, op - pres - sion and pain,
For - ests I'll tra-verse, and where the sea flows,

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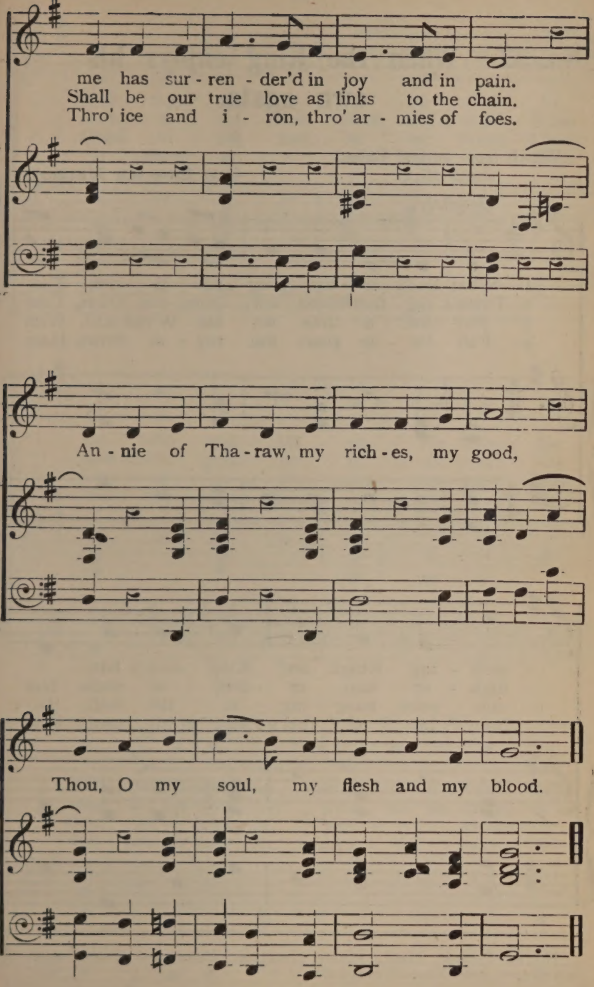
me has sur - ren - der'd in joy and in pain.
Shall be our true love as links to the chain.
Thro' ice and i - ron, thro' ar - mies of foes.
An - nie of Tha - raw, my rich - es, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood.

No. 32. When the King enjoys his own again.

Words from an Old Ballad about 1643.

OLD ENGLISH MELODY.

Brightly.
1. What Book - er can prog - nos - ti - cate Con -
2. There's nei - ther Swal - low, Dove, nor Dade, Can
3 Tho' for a time we see White-hall, With
4. Full for - ty years the roy - al crown Hath
- cern - ing Kings and King - dom's fate, I
high - er soar, or deep - er wade, Nor
cob - webs hang - ing on the wall, In -
been his fa - ther's and his own; And

NOTE.—Booker, Pond, Rivers, Swallow, Dove and Dade, were all astrologers and almanack makers.

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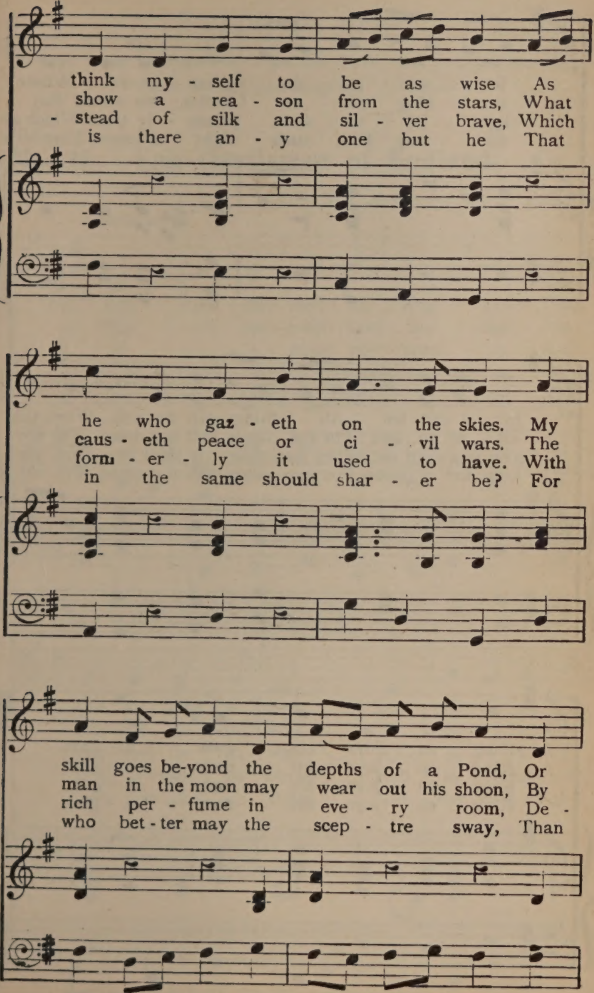
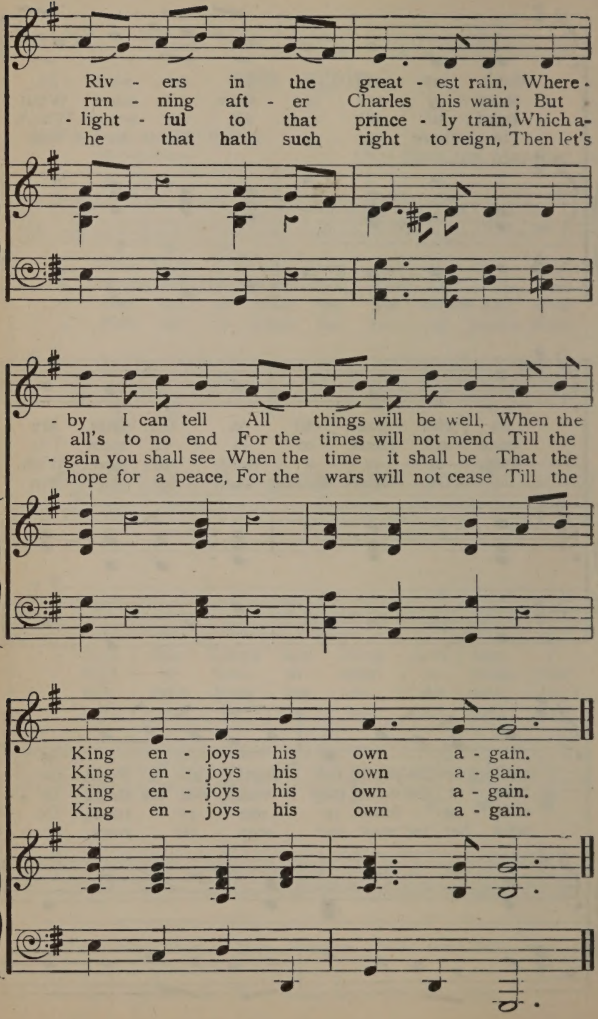

think my - self to be as wise As
show a rea - son from the stars, What
- stead of silk and sil - ver brave, Which
is there an - y one but he That
he who gaz - eth on the skies. My
caus - eth peace or ci - vil wars. The
form - er - ly it used to have. With
in the same should shar - er be? For
skill goes be-yond the depths of a Pond, Or
man in the moon may wear out his shoon, By
rich per - fume in eve - ry room, De -
who bet - ter may the scep - tre sway, Than


Riv - ers in the great - est rain, Where -
run - ning aft - er Charles his wain; But
- light - ful to that prince - ly train, Which a-
he that hath such right to reign, Then let's
- by I can tell All things will be well, When the
all's to no end For the times will not mend Till the
- gain you shall see When the time it shall be That the
hope for a peace, For the wars will not cease Till the
King en - joys his own a - gain.
King en - joys his own a - gain.
King en - joys his own a - gain.
King en - joys his own a - gain.

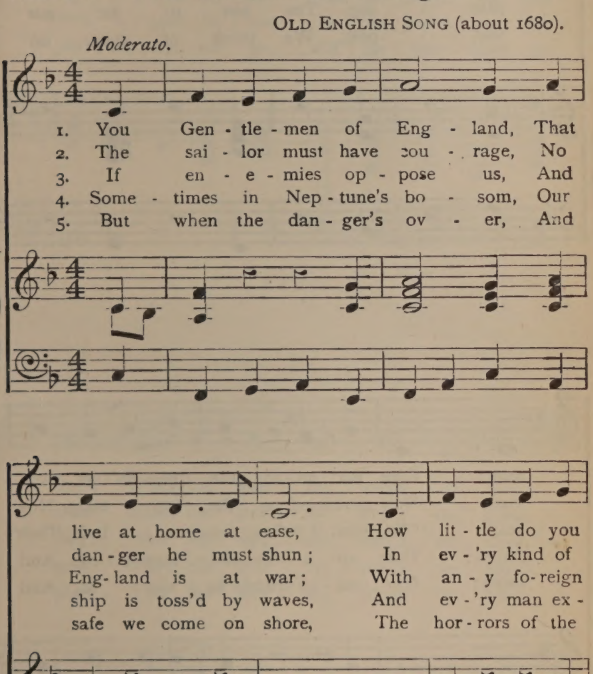
Part V.—F major.

Part V is intended to coincide with the instructions in "Manual of Sight-Singing," Chapter 8.

No. 33. You Gentlemen of England.

OLD ENGLISH SONG (about 1680).

Moderato.


1. You Gen - tle - men of Eng - land, That
2. The sai - lor must have cou - rage, No
3. If en - e - mies op - pose us, And
4. Some - times in Nep - tune's bo - som, Our
5. But when the dan - ger's ov - er, And
live at home at ease, How lit - tle do you
dan - ger he must shun; In ev - 'ry kind of
Eng - land is at war; With an - y fo - reign
ship is toss'd by waves, And ev - 'ry man ex -
safe we come on shore, The hor - rors of the

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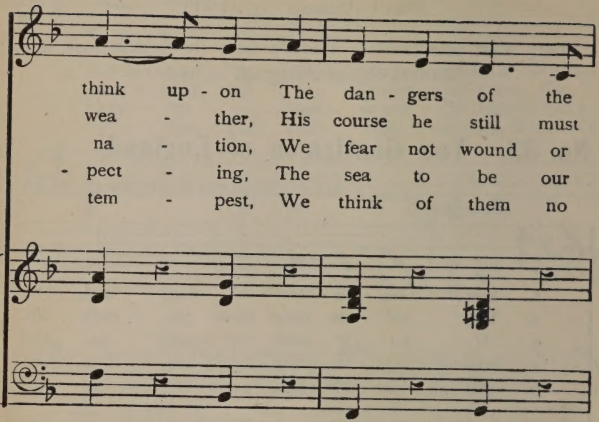
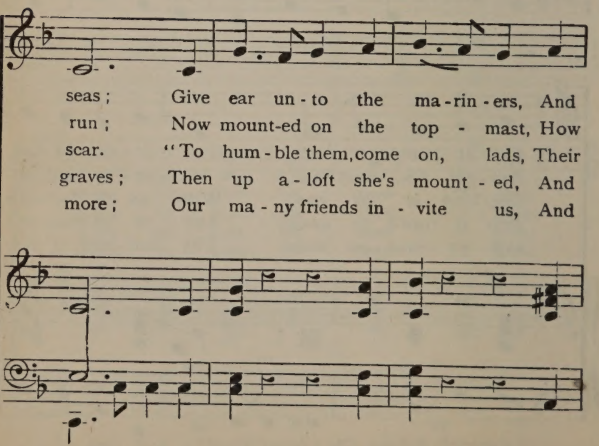
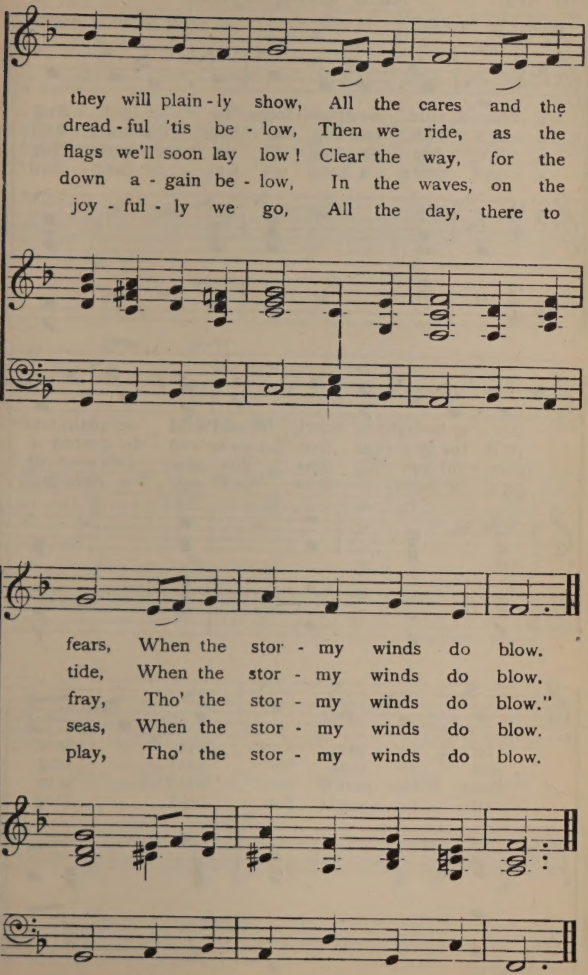
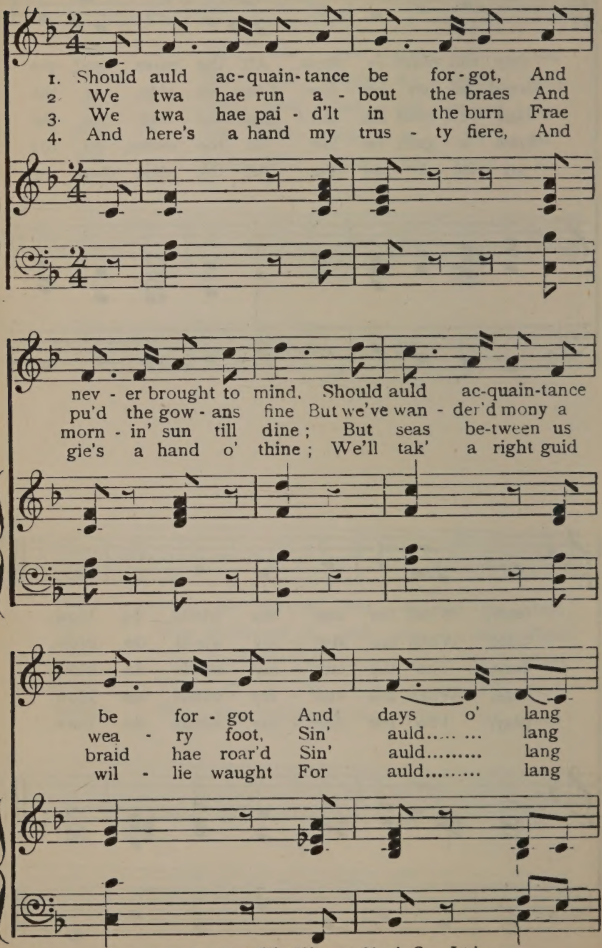

think up - on The dan - gers of the
wea - ther, His course he still must
na - tion, We fear not wound or
- pect - ing, The sea to be our
tem - pest, We think of them no


seas ; Give ear un - to the ma - rin - ers, And
run ; Now mount-ed on the top - mast, How
scar. "To hum - ble them, come on, lads, Their
graves ; Then up a - loft she's mount - ed, And
more ; Our ma - ny friends in - vite us, And


they will plain - ly show, All the cares and the
dread - ful 'tis be - low, Then we ride, as the
flags we'll soon lay low! Clear the way, for the
down a - gain be - low, In the waves, on the
joy - ful - ly we go, All the day, there to
fears, When the stor - my winds do blow.
tide, When the stor - my winds do blow.
fray, Tho' the stor - my winds do blow."
seas, When the stor - my winds do blow.
play, Tho' the stor - my winds do blow.

No. 34. Auld Lang Syne.

Words by BURNS. OLD SCOTCH SONG.


1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And
2 We twa hae run a-bout the braes And
3. We twa hae pai-d'lt in the burn Frae
4. And here's a hand my trus-ty fiere, And
nev-er brought to mind, Should auld ac-quain-tance
pu'd the gow-ans fine But we've wan-der'd mony a
morn-in' sun till dine; But seas be-tween us
gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a right guid
be for-got And days o' lang
wea-ry foot, Sin' auld..... ... lang
braid hae roar'd Sin' auld..... lang
wil-lie waught For auld..... lang

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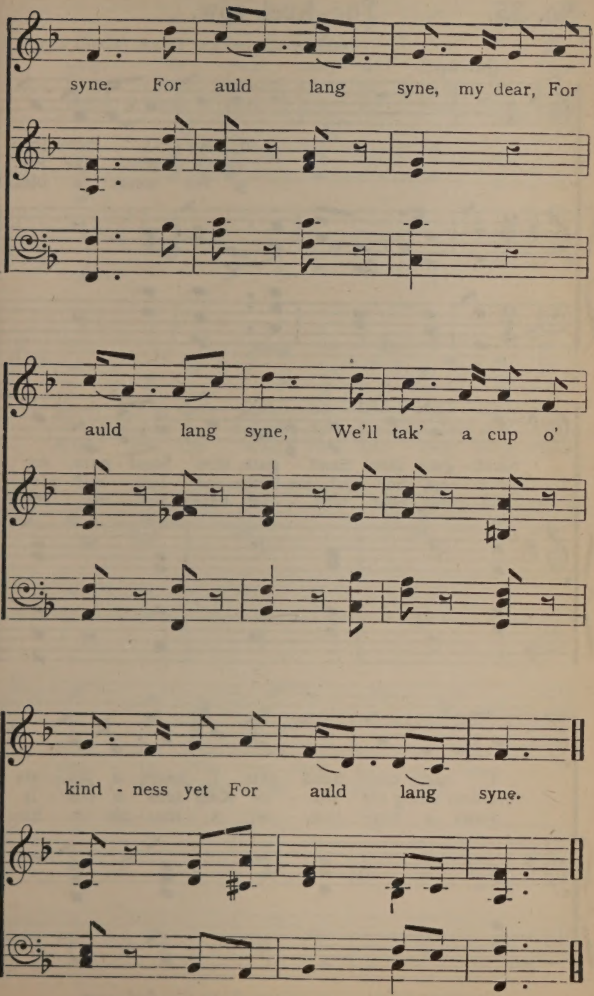
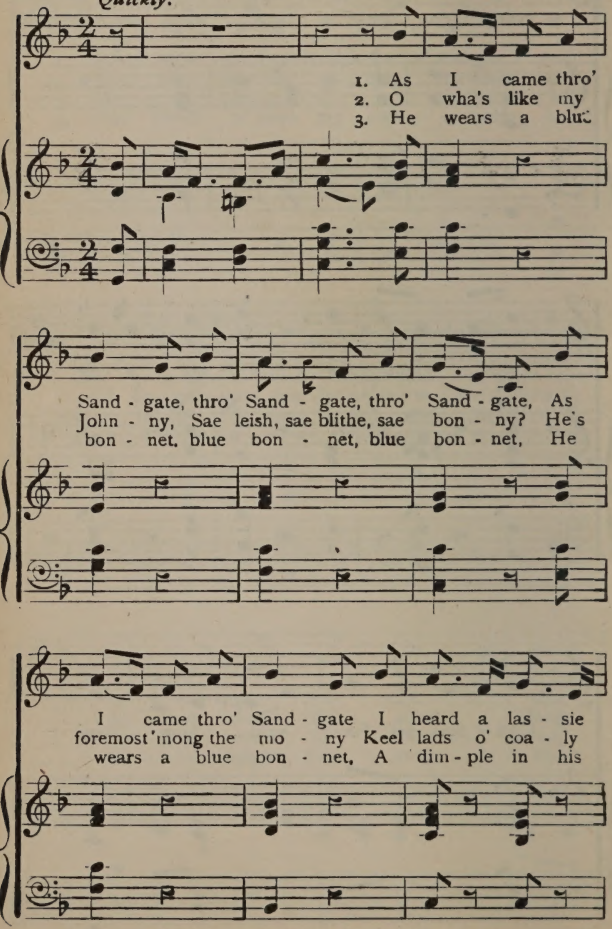

syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o'
kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

No. 35. The Keel row.

NORTH COUNTRY TUNE (about 1750).


Quickly.
1. As I came thro'
2. O wha's like my
3. He wears a blue
Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, As
John - ny, Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bon - ny? He's
bon - net, blue bon - net, blue bon - net, He
I came thro' Sand - gate I heard a las - sie
foremost 'mong the mo - ny Keel lads o' coa - ly
wears a blue bon - net, A dim - ple in his

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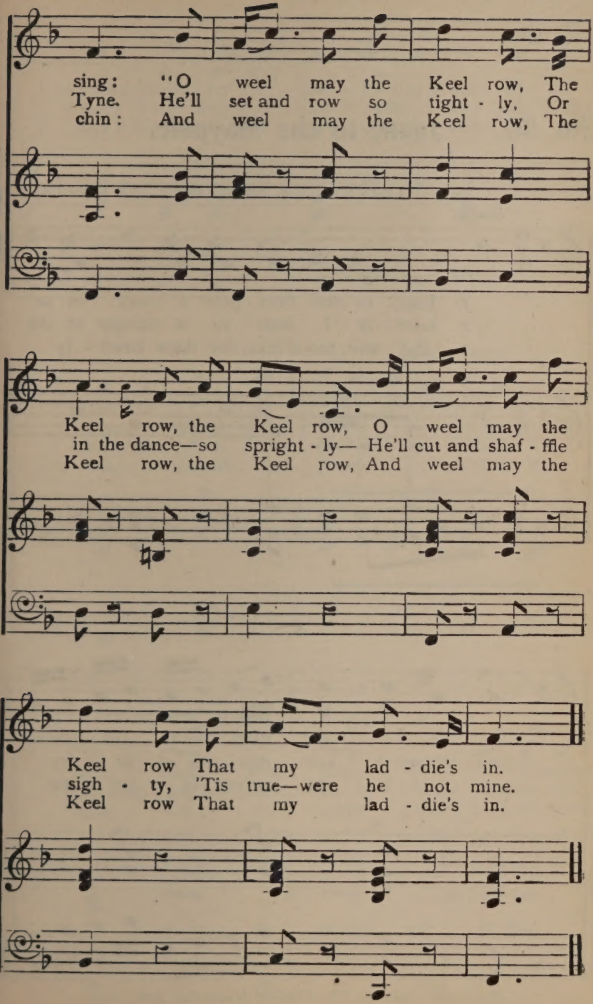
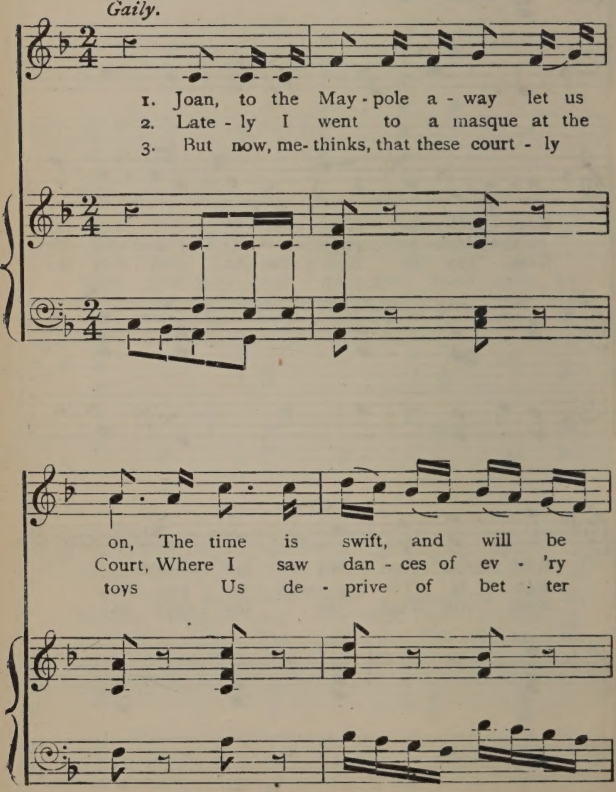

sing: "O weel may the Keel row, The
Tyne. He'll set and row so tight - ly, Or
chin: And weel may the Keel row, The
Keel row, the Keel row, O weel may the
in the dance—so spright - ly— He'll cut and shaf - ffle
Keel row, the Keel row, And weel may the
Keel row That my lad - die's in.
sigh - ty, 'Tis true—were he not mine.
Keel row That my lad - die's in.

No. 36. Joan, to the Maypole.

OLD ENGLISH SONG (Early 17th Century).


Gaily.
1. Joan, to the May - pole a - way let us
2. Late - ly I went to a masque at the
3. But now, me- thinks, that these court - ly
on, The time is swift, and will be
Court, Where I saw dan - ces of ev - 'ry
toys Us de - prive of bet - ter

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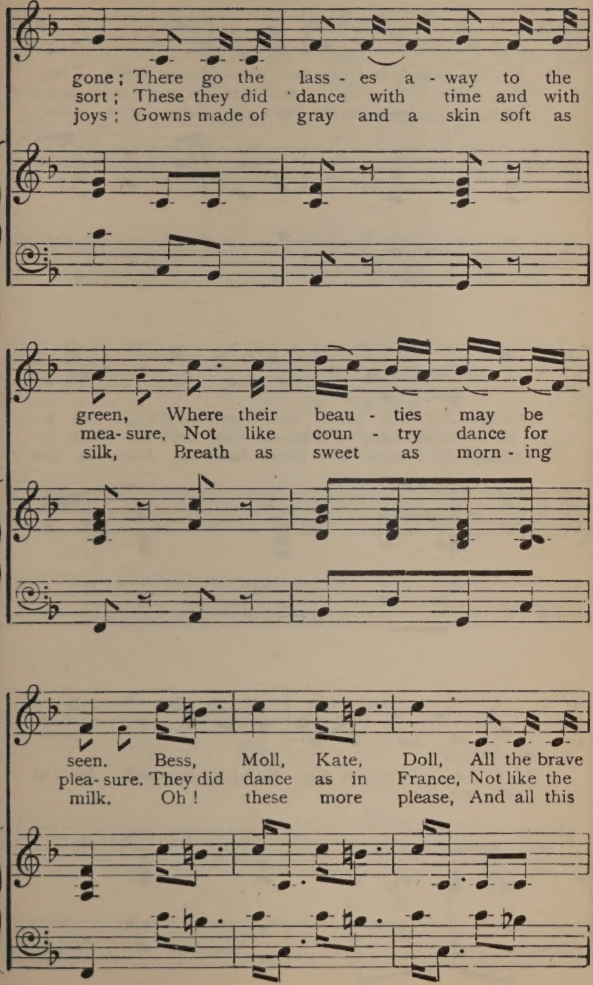
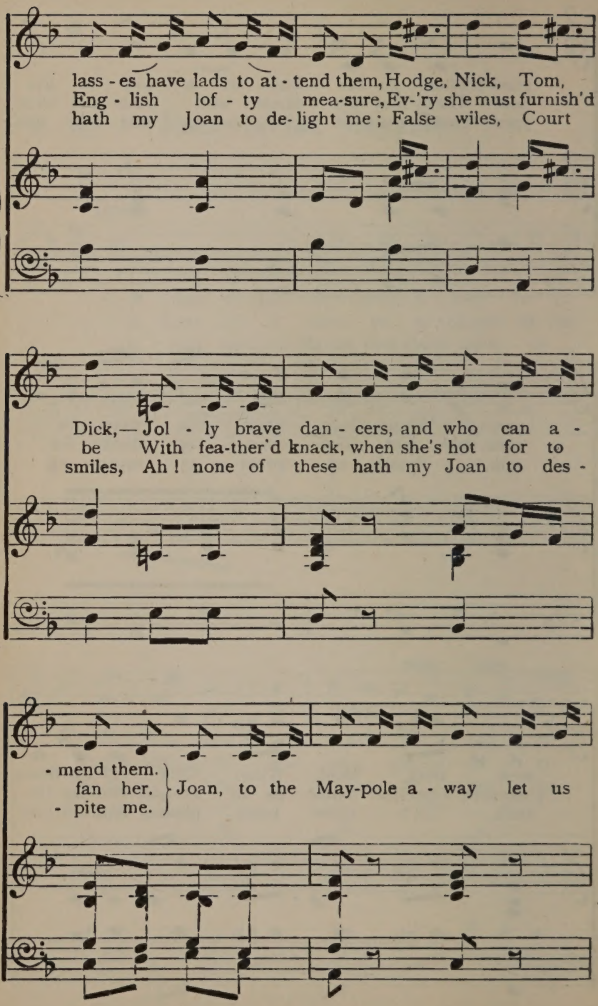
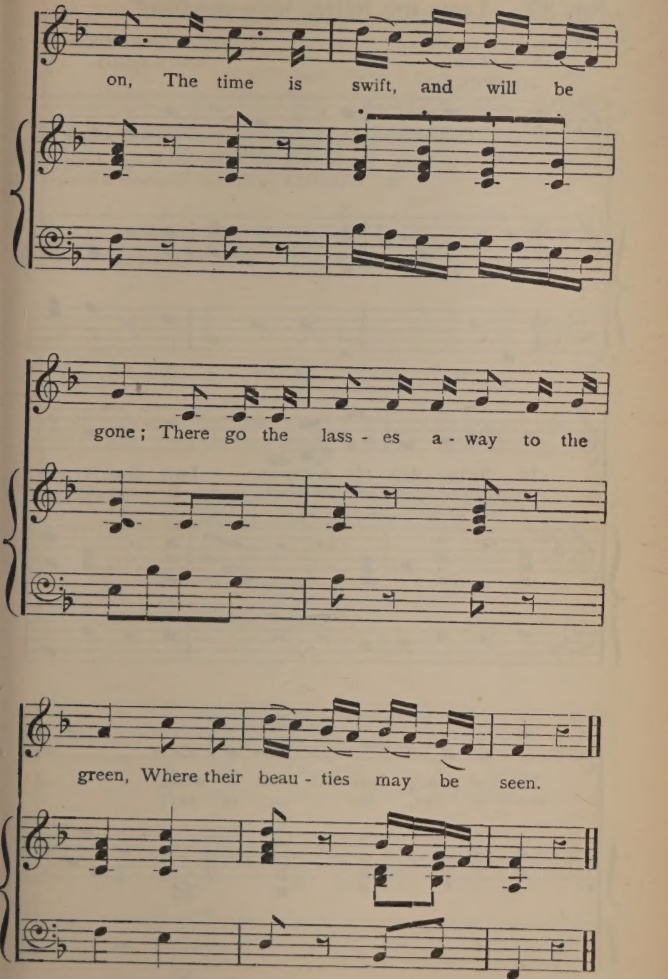

gone; There go the lass - es a - way to the
sort; These they did dance with time and with
joys; Gowns made of gray and a skin soft as
green, Where their beau - ties may be
mea- sure, Not like coun - try dance for
silk, Breath as sweet as morn - ing
seen. Bess, Moll, Kate, Doll, All the brave
plea- sure. They did dance as in France, Not like the
milk. Oh! these more please, And all this


lass - es have lads to at - tend them, Hodge, Nick, Tom,
Eng - lish lof - ty mea-sure, Ev-'ry she must furnish'd
hath my Joan to de-light me; False wiles, Court
Dick, — Jol - ly brave dan - cers, and who can a -
be With fea-ther'd knack, when she's hot for to
smiles, Ah! none of these hath my Joan to des -
- mend them.
fan her.
- pite me.
Joan, to the May-pole a - way let us

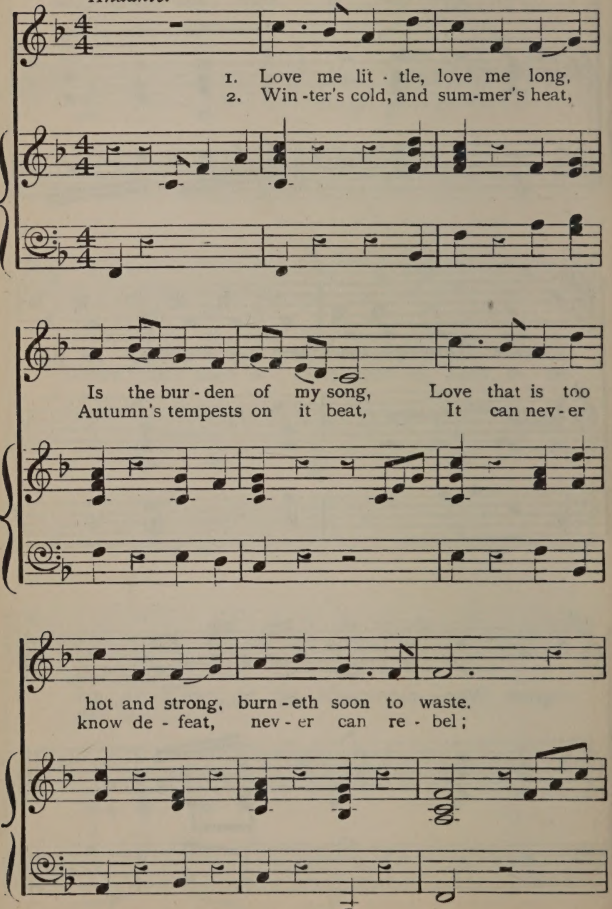

on, The time is swift, and will be
gone; There go the lass - es a - way to the
green, Where their beau - ties may be seen.

No. 37. Love me little, love me long.

Words from an MS. about 1610.

Tune—"Mad Robin," 17th Century.

Andante.


1. Love me lit - tle, love me long,
2. Win -ter's cold, and sum-mer's heat,
Is the bur - den of my song, Love that is too
Autumn's tempests on it beat, It can nev - er
hot and strong, burn - eth soon to waste.
know de - feat, nev - er can re - bel;

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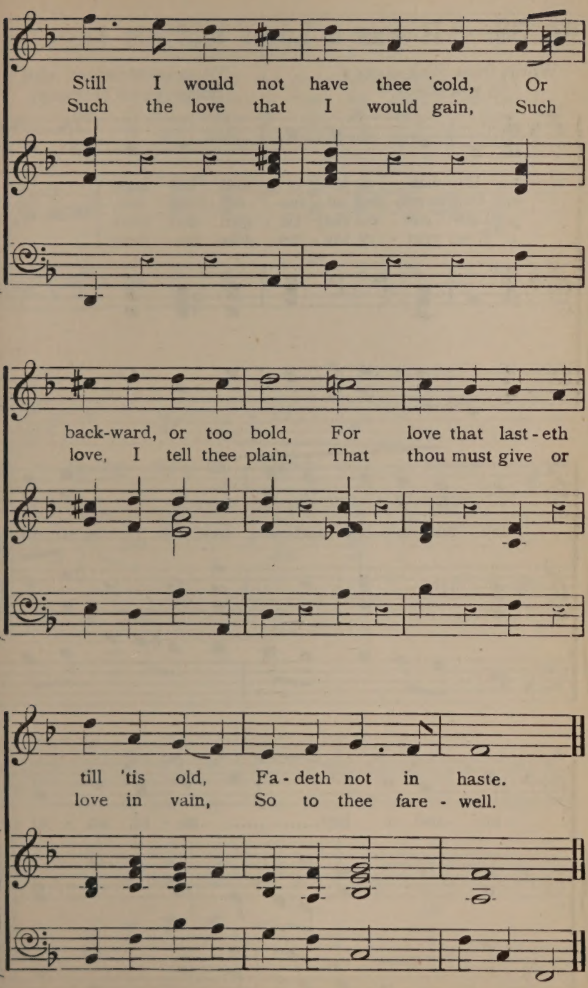
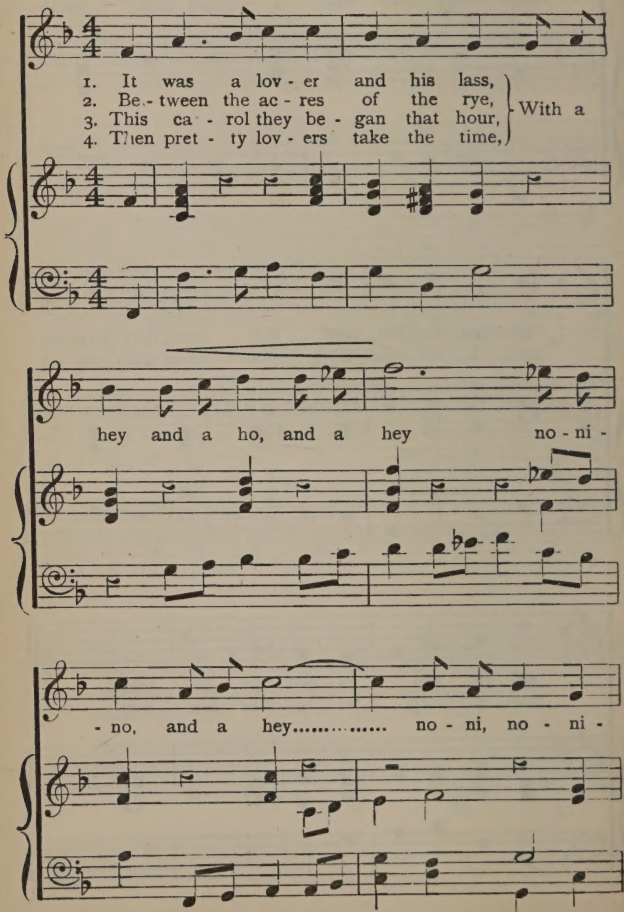

Still I would not have thee cold, Or
Such the love that I would gain, Such
back-ward, or too bold, For love that last-eth
love, I tell thee plain, That thou must give or
till 'tis old, Fa-deth not in haste.
love in vain, So to thee fare-well.

No. 38. "It was a Lover and his Lass."

Words from Shakespere's 'As you like it.'

THOMAS MORLEY, 1600 (melody and harmony).


1. It was a lov - er and his lass,
2. Be - tween the ac - res of the rye,
3. This ca - rol they be - gan that hour,
4. Then pret - ty lov - ers take the time,
With a
hey and a ho, and a hey no - ni -
- no, and a hey..... no - ni, no - ni -

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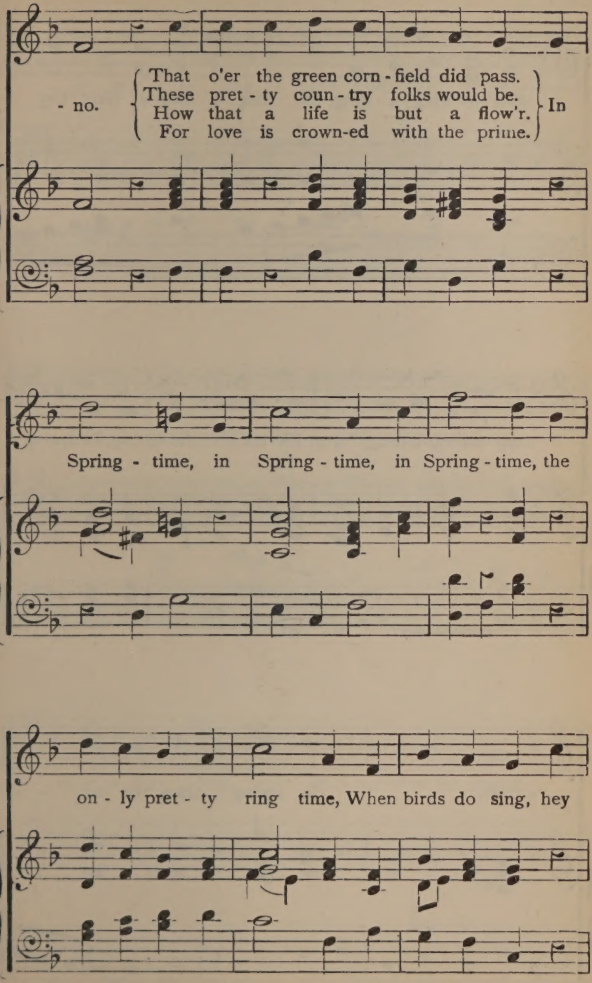
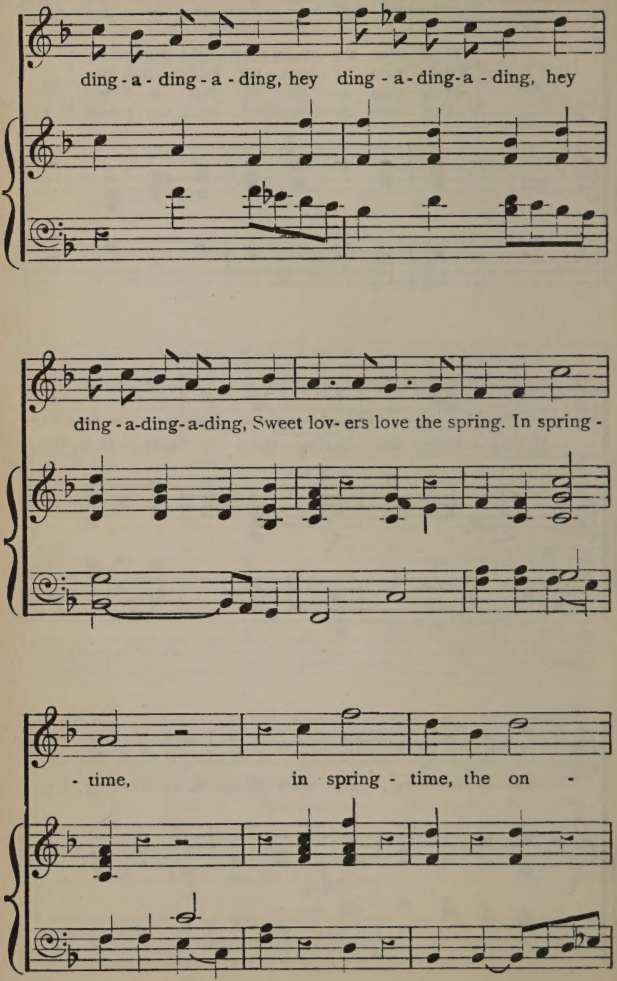
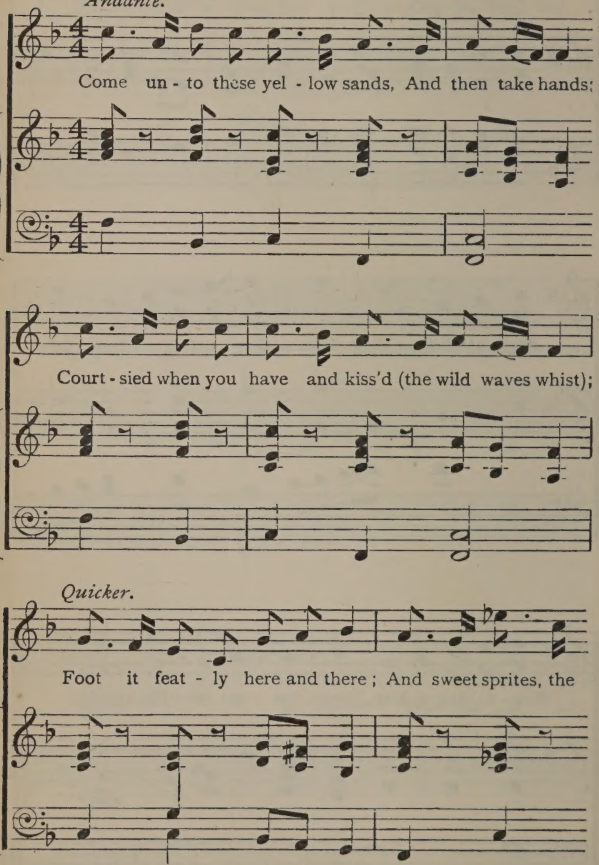

- no.
That o'er the green corn - field did pass.
These pret - ty coun - try folks would be.
How that a life is but a flow'r.
For love is crown-ed with the prime.
In
Spring - time, in Spring - time, in Spring - time, the
on - ly pret - ty ring time, When birds do sing, hey


ding - a - ding - a - ding, hey ding - a - ding - a - ding, hey
ding - a - ding - a - ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring. In spring -
- time, in spring - time, the on -

- ly pret - ty ring - time, When birds do sing, hey
ding - a - ding - a-ding, hey ding - a-ding -a - ding, hey
ding - a - ding -a-ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

No. 39. Come unto these yellow sands.

The Original Version. J. BANISTER, 1630–1679.


Andante.
Come un - to these yel - low sands, And then take hands;
Court - sied when you have and kiss'd (the wild waves whist);
Quicker.
Foot it feat - ly here and there; And sweet sprites, the

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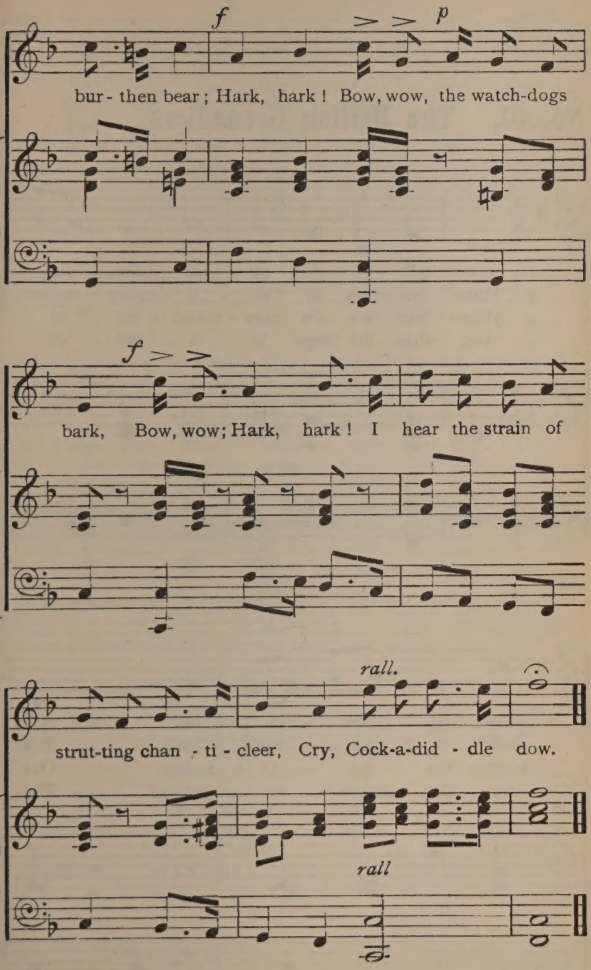
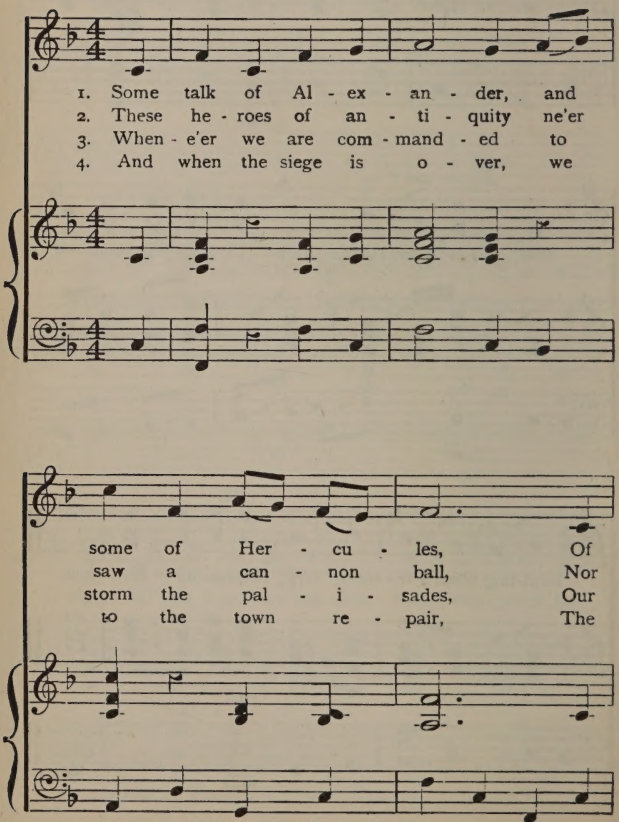

f
p
bur - then bear ; Hark, hark ! Bow, wow, the watch-dogs
f
bark, Bow, wow; Hark, hark ! I hear the strain of
rall.
strut-ting chan - ti - cleer, Cry, Cock-a-did - dle dow.
rall

No. 40. The British Grenadiers.


1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, and
2. These he - roes of an - ti - quity ne'er
3. When - e'er we are com - mand - ed to
4. And when the siege is o - ver, we
some of Her - cu - les, Of
saw a can - non ball, Nor
storm the pal - i - sades, Our
to the town re - pair, The

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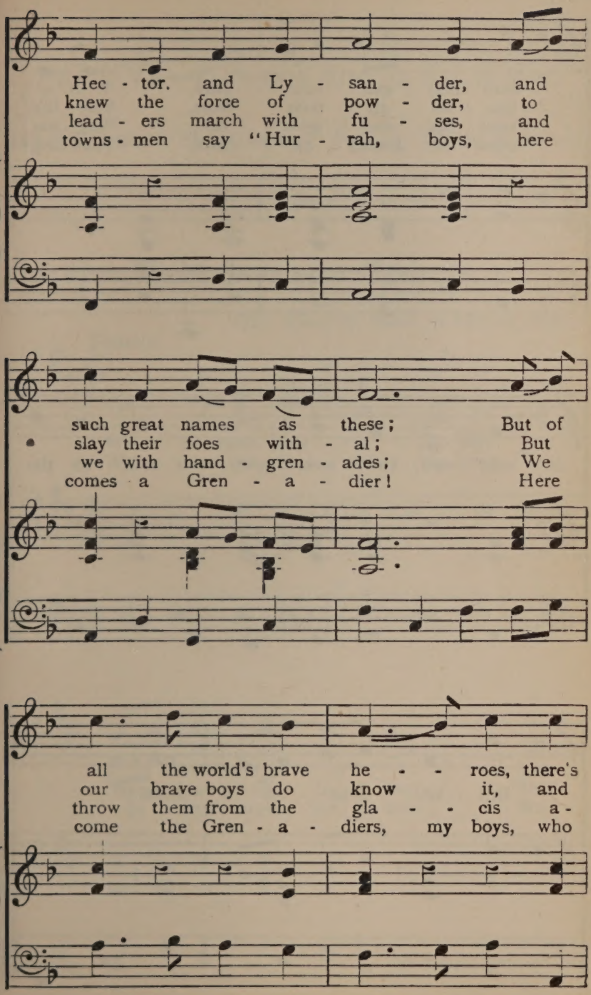
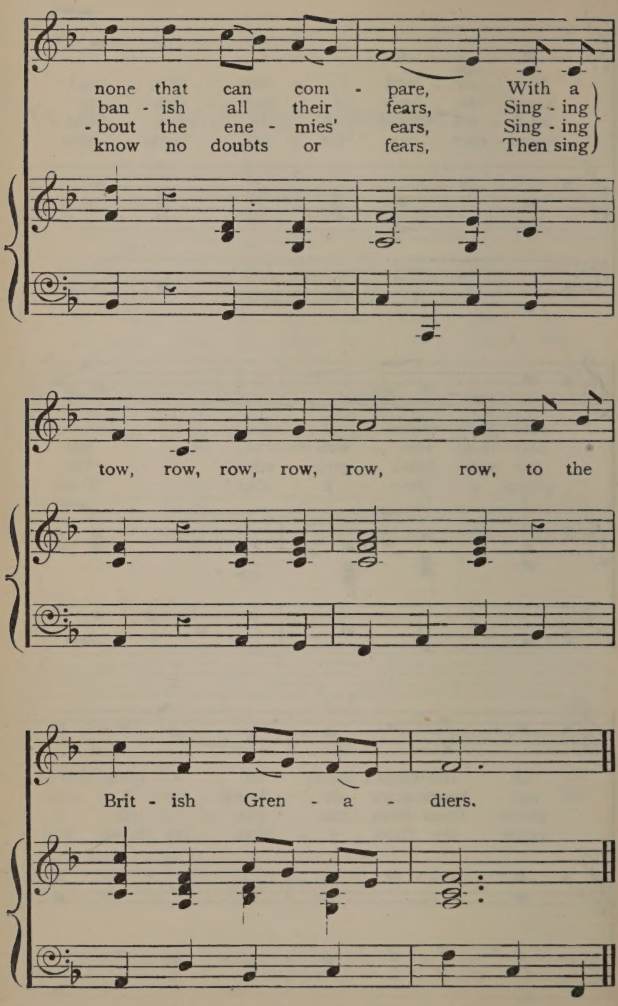

Hec - tor, and Ly - san - der, and
knew the force of pow - der, to
lead - ers march with fu - ses, and
towns - men say "Hur - rah, boys, here
such great names as these; But of
slay their foes with - al; But
we with hand - gren - ades; We
comes a Gren - a - dier! Here
all the world's brave he - - roes, there's
our brave boys do know it, and
throw them from the gla - - cis a -
come the Gren - a - diers, my boys, who

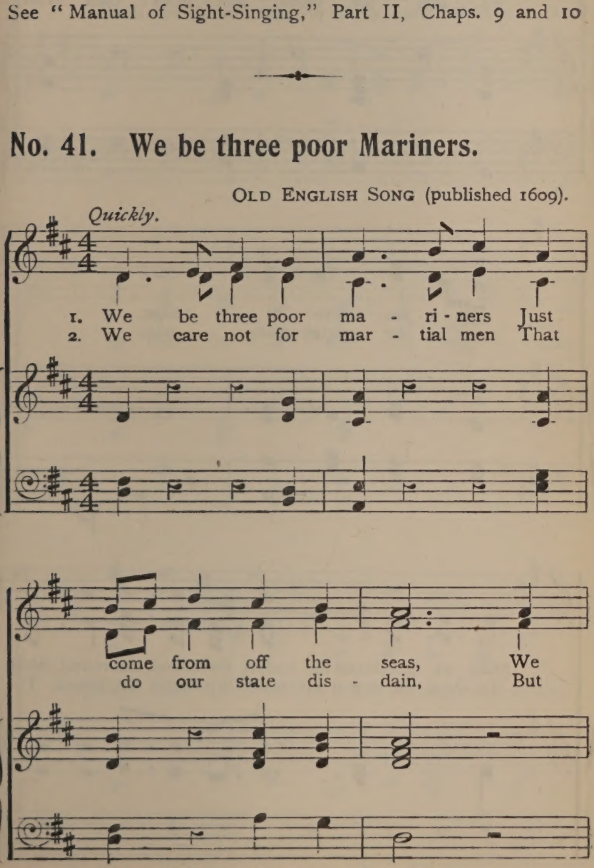

none that can com - pare, With a
ban - ish all their fears, Sing - ing
- bout the ene - mies' ears, Sing - ing
know no doubts or fears, Then sing
tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the
Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

PART VI.—D major and B flat major.

See "Manual of Sight-Singing," Part II, Chaps. 9 and 10

No. 41. We be three poor Mariners.

OLD ENGLISH SONG (published 1609).


Quickly.
1. We be three poor ma - ri - ners Just
2. We care not for mar - tial men That
come from off the seas, We
do our state dis - dain, But

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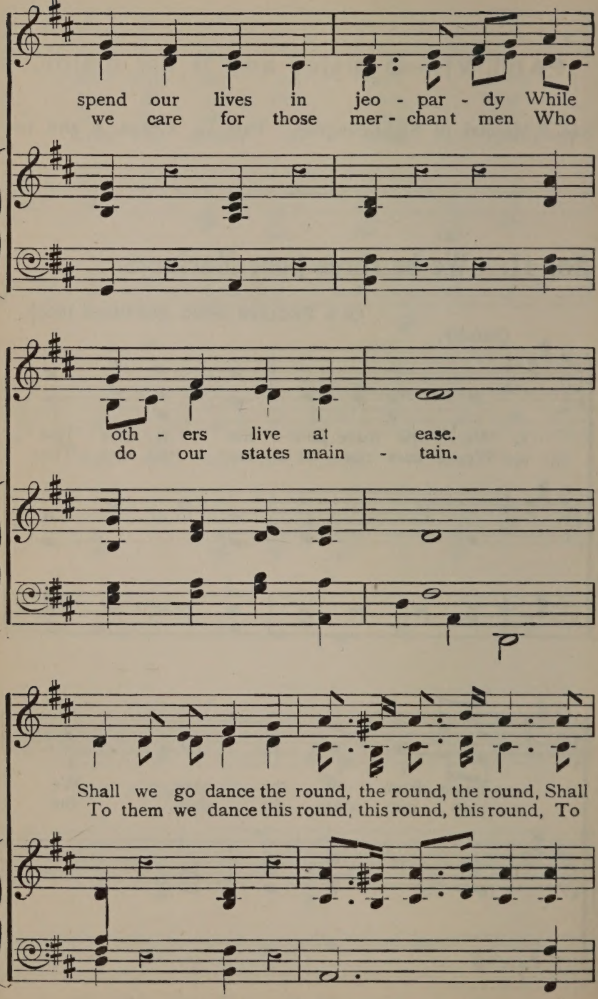
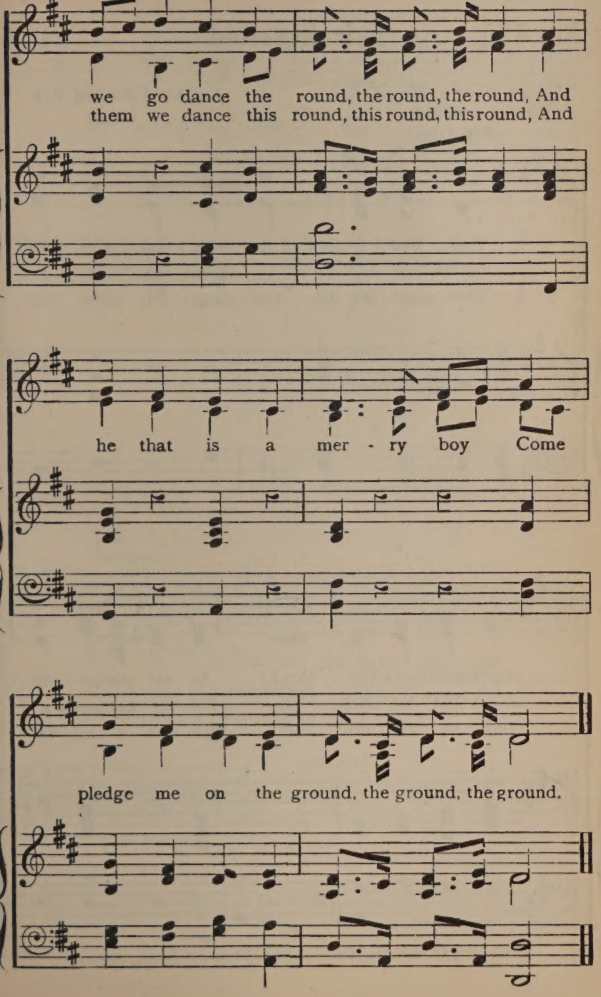

spend our lives in jeo - par - dy While
we care for those mer - chant men Who
oth - ers live at ease.
do our states main - tain.
Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round, Shall
To them we dance this round, this round, this round, To

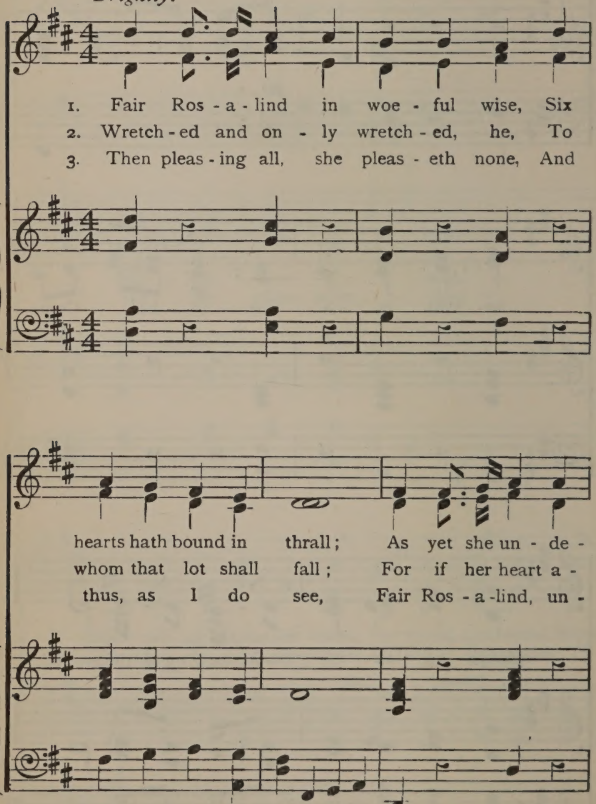

we go dance the round, the round, the round, And
them we dance this round, this round, this round, And
he that is a mer - ry boy Come
pledge me on the ground, the ground, the ground.

No. 42. Fair Rosalind.

Verses 1 and 2, old ;
Verse 3, modern.

OLD ENGLISH AIR,
(1735).

Brightly.


1. Fair Ros - a - lind in woe - ful wise, Six
2. Wretch - ed and on - ly wretch - ed, he, To
3. Then pleas - ing all, she pleas - eth none, And
hearts hath bound in thrall; As yet she un - de -
whom that lot shall fall; For if her heart a -
thus, as I do see, Fair Ros - a - lind, un -

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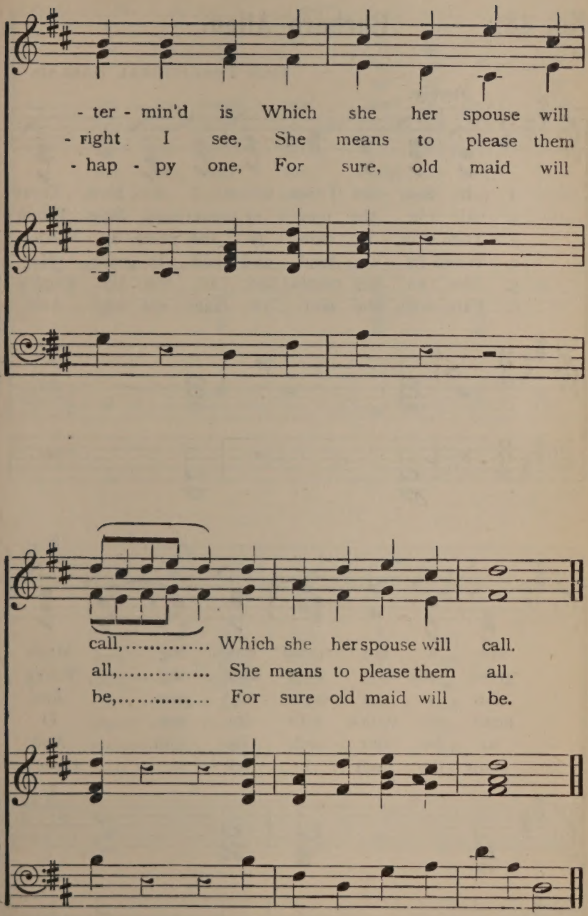
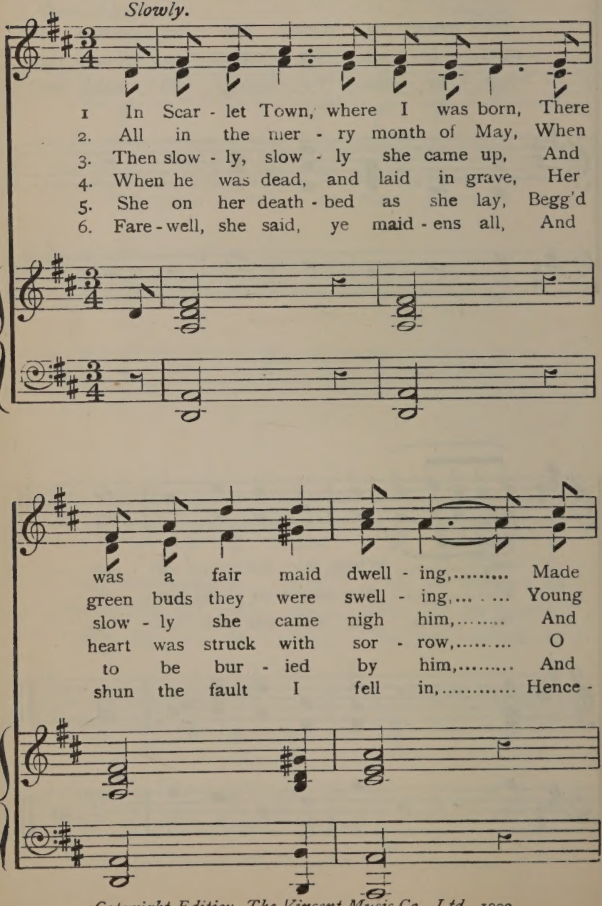

- ter - min'd is Which she her spouse will
- right I see, She means to please them
- hap - py one, For sure, old maid will
call,..... Which she her spouse will call.
all,..... She means to please them all.
be,..... For sure old maid will be.

No. 43. Barbara Allen.

OLD TRADITIONAL BALLAD.


Slowly.
1 In Scar - let Town, where I was born, There
2. All in the mer - ry month of May, When
3. Then slow - ly, slow - ly she came up, And
4. When he was dead, and laid in grave, Her
5. She on her death - bed as she lay, Begg'd
6. Fare - well, she said, ye maid - ens all, And
was a fair maid dwell - ing,..... Made
green buds they were swell - ing,..... Young
slow - ly she came nigh him,..... And
heart was struck with sor - row,..... O
to be bur - ied by him,..... And
shun the fault I fell in,..... Hence -

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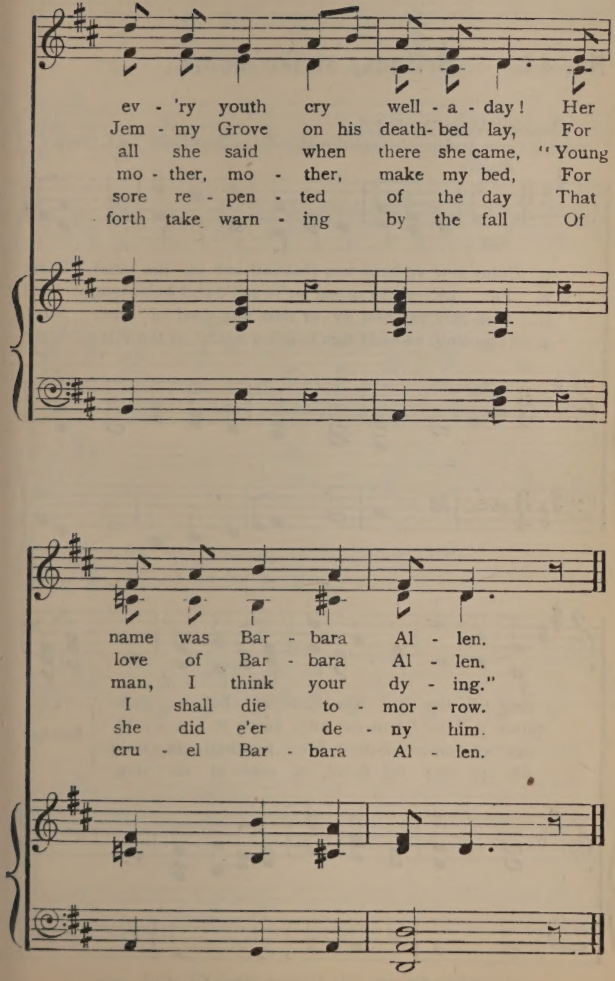
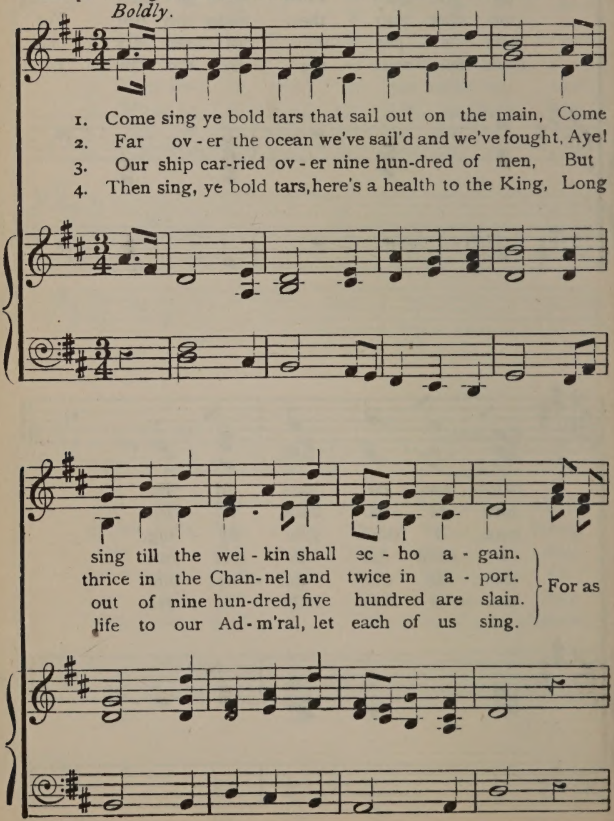

ev - 'ry youth cry well - a - day! Her
Jem - my Grove on his death-bed lay, For
all she said when there she came, "Young
mo - ther, mo - ther, make my bed, For
sore re - pen - ted of the day That
forth take warn - ing by the fall Of
name was Bar - bara Al - len.
love of Bar - bara Al - len.
man, I think your dy - ing."
I shall die to - mor - row.
she did e'er de - ny him.
cru - el Bar - bara Al - len.

No. 44. Britons, strike home.

Modern Words by F.J.S.,
except verse 3 which is traditional. OLD ENGLISH SEA SONG.


Boldly.
1. Come sing ye bold tars that sail out on the main, Come
2. Far ov-er the ocean we've sail'd and we've fought, Aye!
3. Our ship car-ried ov-er nine hun-dred of men, But
4. Then sing, ye bold tars, here's a health to the King, Long
sing till the wel-kin shall ec-ho a-gain.
thrice in the Chan-nel and twice in a-port.
out of nine hun-dred, five hundred are slain.
life to our Ad-m'ral, let each of us sing.
For as

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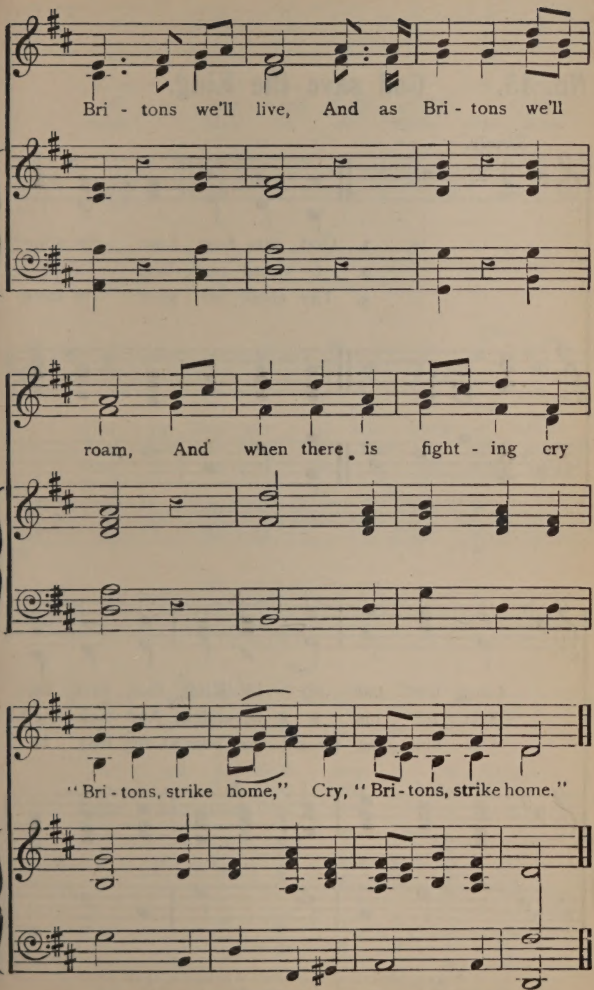
Bri - tons we'll live, And as Bri - tons we'll
roam, And when there is fight - ing cry
"Bri - tons, strike home," Cry, "Bri - tons, strike home."

No. 45. God save the King.

Slowly.
1. God save *our Lord the King,
2. O Lord our God a - rise,
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store,
Long live our no - ble King, God save the
Scat - ter his e - ne - mies, And make them
On him be pleas'd to pour, Long may he

* As published in Harmonia Anglicana, 1742.

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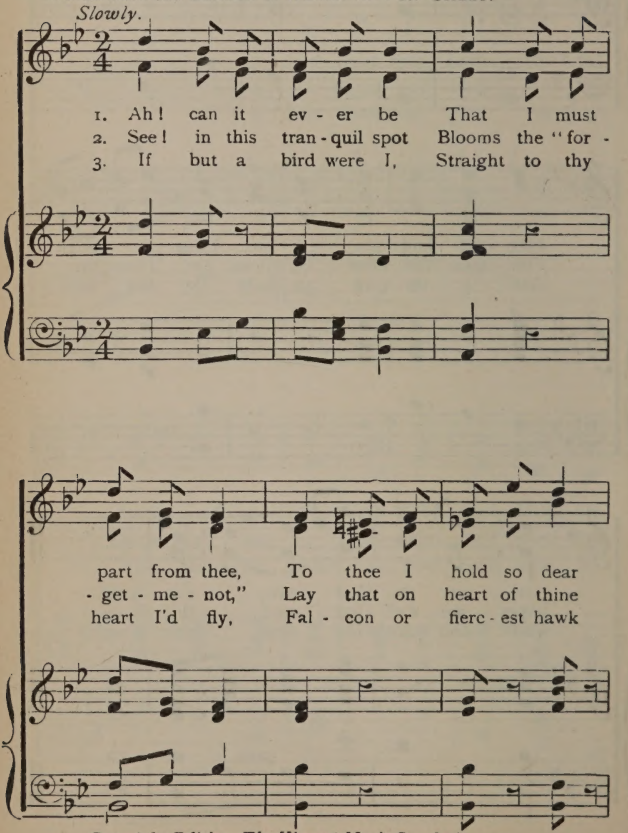
King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous.
fall. Con - found their pol - i - tics,
reign! May he de - fend our laws,
Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign
Frus - trate their knav - ish tricks, On Thee our
And e - ver give us cause To sing with
o - ver us, God save the King.
hopes we fix, God save the King.
heart and voice, God save the King.

No. 46. Thuringian Folkslied.

Words from the German of HERMINE VON CHEZY.


Slowly.
1. Ah! can it ev - er be That I must part from thee, To thee I hold so dear
2. See! in this tran - quil spot Blooms the "for - get - me - not," Lay that on heart of thine
3. If but a bird were I, Straight to thy heart I'd fly, Fal - con or fierc - est hawk

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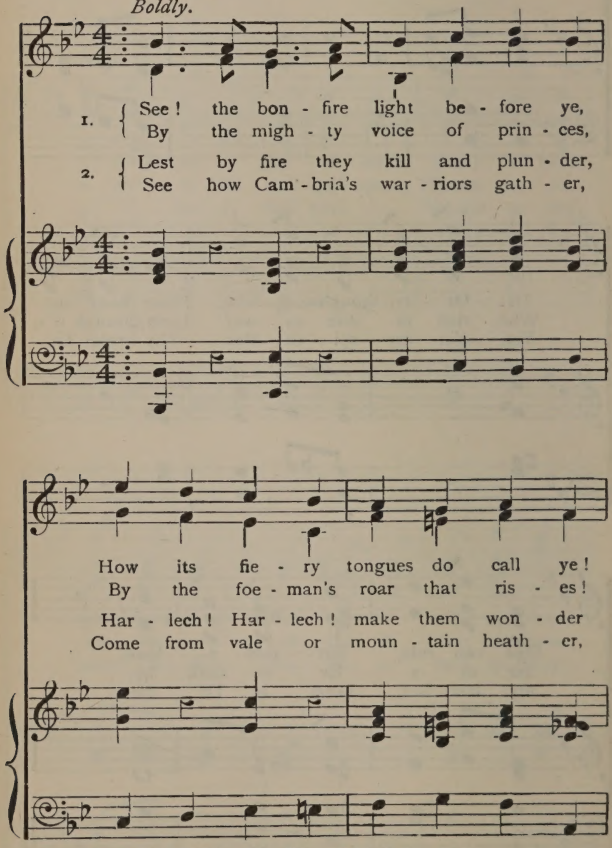
Must say fare - well! Thou dost pos - sess my soul,
And think of mine. Though hope and flow'r may die,
I would not fear. If hun - ter shot me dead,
Its ev' - ry thought con - trol, There none but
Who rich in love as we? Love through e -
Yet, e'er my spi - rit fled, Thy breast for
thee can rule, But thee a - lone.
- ter - ni - ty Ev - er shall be.
my last bed, Glad - ly I'd die.

No. 47. Men of Harlech.

Words adapted from the Welsh
by F. J. S.

WELSH AIR, 1468.

Boldly.


1. See! the bon - fire light be - fore ye,
By the migh - ty voice of prin - ces,
2. Lest by fire they kill and plun - der,
See how Cam - bria's war - riors gath - er,
How its fie - ry tongues do call ye!
By the foe - man's roar that ris - es!
Har - lech! Har - lech! make them won - der
Come from vale or moun - tain heath - er,

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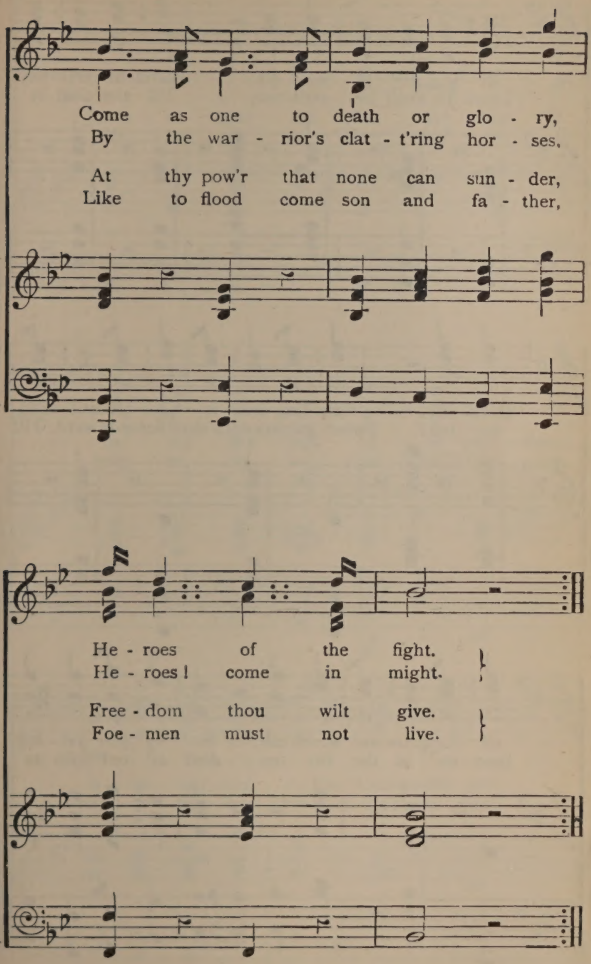
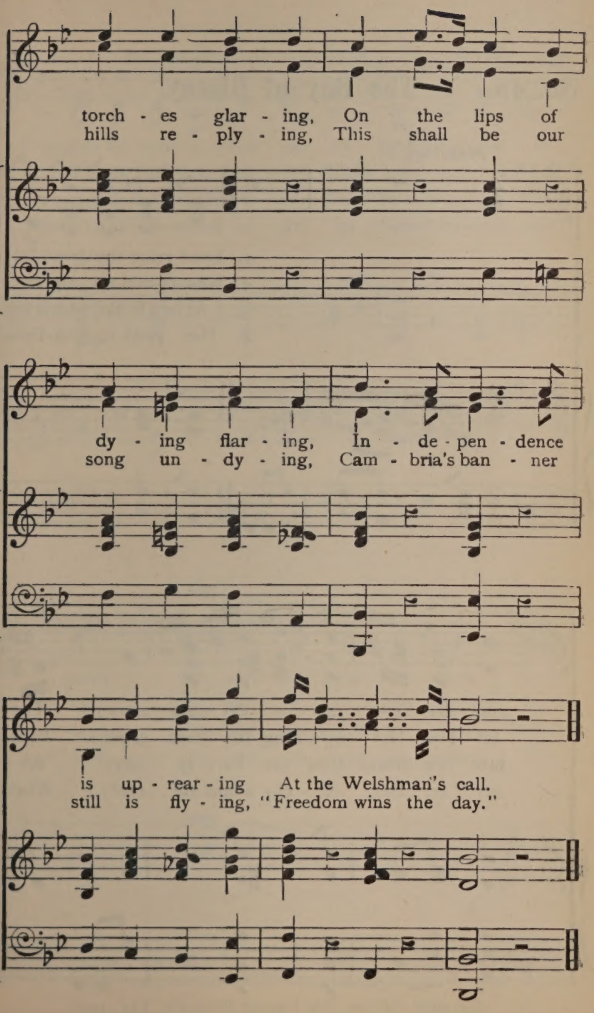
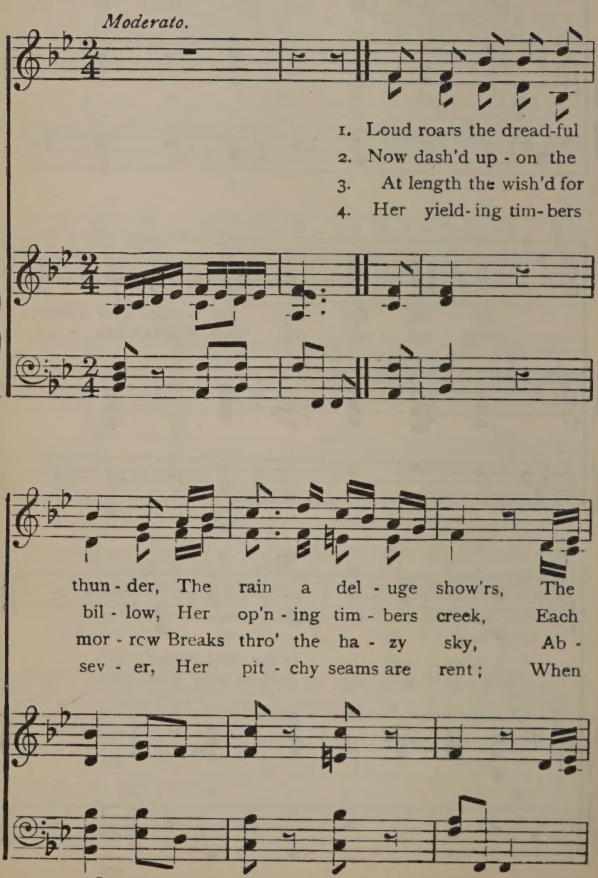

Come as one to death or glo - ry,
By the war - rior's clat - t'ring hor - ses,
At thy pow'r that none can sun - der,
Like to flood come son and fa - ther,
He - roes of the fight.
He - roes! come in might.
Free - dom thou wilt give.
Foe - men must not live.

Ar - von nev - er yield-eth, Wales no trai - tor
Down he shall be smit- ten, Till the dust is
shield-eth ; Cam-bria dear is Cam-bria still, And
bit - ten ! Sword 'gainst sword shall fierce-ly ward, Till
all its prow-ess wield- eth ; So by yon yel - low
beat - en is the Bri - ton ; And all our hills to


torch - es glar - ing, On the lips of
hills re - ply - ing, This shall be our
dy - ing flar - ing, In - de - pen - dence
song un - dy - ing, Cam - bria's ban - ner
is up - rear - ing At the Welshman's call.
still is fly - ing, "Freedom wins the day."

No. 48. The Bay of Biscay.


Moderato.
1. Loud roars the dread-ful
2. Now dash'd up - on the
3. At length the wish'd for
4. Her yield - ing tim - bers
thun - der, The rain a del - uge show'rs, The
bil - low, Her op'n - ing tim - bers creek, Each
mor - row Breaks thro' the ha - zy sky, Ab -
sev - er, Her pit - chy seams are rent; When

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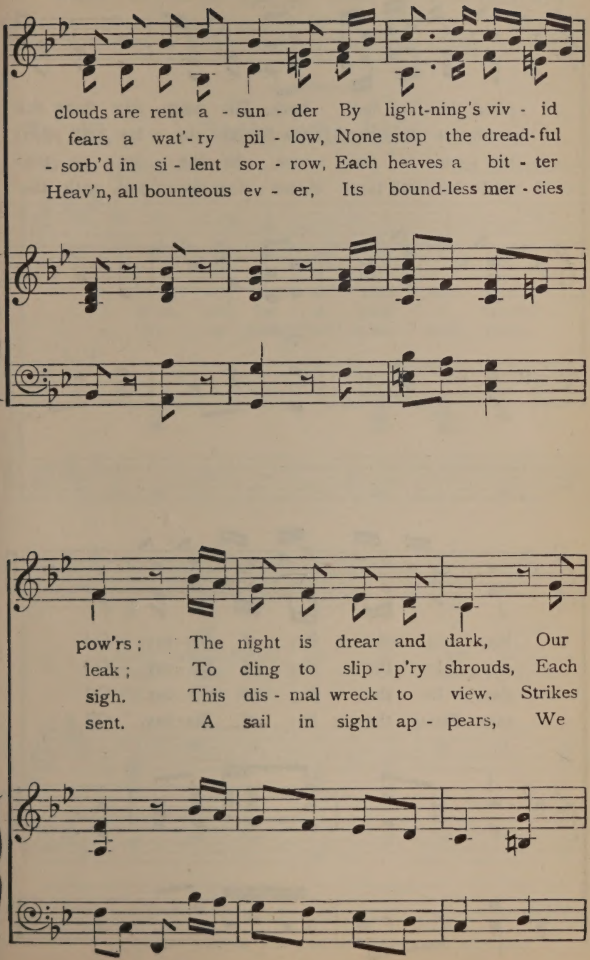
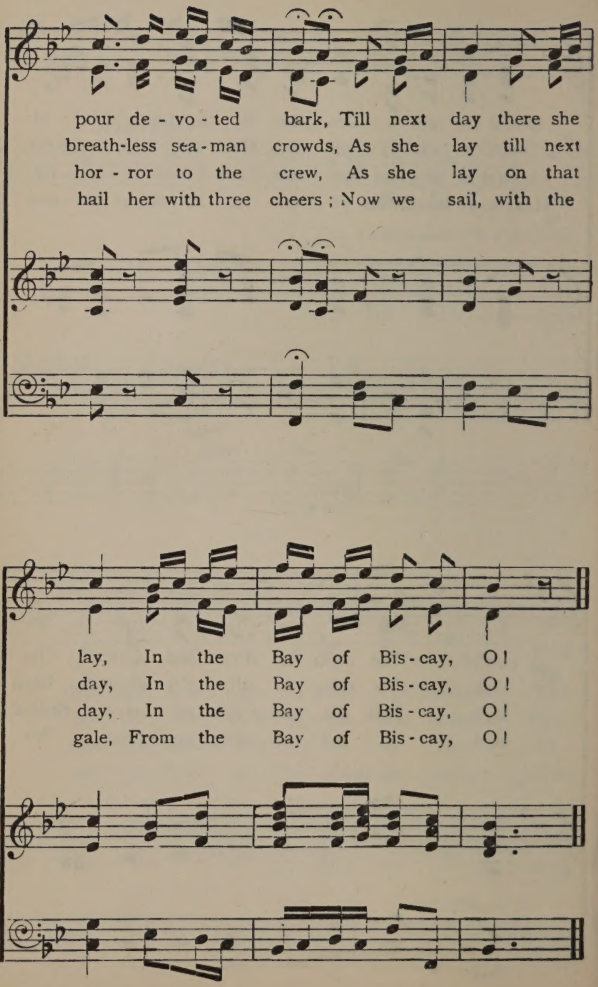

clouds are rent a - sun - der By light-ning's viv - id
fears a wat'-ry pil - low, None stop the dread-ful
- sorb'd in si - lent sor - row, Each heaves a bit - ter
Heav'n, all bounteous ev - er, Its bound-less mer - cies
pow'rs ; The night is drear and dark, Our
leak ; To cling to slip - p'ry shrouds, Each
sigh. This dis - mal wreck to view, Strikes
sent. A sail in sight ap - pears, We


pour de - vo - ted bark, Till next day there she
breath-less sea - man crowds, As she lay till next
hor - ror to the crew, As she lay on that
hail her with three cheers ; Now we sail, with the
lay, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
day, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
day, In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
gale, From the Bay of Bis - cay, O!

Part VII.—A major and E flat major.

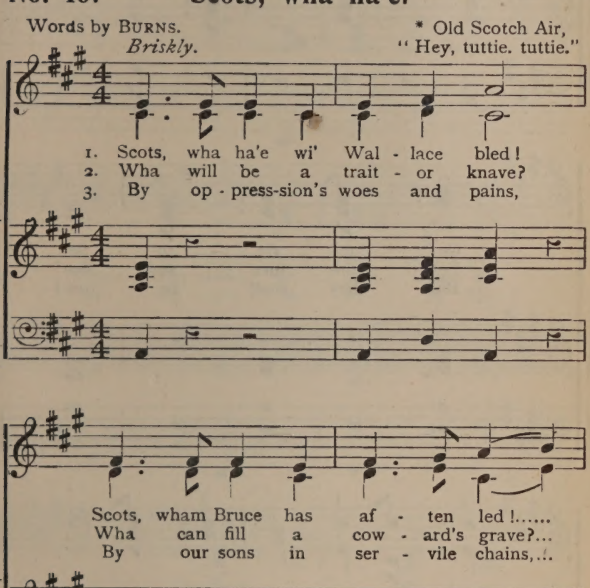
See "Manual of Sight-Singing," Part II., Chaps. 11 and 12.

No. 49. Scots, wha ha'e.

Words by BURNS.

Briskly.

* Old Scotch Air, "Hey, tuttie. tuttie."


1. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wal - lace bled!
2. Wha will be a trait - or knave?
3. By op - press-sion's woes and pains,
Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led!.....
Wha can fill a cow - ard's grave?...
By our sons in ser - vile chains,...

* Burns mentions the tradition that this was Robert Bruce's march at the Battle of Bannockburn.

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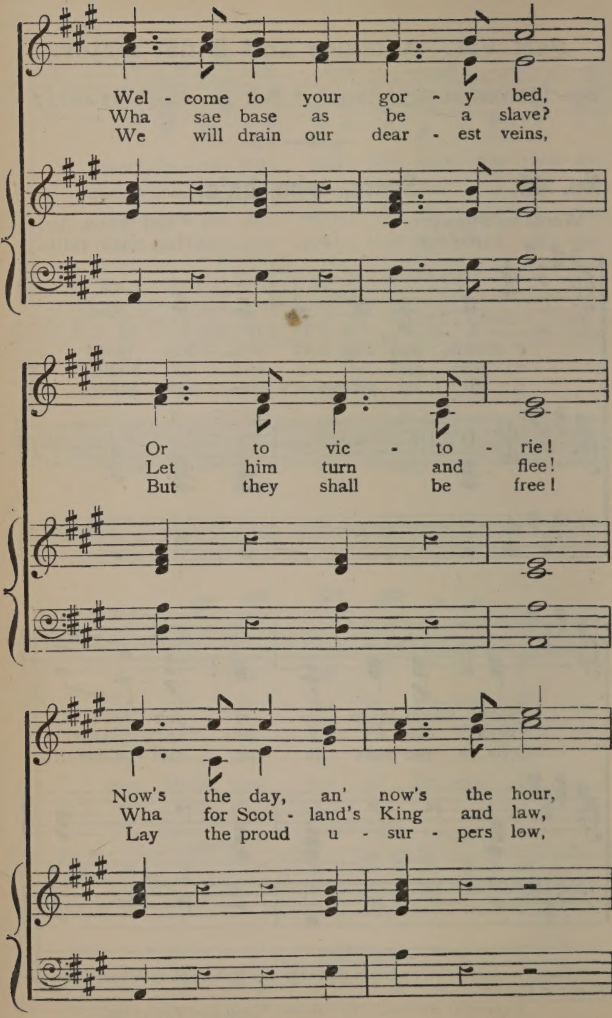
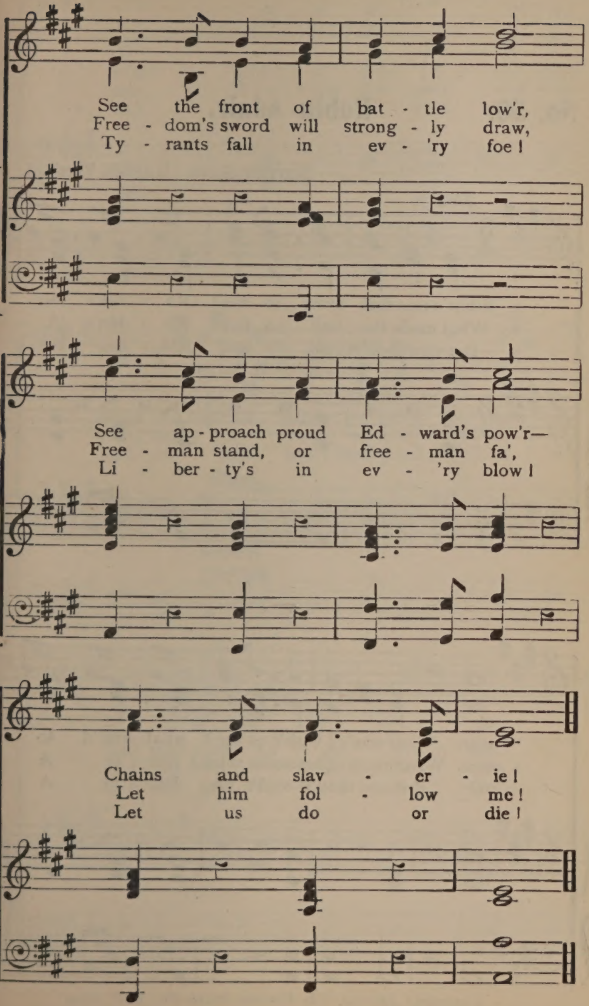
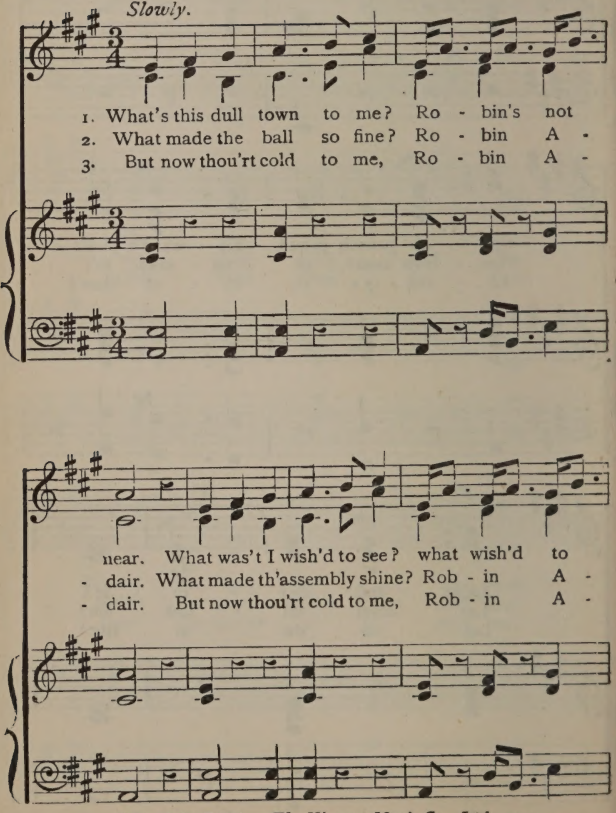

Wel - come to your gor - y bed,
Wha sae base as be a slave?
We will drain our dear - est veins,
Or to vic - to - rie!
Let him turn and flee!
But they shall be free!
Now's the day, an' now's the hour,
Wha for Scot - land's King and law,
Lay the proud u - sur - pers low,


See the front of bat - tle low'r,
Free - dom's sword will strong - ly draw,
Ty - rants fall in ev - 'ry foe!
See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's pow'r—
Free - man stand, or free - man fa',
Li - ber - ty's in ev - 'ry blow!
Chains and slav - er - ie!
Let him fol - low me!
Let us do or die!

No. 50. Robin Adair.

SCOTCH SONG (English Version).


Slowly.
1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not
2. What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin A -
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A -
near. What was't I wish'd to see? what wish'd to
- dair. What made th'assembly shine? Rob - in A -
- dair. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A -

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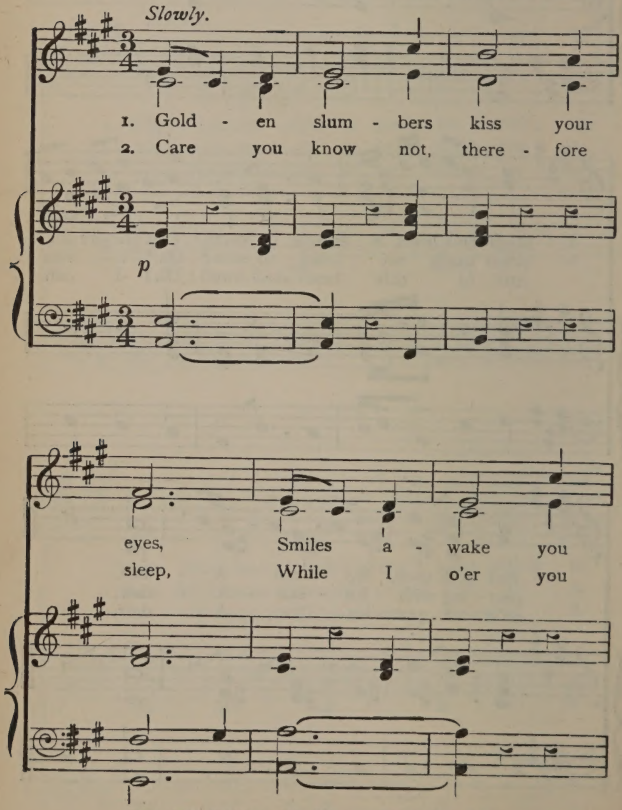
hear? Where's all the joy and mirth
dair. What, when the play was o'er,
dair. Yet he I lov'd so well
Made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all
What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was
Still in this heart shall dwell; Oh! I can
fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair.
part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair.
ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair.

No. 51. Golden Slumbers.

Old words adapted.

OLD ENGLISH TUNE.
May Fair, 17th Century.



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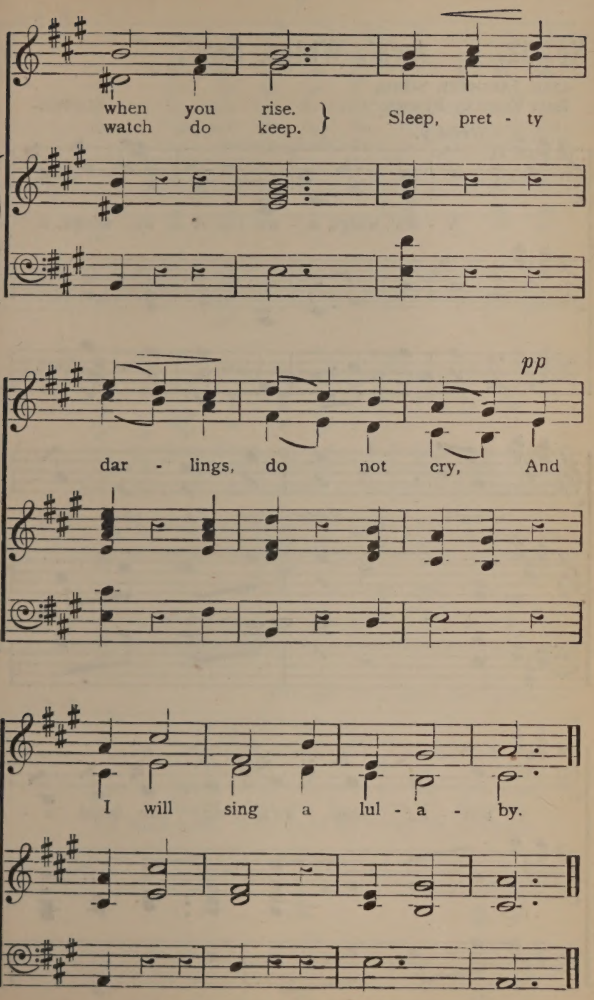
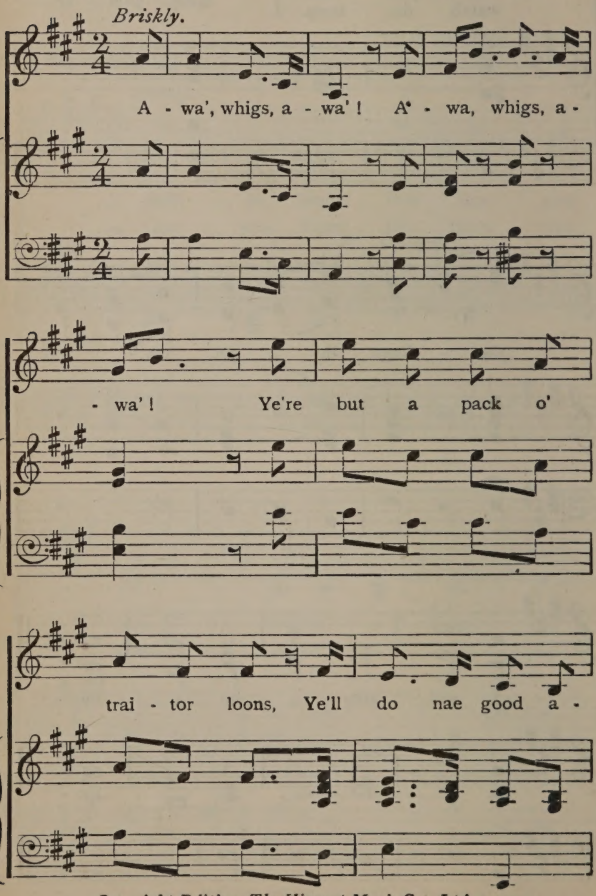

when you rise.
watch do keep.
Sleep, pret - ty
pp
dar - lings, do not cry, And
I will sing a lul - a - by.

No. 52. Awa', Whigs, awa'.

OLD JACOBITE SONG,
Last Verse by BURNS. SCOTCH.



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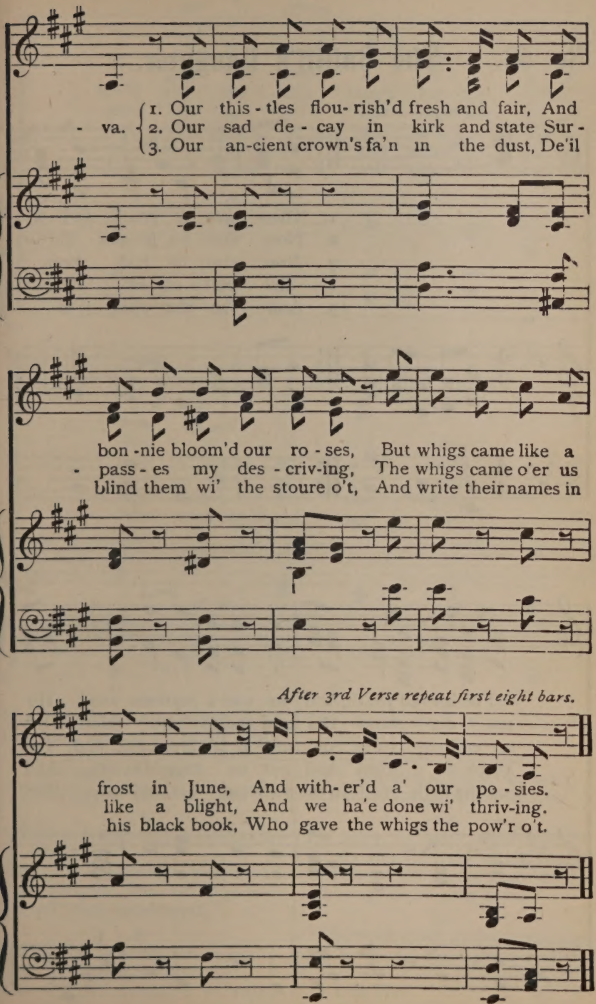
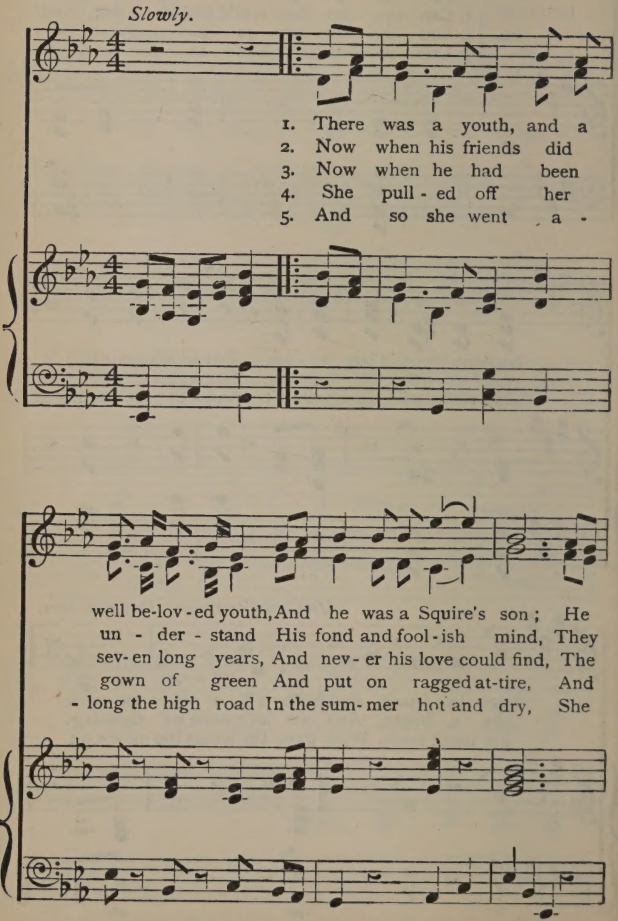

1. Our this - tles flou- rish'd fresh and fair, And
va. 2. Our sad de - cay in kirk and state Sur -
3. Our an-cient crown's fa'n in the dust, De'il
bon -nie bloom'd our ro - ses, But whigs came like a
pass - es my des - criv-ing, The whigs came o'er us
blind them wi' the stoure o't, And write their names in
After 3rd Verse repeat first eight bars.
frost in June, And with- er'd a' our po - sies.
like a blight, And we ha'e done wi' thriv-ing.
his black book, Who gave the whigs the pow'r o't.

No. 53. The Bailiff's Daughter.


Slowly.
1. There was a youth, and a
2. Now when his friends did
3. Now when he had been
4. She pull - ed off her
5. And so she went a -
well be-lov - ed youth, And he was a Squire's son; He
un - der - stand His fond and fool - ish mind, They
sev- en long years, And nev - er his love could find, The
gown of green And put on ragged at-tire, And
- long the high road In the sum - mer hot and dry, She

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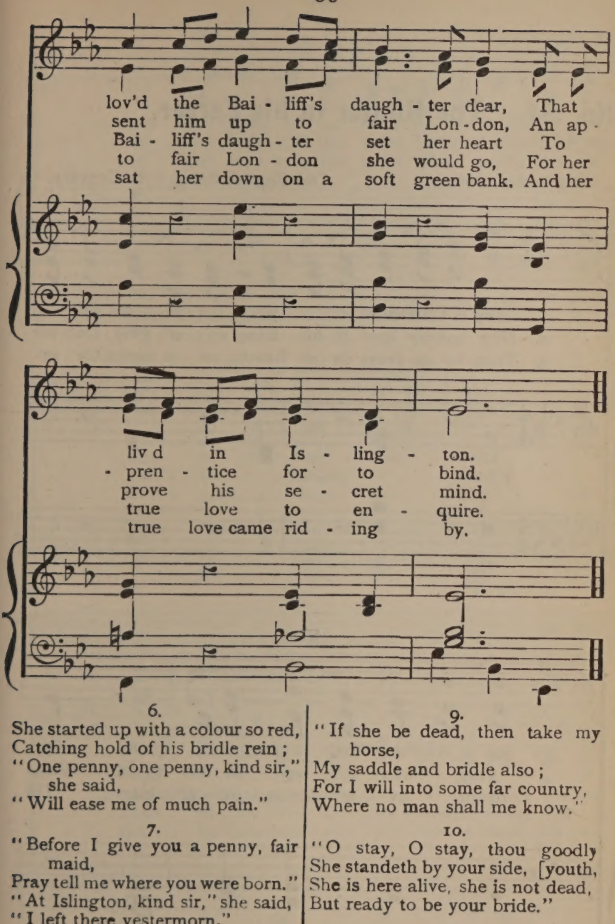

lov'd the Bai - liff's daugh - ter dear, That
sent him up to fair Lon - don, An ap -
Bai - liff's daugh - ter set her heart To
to fair Lon - don she would go, For her
sat her down on a soft green bank, And her
liv d in Is - ling - ton.
- pren - tice for to bind.
prove his se - cret mind.
true love to en - quire.
true love came rid - ing by.

6.

She started up with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle rein;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

7.

"Before I give you a penny, fair maid,
Pray tell me where you were born."
"At Islington, kind sir," she said,
"I left there yestermorn."

8.

"I prithee, maiden, tell to me,
O tell me whether you know
The Bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
'She's dead, sir, long ago."

9.

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far country,
Where no man shall me know."

10.

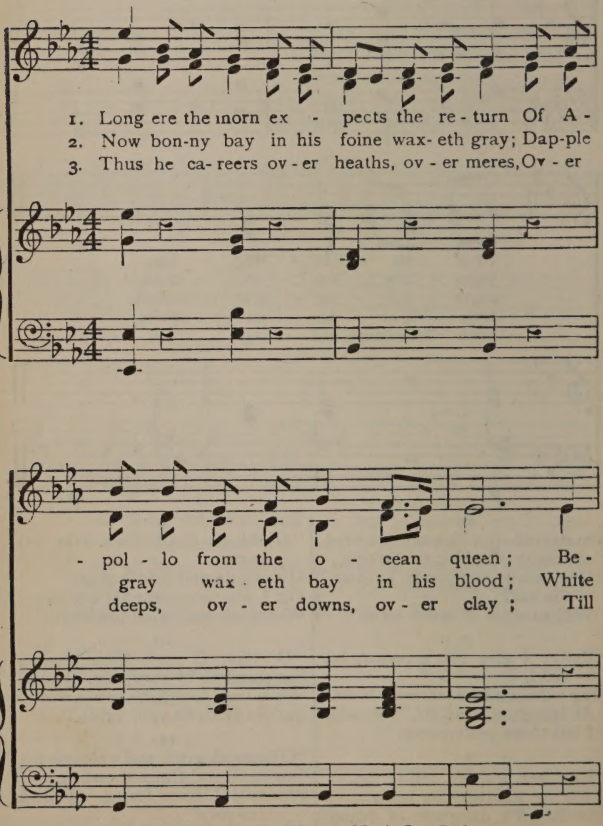
"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by your side,
She is here alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be your bride."

11.

"O farewell, grief, and welcome joy
Ten thousand times therefore;
For now I have found my own true love,
Whom I thought I should ne'er see more."

No. 54. The Hunter in his Career.

Old Ballad, 1682. Old English Song, 17th Century.


1. Long ere the morn ex - pects the re - turn Of A -
2. Now bon-ny bay in his foine wax- eth gray; Dap-ple
3. Thus he ca- reers ov - er heaths, ov - er meres, Ov - er
- pol - lo from the o - cean queen; Be -
gray wax - eth bay in his blood; White
deeps, ov - er downs, ov - er clay; Till

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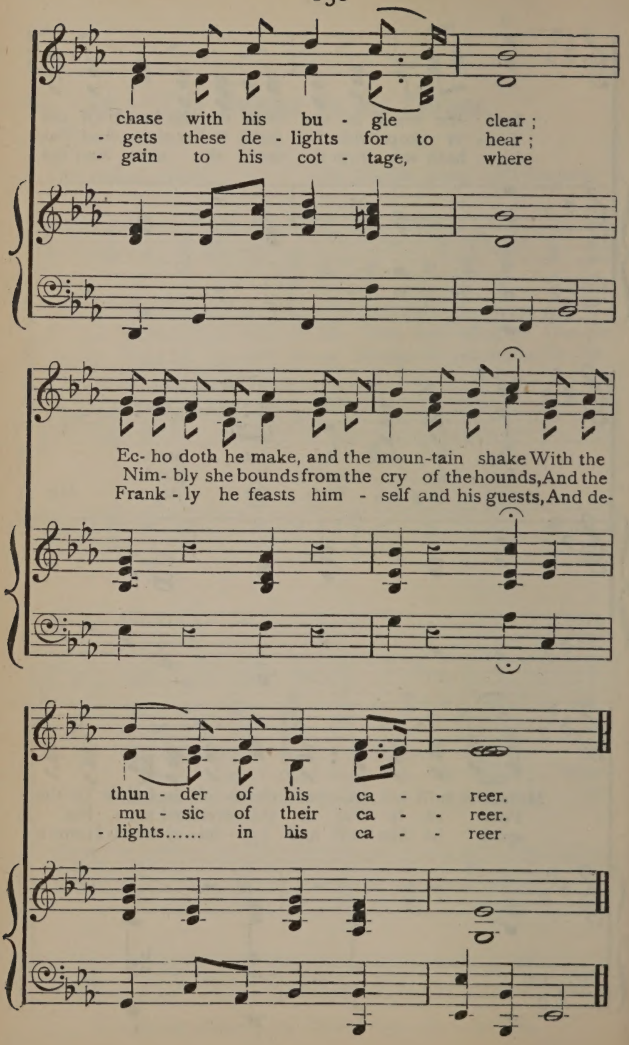
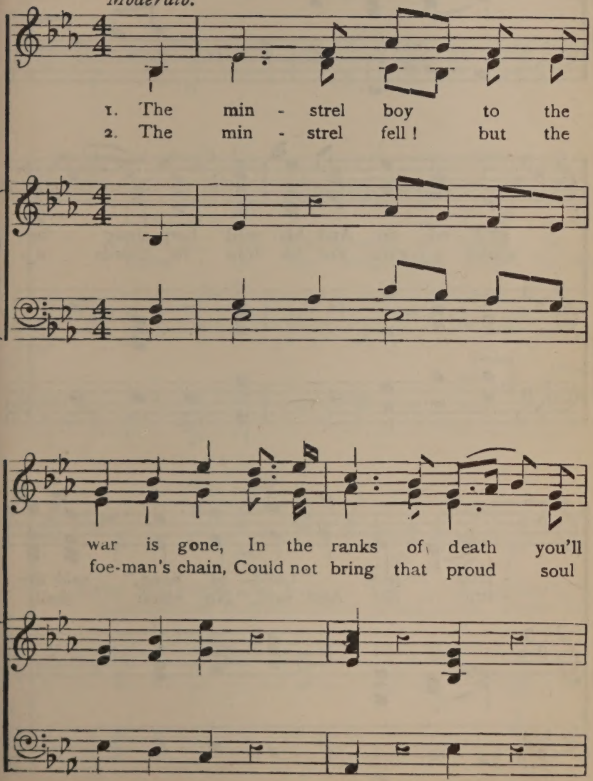
- fore the creak of the crow or the break Of the
Li - ly stops with the scent in her chaps, And Black
he hath won from the morn the noon, And the
day in the wel - kin seen,
La - dy..... makes it good ;
ev' - ning..... from the day ; His
Mount-ed he'll hal - lo, and cheer- ful - ly follow To the
Poor sil - ly Wat in this wretched state, For -
sport he then ends and joy - ful - ly wends Home a -


chase with his bu - gle clear ;
- gets these de - lights for to hear ;
- gain to his cot - tage, where
Ec- ho doth he make, and the moun-tain shake With the
Nim- bly she bounds from the cry of the hounds, And the
Frank - ly he feasts him - self and his guests, And de-
thun - der of his ca - - reer.
mu - sic of their ca - - reer.
- lights..... in his ca - - reer

No. 55. The Minstrel Boy.

Words by MOORE. IRISH.

Moderato.


1. The min - strel boy to the
2. The min - strel fell! but the
war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
foe-man's chain, Could not bring that proud soul

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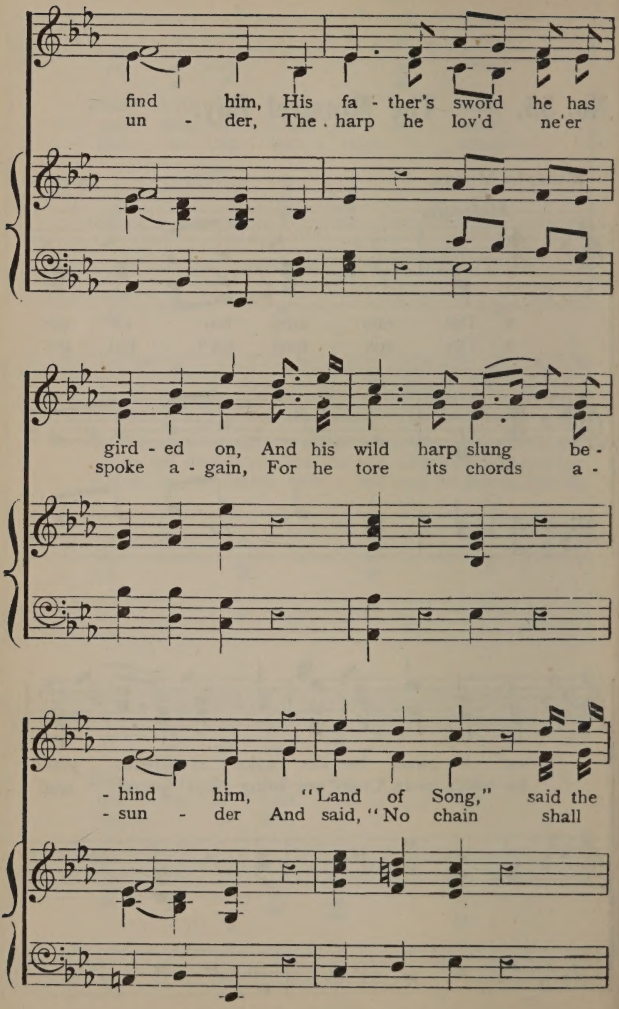
find him, His fa - ther's sword he has
un - der, The harp he lov'd ne'er
gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -
spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -
- hind him, "Land of Song," said the
- sun - der And said, "No chain shall

war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be -
sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and
- trays..... thee, One sword, at least, thy
brave - ry; Thy songs were made for the
rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp.... shall praise thee."
pure and free, They shall nev-er sound... in slave - ry."

No. 56. The Girl I've left behind me.

ENGLISH SONG (about 1758).

Not too fast.
1. I'm lone - some since I
2. Oh! ne'er shall I for -
3. My mind her form shall
cross'd the hill And o'er the moor and
- get the night, The stars were bright a -
still re - tain, In sleep - ing or in

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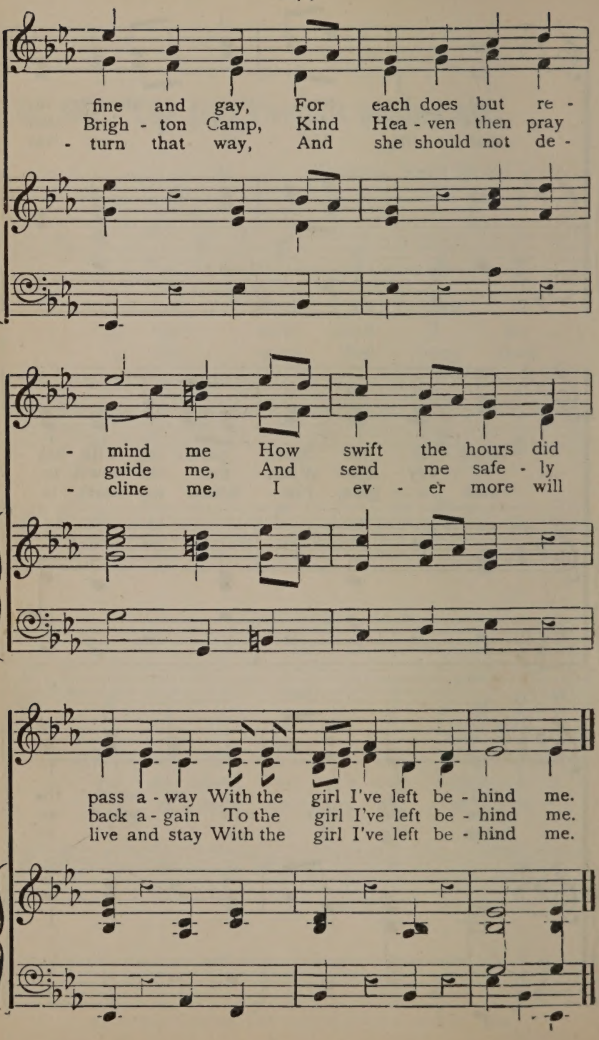
val - ley; Such hea - vy thoughts my
- bove me, And gent - ly lent their
wak - ing, Un - til I see my
heart do fill Since part - ing with my
sil - v'ry light When first she vow'd to
love a - gain, For whom my heart is
Sal - ly. I seek no more the
love me. But now I'm bound to
break - ing. If ev - er I re -

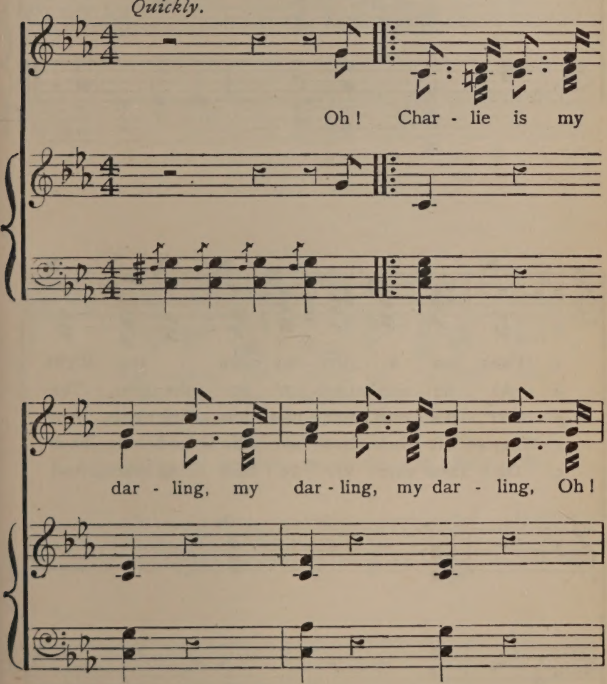

fine and gay, For each does but re -
Brigh - ton Camp, Kind Hea - ven then pray
- turn that way, And she should not de -
- mind me How swift the hours did
guide me, And send me safe - ly
- cline me, I ev - er more will
pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.
back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.
live and stay With the girl I've left be - hind me.

Part VIII.—In minor keys.

See "Manual of Sight-Singing," Part II, Chaps. 13 to 16.

No. 57. Charlie is my darling.

OLD SCOTCH SONG (modernized).



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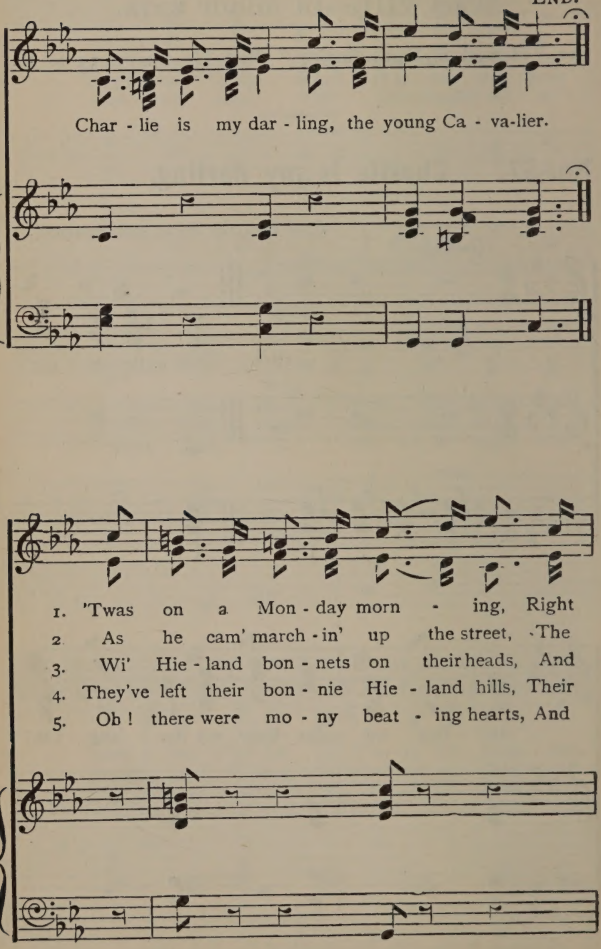
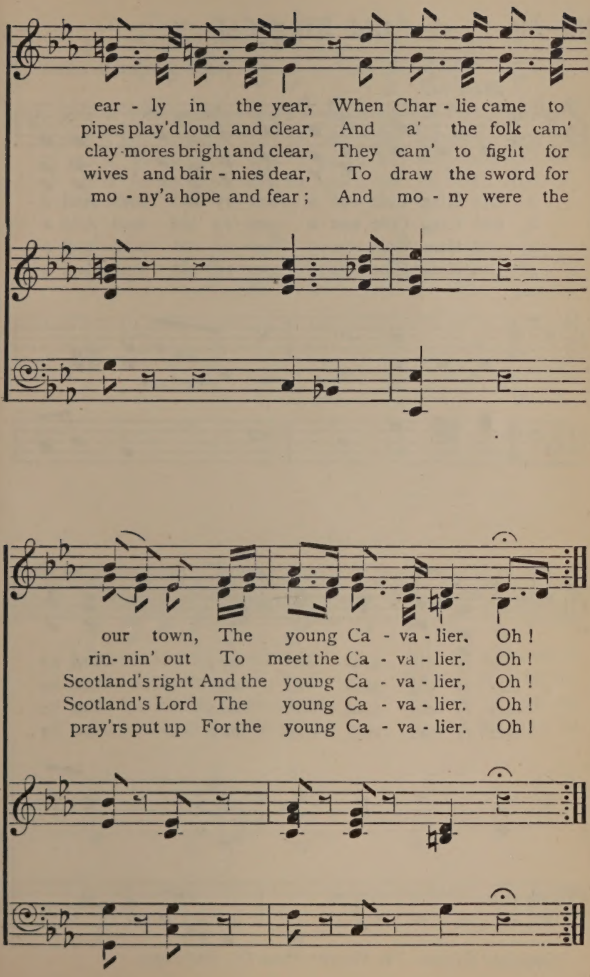
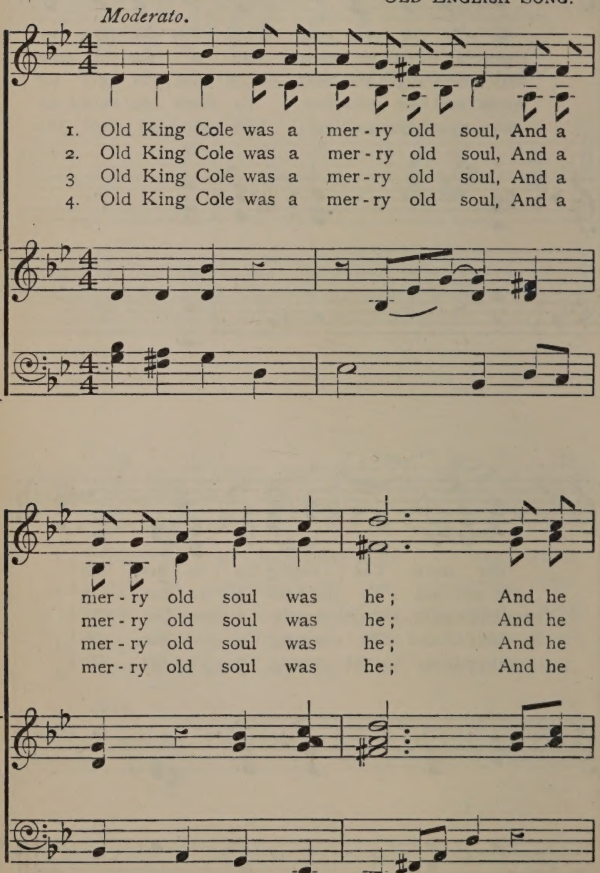

END.
Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young Ca - va-lier.
1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right
2 As he cam' march - in' up the street, The
3. Wi' Hie - land bon - nets on their heads, And
4. They've left their bon - nie Hie - land hills, Their
5. Oh! there were mo - ny beat - ing hearts, And


ear - ly in the year, When Char - lie came to
pipes play'd loud and clear, And a' the folk cam'
clay-mores bright and clear, They cam' to fight for
wives and bair - nies dear, To draw the sword for
mo - ny'a hope and fear; And mo - ny were the
our town, The young Ca - va - lier. Oh!
rin- nin' out To meet the Ca - va - lier. Oh!
Scotland's right And the young Ca - va - lier, Oh!
Scotland's Lord The young Ca - va - lier. Oh!
pray'rs put up For the young Ca - va - lier. Oh!

No. 58. Old King Cole.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.


Moderato.
1. Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, And a
2. Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, And a
3 Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, And a
4. Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, And a
mer - ry old soul was he; And he
mer - ry old soul was he; And he
mer - ry old soul was he; And he
mer - ry old soul was he; And he

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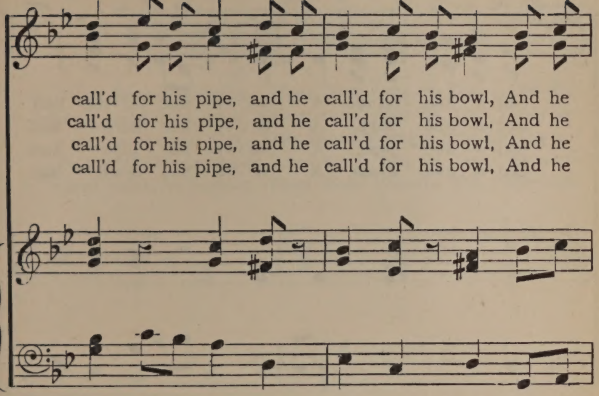
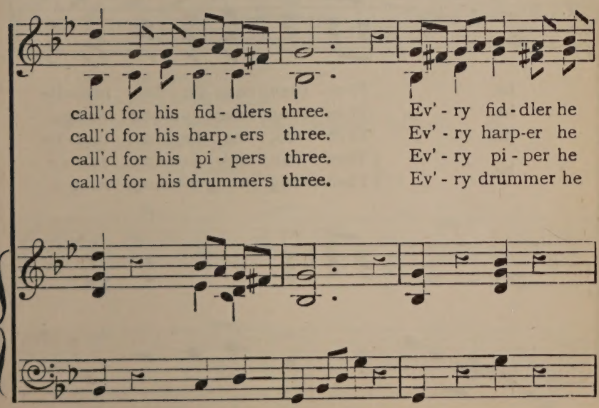
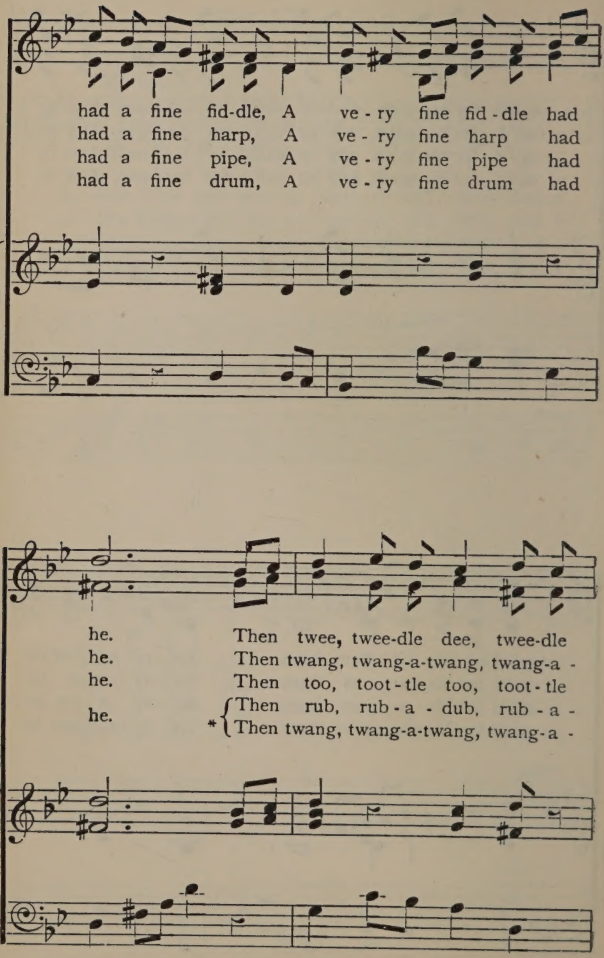
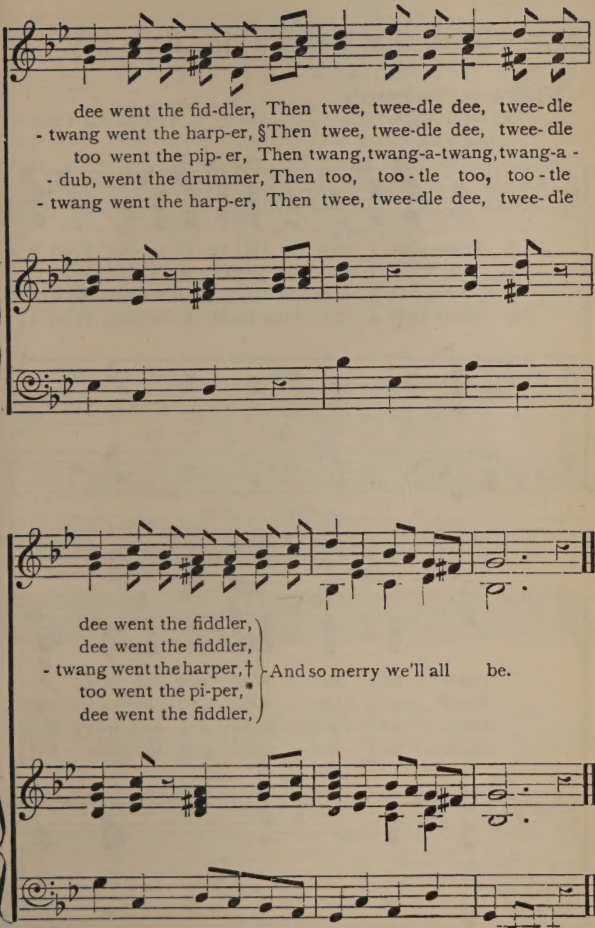

call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he
call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he
call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he
call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl, And he


call'd for his fid - dlers three. Ev' - ry fid - dler he
call'd for his harp - ers three. Ev' - ry harp-er he
call'd for his pi - pers three. Ev' - ry pi - per he
call'd for his drummers three. Ev' - ry drummer he


had a fine fid-dle, A ve-ry fine fid-dle had
had a fine harp, A ve-ry fine harp had
had a fine pipe, A ve-ry fine pipe had
had a fine drum, A ve-ry fine drum had
he. Then twee, twee-dle dee, twee-dle
he. Then twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a -
he. Then too, toot-tle too, toot-tle
he. Then rub, rub-a-dub, rub-a -
* Then twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a -


dee went the fid-dler, Then twee, twee-dle dee, twee-dle
- twang went the harp-er, §Then twee, twee-dle dee, twee-dle
too went the pip-er, Then twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a -
- dub, went the drummer, Then too, too-tle too, too-tle
- twang went the harp-er, Then twee, twee-dle dee, twee-dle
dee went the fiddler,
dee went the fiddler,
- twang went the harper,†
too went the pi-per,*
dee went the fiddler,
And so merry we'll all be.

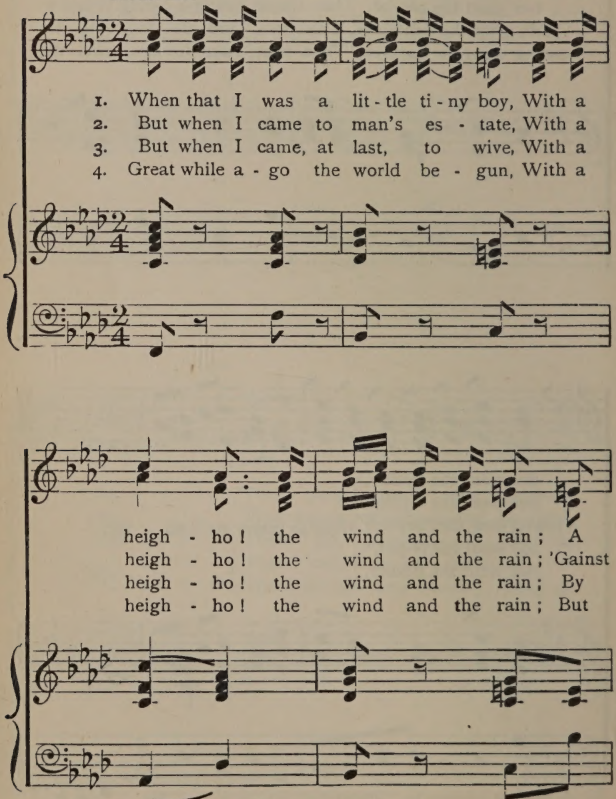
† In verse 3 repeat to "Then twee," &c., at §.
* In verse 4 repeat to "Then twang," &c.

59. When that I was a tiny little boy.

Words from Shakespere's "Twelfth Night."

Traditional Tune.

Moderato.


1. When that I was a lit - tle ti - ny boy, With a
2. But when I came to man's es - tate, With a
3. But when I came, at last, to wive, With a
4. Great while a - go the world be - gun, With a
heigh - ho! the wind and the rain; A
heigh - ho! the wind and the rain; 'Gainst
heigh - ho! the wind and the rain; By
heigh - ho! the wind and the rain; But

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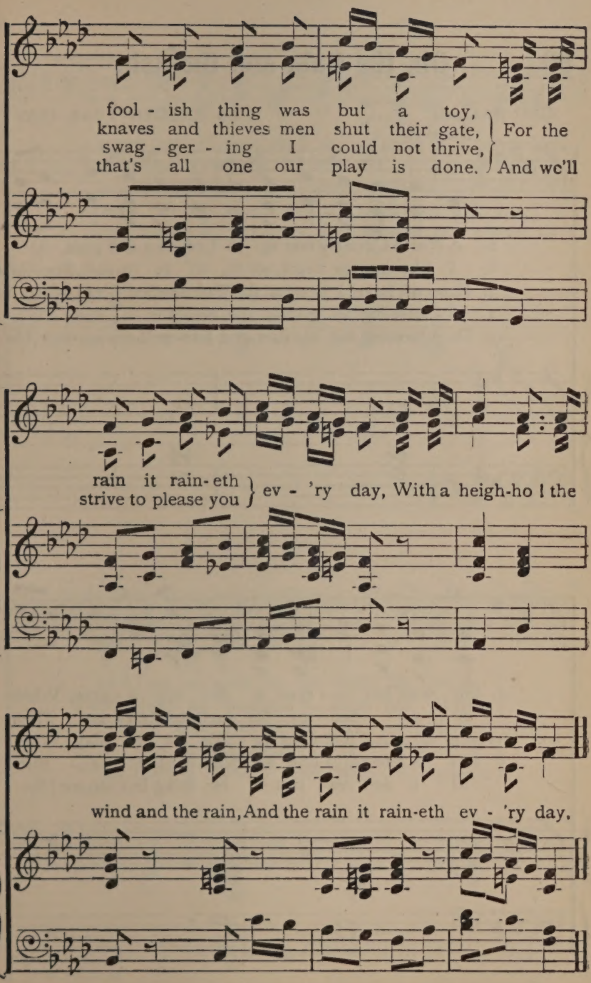
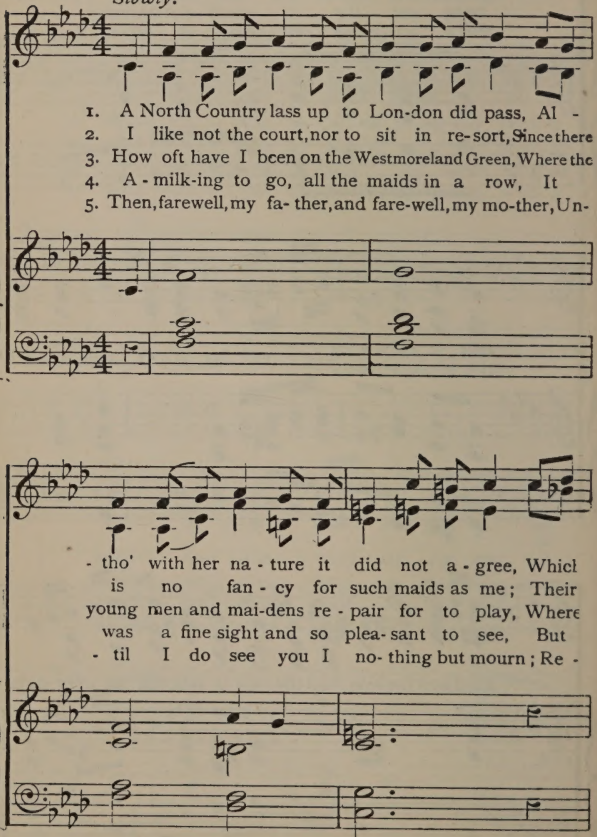

fool - ish thing was but a toy,
knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
swag - ger - ing I could not thrive,
that's all one our play is done.
For the
And we'll
rain it rain- eth
strive to please you
ev - 'ry day, With a heigh-ho I the
wind and the rain, And the rain it rain-eth ev - 'ry day.

60. Oh, the Oak, and the Ash.

OLD BALLAD. OLD ENGLISH TUNE, 1650.

Slowly.


1. A North Country lass up to Lon-don did pass, Al -
2. I like not the court, nor to sit in re-sort, Since there
3. How oft have I been on the Westmoreland Green, Where the
4. A - milk-ing to go, all the maids in a row, It
5. Then, farewell, my fa- ther, and fare-well, my mo-ther, Un-
- tho' with her na - ture it did not a - gree, Whicl
is no fan - cy for such maids as me; Their
young men and mai-dens re - pair for to play, Where
was a fine sight and so plea- sant to see, But
- til I do see you I no- thing but mourn; Re -

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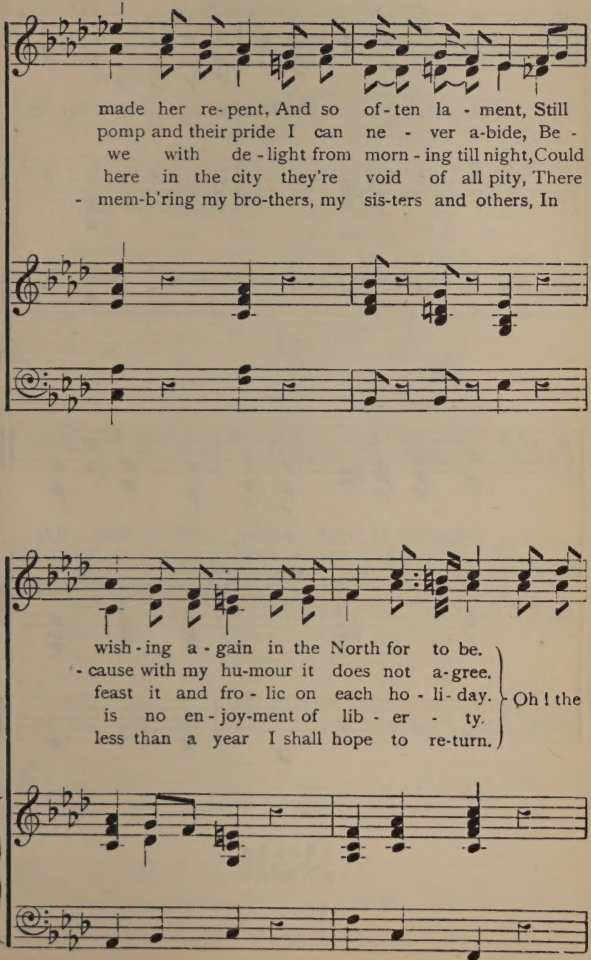
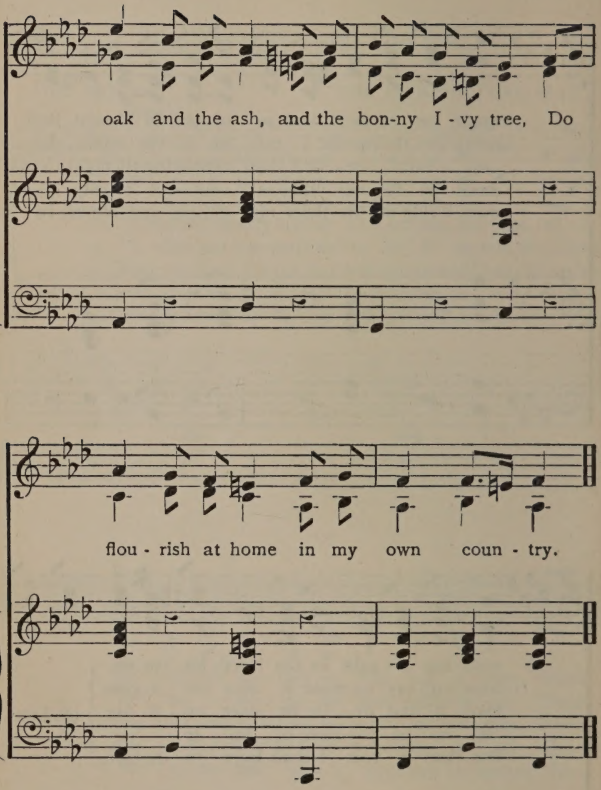
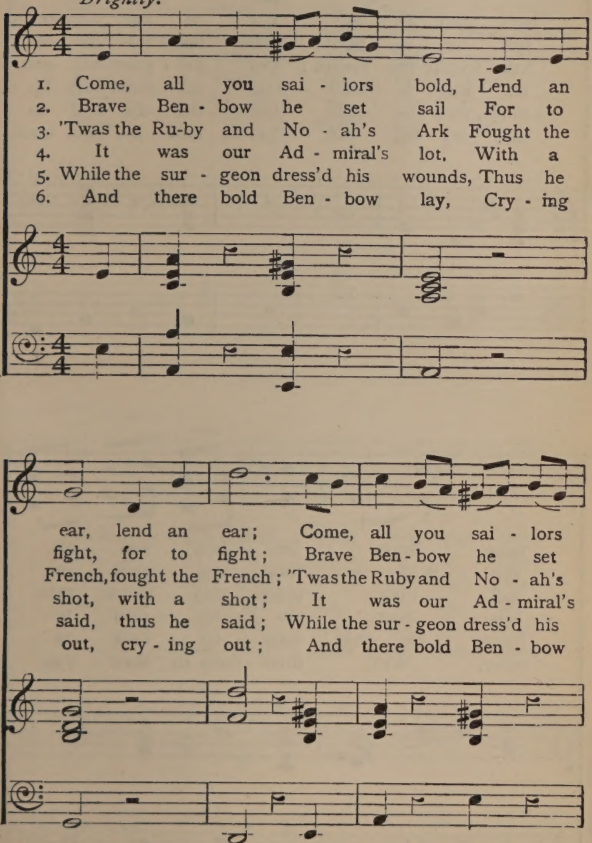

made her re-pent, And so of-ten la-ment, Still
pomp and their pride I can ne-ver a-bide, Be-
we with de-light from morn-ing till night, Could
here in the city they're void of all pity, There
- mem-b'ring my bro-thers, my sis-ters and others, In
wish-ing a-gain in the North for to be.
- cause with my hu-mour it does not a-gree.
feast it and fro-lic on each ho-li-day.
is no en-joy-ment of lib-er-ty.
less than a year I shall hope to re-turn.
Oh! the


oak and the ash, and the bon-ny I - vy tree, Do
flou - rish at home in my own coun - try.

No. 61. Admiral Benbow.

Words Traditional. Tune about 1730.

Brightly.


1. Come, all you sai - lors bold, Lend an ear, lend an ear; Come, all you sai - lors
2. Brave Ben - bow he set sail For to fight, for to fight; Brave Ben - bow he set
3. 'Twas the Ru-by and No - ah's Ark Fought the French, fought the French; 'Twas the Ruby and No - ah's
4. It was our Ad - miral's lot, With a shot, with a shot; It was our Ad - miral's
5. While the sur - geon dress'd his wounds, Thus he said, thus he said; While the sur - geon dress'd his
6. And there bold Ben - bow lay, Cry - ing out, cry - ing out; And there bold Ben - bow

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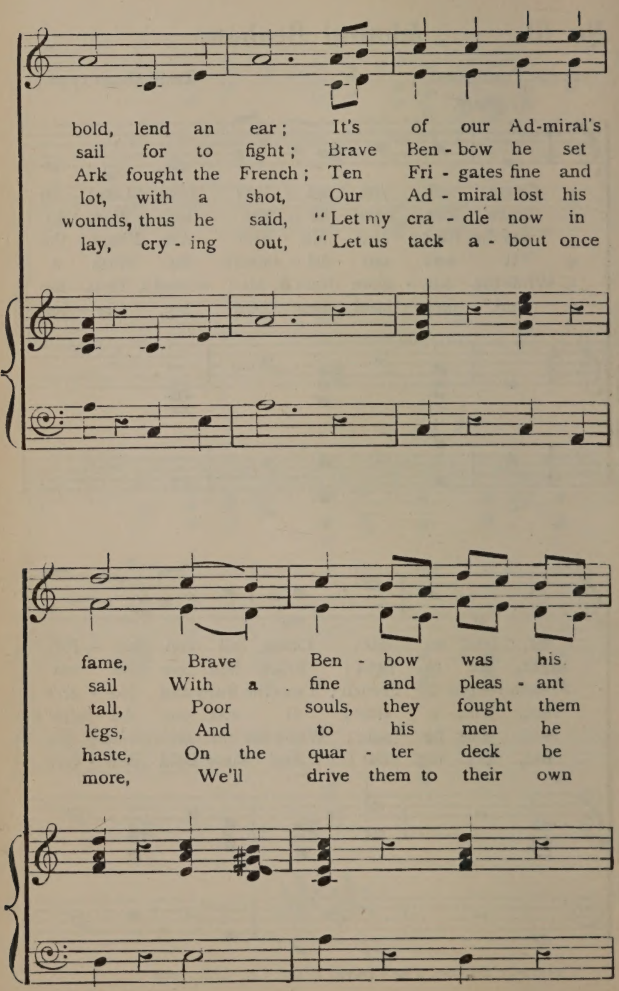
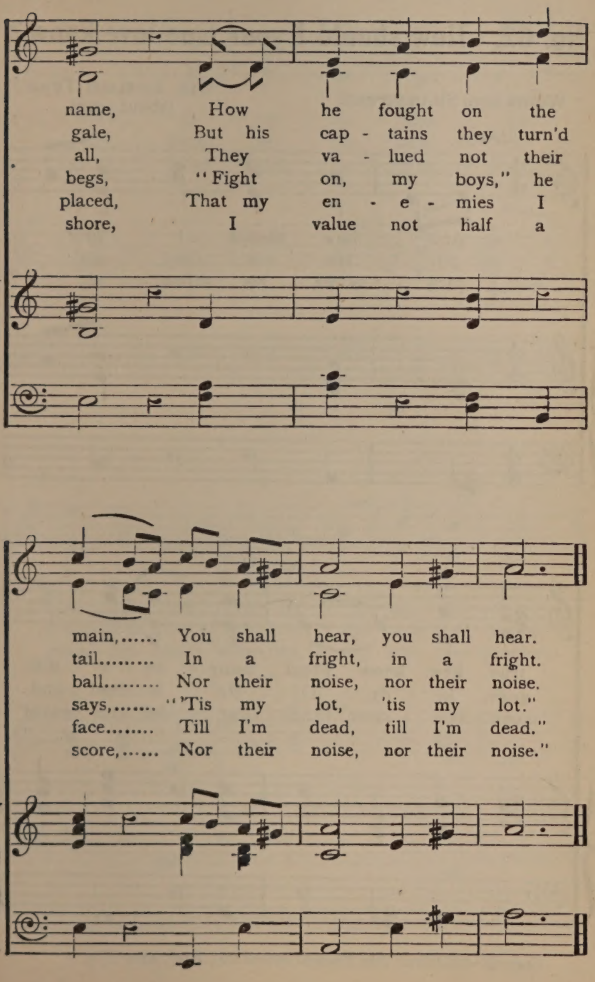
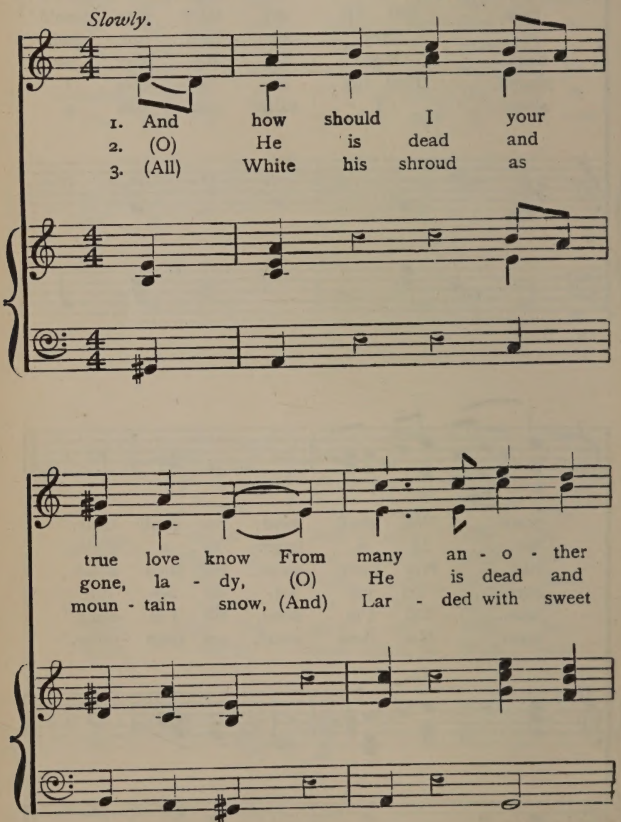

bold, lend an ear; It's of our Ad-miral's
sail for to fight; Brave Ben - bow he set
Ark fought the French; Ten Fri - gates fine and
lot, with a shot, Our Ad - miral lost his
wounds, thus he said, "Let my cra - dle now in
lay, cry - ing out, "Let us tack a - bout once
fame, Brave Ben - bow was his
sail With a fine and pleas - ant
tall, Poor souls, they fought them
legs, And to his men he
haste, On the quar - ter deck be
more, We'll drive them to their own


name, How he fought on the
gale, But his cap - tains they turn'd
all, They va - lued not their
begs, "Fight on, my boys," he
placed, That my en - e - mies I
shore, I value not half a
main,..... You shall hear, you shall hear.
tail..... In a fright, in a fright.
ball..... Nor their noise, nor their noise.
says,..... "'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot."
face..... Till I'm dead, till I'm dead."
score,..... Nor their noise, nor their noise."

No. 62. How should I your true love know?

Words from SHAKESPERE.

OLD ENGLISH TUNE (about 1700).


Slowly.
1. And how should I your
2. (O) He is dead and
3. (All) White his shroud as
true love know From many an - o - ther
gone, la - dy, (O) He is dead and
moun - tain snow, (And) Lar - ded with sweet

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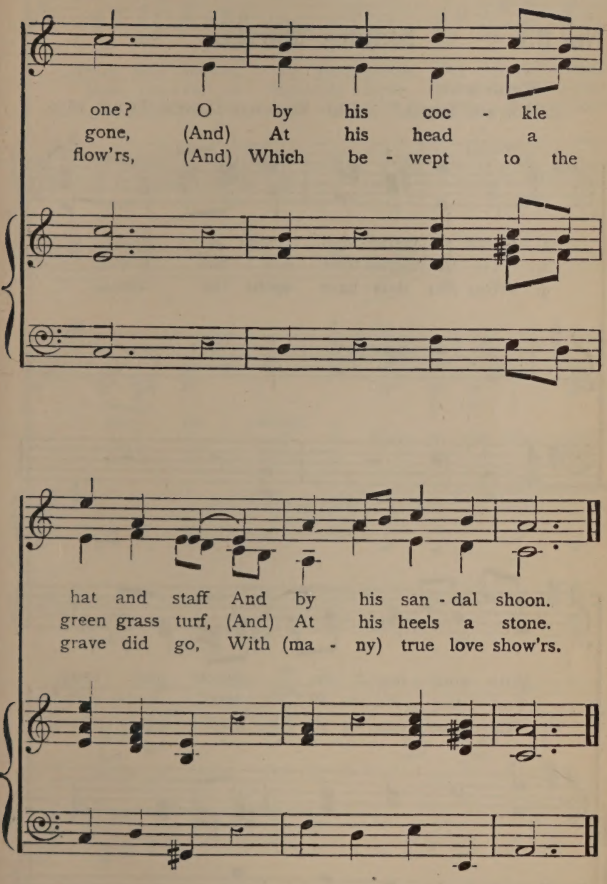
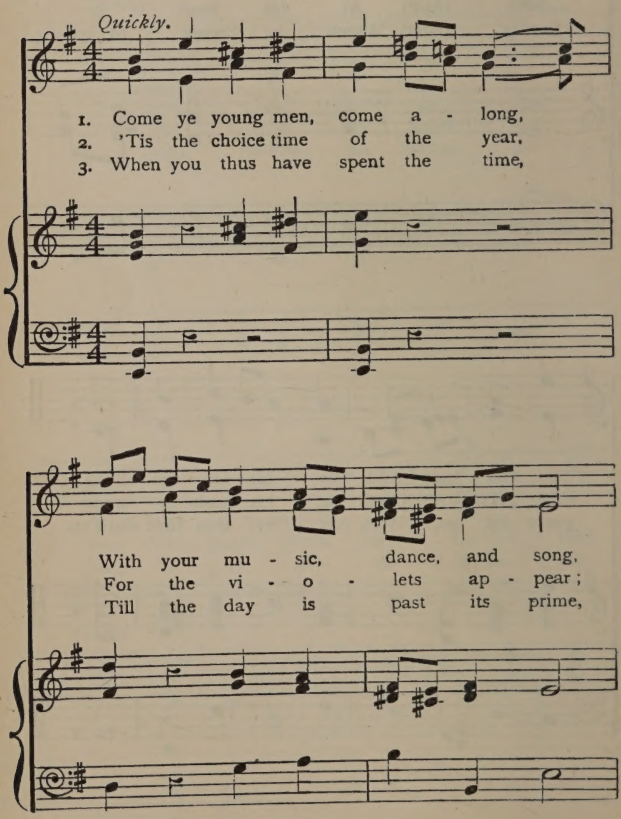

one? O by his coc - kle
gone, (And) At his head a
flow'rs, (And) Which be - wept to the
hat and staff And by his san - dal shoon.
green grass turf, (And) At his heels a stone.
grave did go, With (ma - ny) true love show'rs.

N.B —Words in brackets are added to complete rhythm.

No. 63. Staines Morris.

Words from
"Actœon and Diana." OLD ENGLISH DANCE TUNE, 1650.


Quickly.
1. Come ye young men, come a - long,
2. 'Tis the choice time of the year,
3. When you thus have spent the time,
With your mu - sic, dance, and song,
For the vi - o - lets ap - pear;
Till the day is past its prime,

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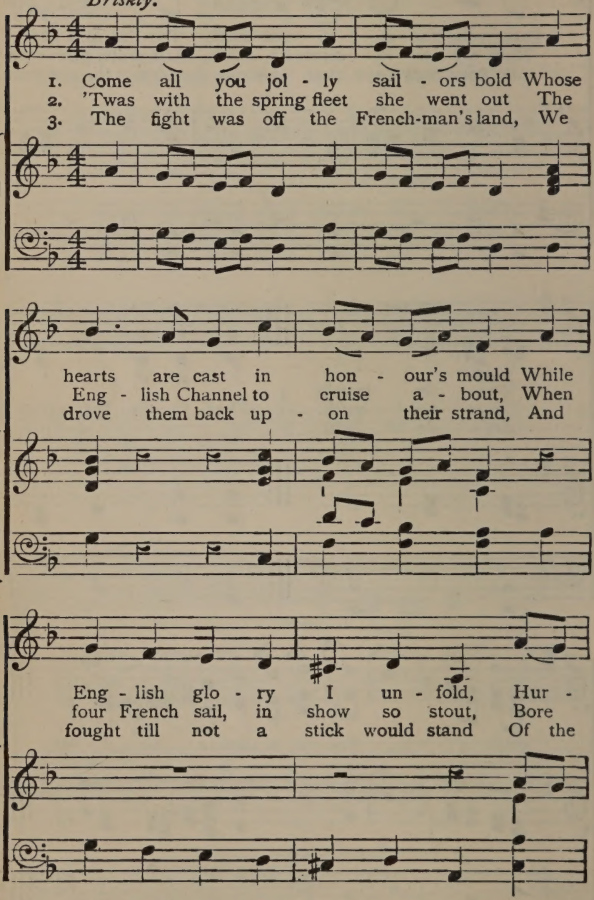
Bring your lass - es in your hands, For 'tis this which
Now the rose re - ceives its birth, And pretty prim-rose
To your beds re - pair at night, And dream there of your
love de - mands.
decks the earth.
day's de - light.
Then to the May - pole
come a - way, For it is now a ho - li - day.

No. 64. The Arethusa.

Words by PRINCE HOARE. Music by SHIELD.

Briskly.


1. Come all you jol - ly sail - ors bold Whose
2. 'Twas with the spring fleet she went out The
3. The fight was off the French-man's land, We
hearts are cast in hon - our's mould While
Eng - lish Channel to cruise a - bout, When
drove them back up - on their strand, And
Eng - lish glo - ry I un - fold, Hur -
four French sail, in show so stout, Bore
fought till not a stick would stand Of the

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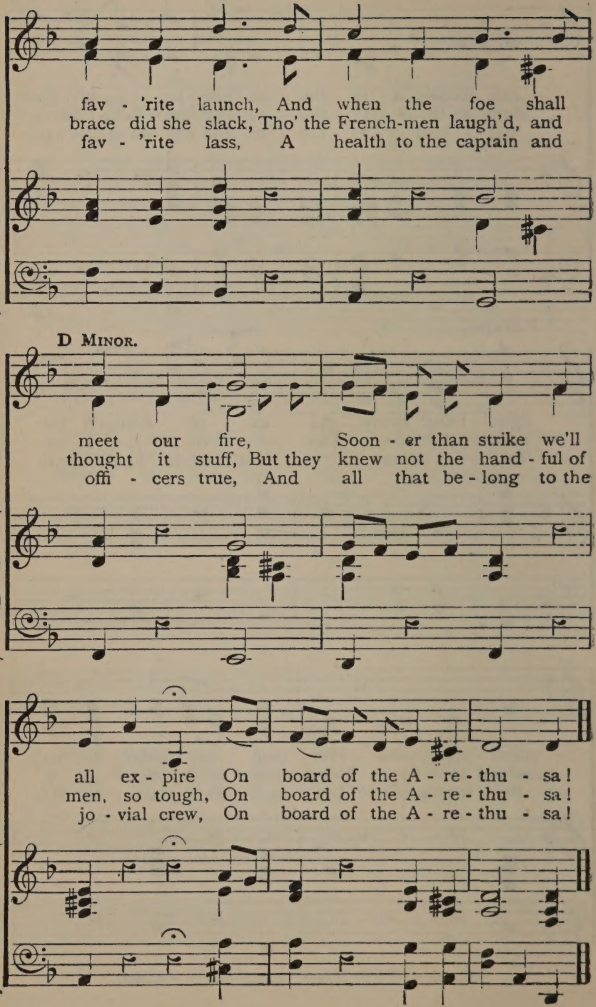
- rah for the A - re - thu - sa. She is a fri - gate
down on the A - re - thu - sa. The fam'd Belle Poule a -
gal - lant A - re - thu - sa. And now we've driv'n the
* F Major.
tight and brave As ev - er stemm'd the
- head did lie, The A - re - thu - sa
foe a - shore, Nev - er to fight with
dash - ing wave, Her men are staunch to their
seem'd to fly, Not a sheet, or a tack, or a
Bri - tons more, Let each fill a glass to his

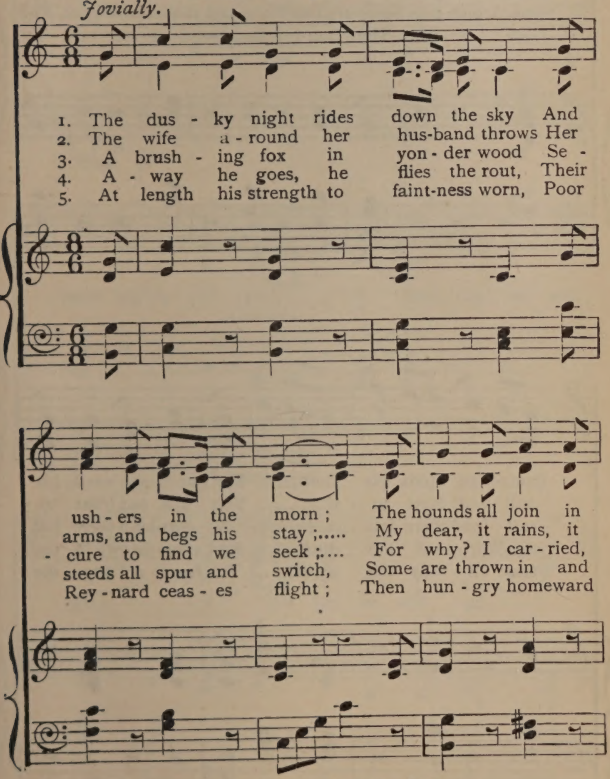
* If read as Tonic Minor, change key to F major.


fav - 'rite launch, And when the foe shall
brace did she slack, Tho' the French-men laugh'd, and
fav - 'rite lass, A health to the captain and
D Minor.
meet our fire, Soon - er than strike we'll
thought it stuff, But they knew not the hand - ful of
offi - cers true, And all that be - long to the
all ex - pire On board of the A - re - thu - sa!
men, so tough, On board of the A - re - thu - sa!
jo - vial crew, On board of the A - re - thu - sa!

PART IX.—In Six-eight Time.

No. 65. The Dusky Night rides down the Sky.

Old English Song by HENRY FIELDING (1734).


Jovially.
1. The dus - ky night rides down the sky And
2. The wife a - round her hus-band throws Her
3. A brush - ing fox in yon - der wood Se -
4. A - way he goes, he flies the rout, Their
5. At length his strength to faint-ness worn, Poor
ush - ers in the morn ; The hounds all join in
arms, and begs his stay ;..... My dear, it rains, it
- cure to find we seek ;.... For why? I car - ried,
steeds all spur and switch, Some are thrown in and
Rey - nard ceas - es flight ; Then hun - gry homeward

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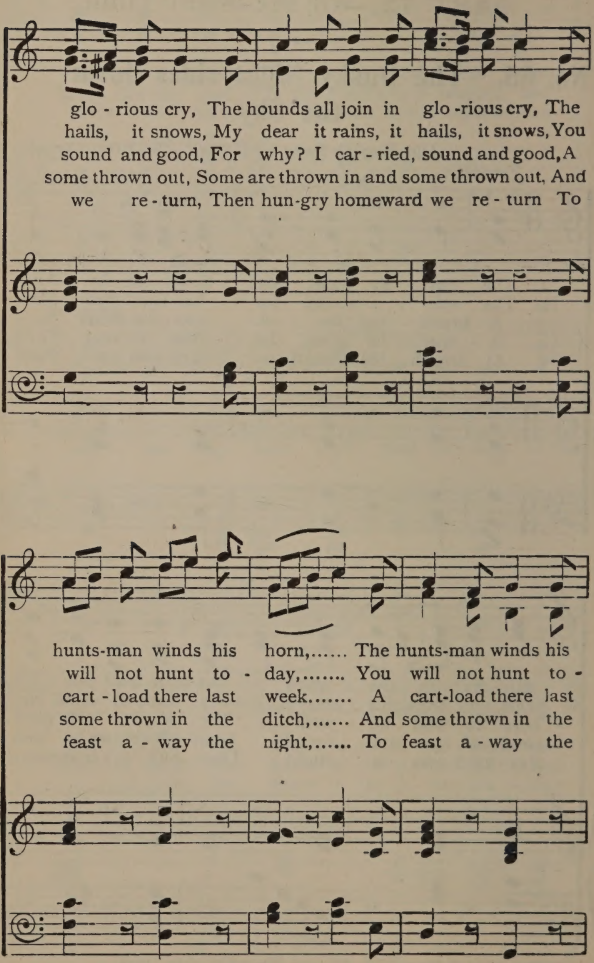
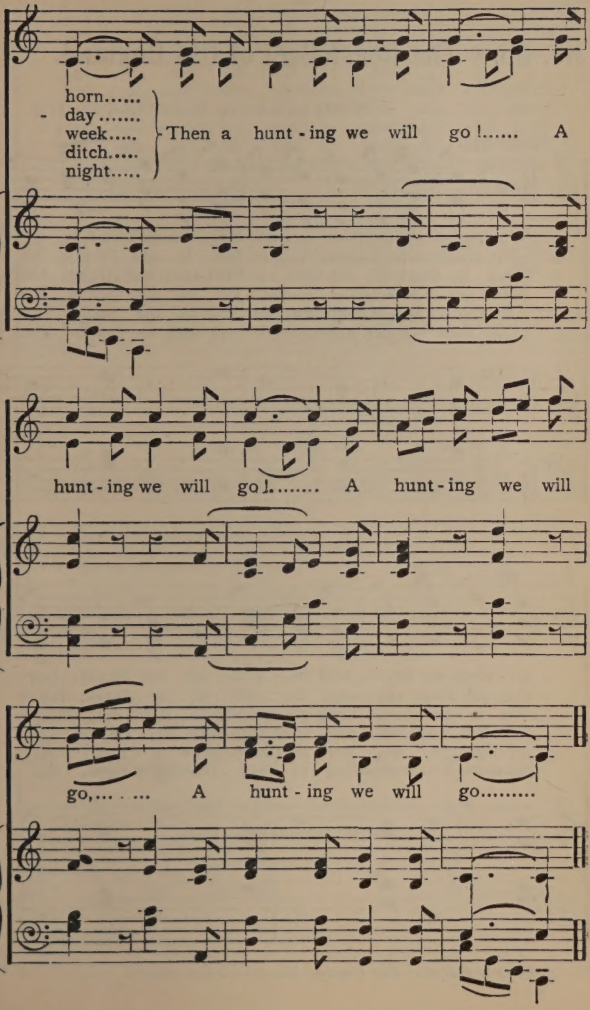
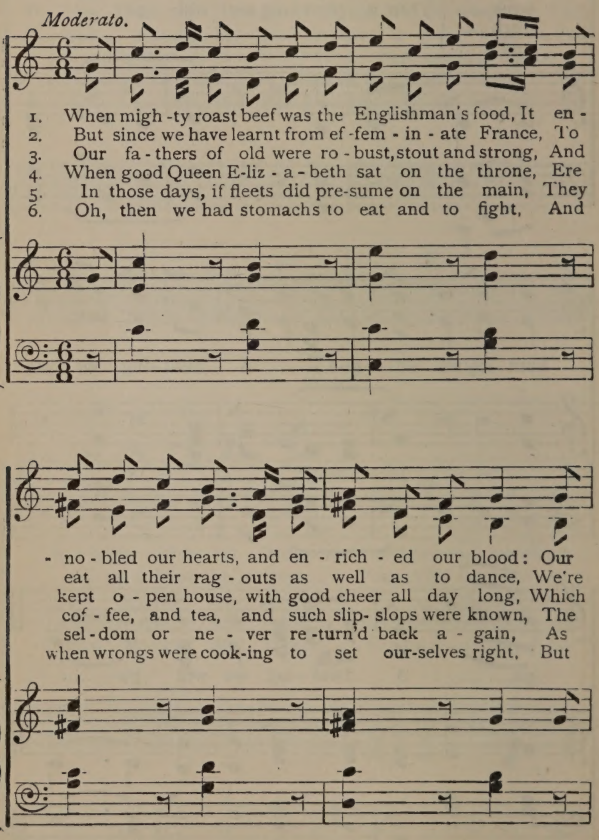

glo - rious cry, The hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The
hails, it snows, My dear it rains, it hails, it snows, You
sound and good, For why? I car - ried, sound and good, A
some thrown out, Some are thrown in and some thrown out. And
we re - turn, Then hun-gry homeward we re - turn To
hunts-man winds his horn,..... The hunts-man winds his
will not hunt to - day,..... You will not hunt to -
cart - load there last week..... A cart-load there last
some thrown in the ditch,..... And some thrown in the
feast a - way the night,..... To feast a - way the


horn.....
- day.....
week.....
ditch.....
night.....
Then a hunt - ing we will go !..... A
hunt - ing we will go !..... A hunt - ing we will
go,..... A hunt - ing we will go.....

No. 66. The Roast Beef of Old England.

Words and Air by R. LEVERIDGE, 1727.


Moderato.
1. When migh-ty roast beef was the Englishman's food, It en-
2. But since we have learnt from ef-fem-in-ate France, To
3. Our fa-thers of old were ro-bust, stout and strong, And
4. When good Queen E-liz-a-beth sat on the throne, Ere
5. In those days, if fleets did pre-sume on the main, They
6. Oh, then we had stomachs to eat and to fight, And
-no-bled our hearts, and en-rich-ed our blood: Our
eat all their rag-outs as well as to dance, We're
kept o-pen house, with good cheer all day long, Which
cof-fee, and tea, and such slip-slops were known, The
sel-dom or ne-ver re-turn'd back a-gain, As
when wrongs were cook-ing to set our-selves right, But

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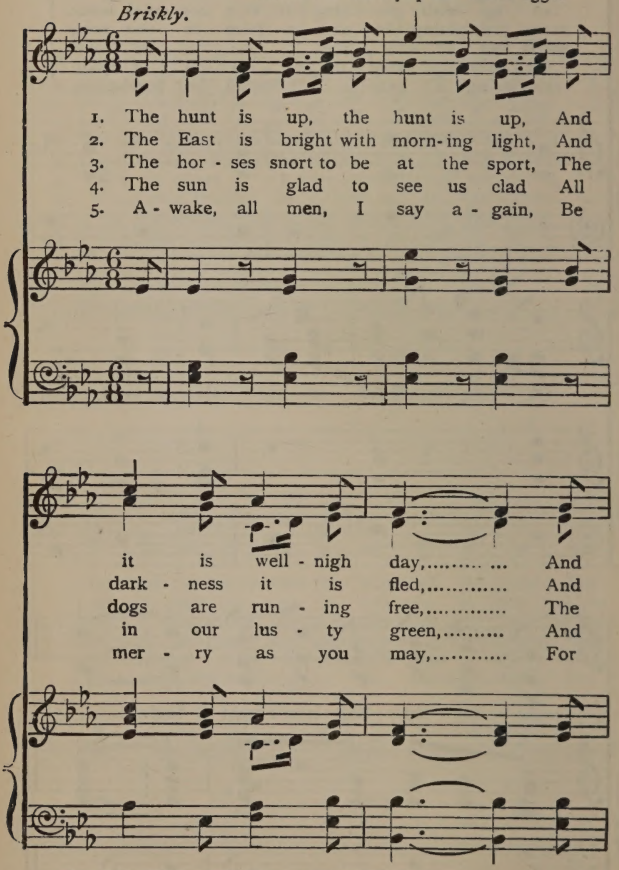
sol - diers were brave, and our cour - tiers were good.
fed up with no - thing but vain com - plais - ance.
made their plump ten - ants re - joice in this song.
world was in ter - ror if she did but frown.
wit - ness the vaunt - ing Ar - ma - da of Spain.
now we're, a - hem!— I could, but, good-night.
Oh, the roast beef of old Eng - land, And
oh, for old Eng - land's roast beef.....

No. 67. The Hunt is Up.

This is the earliest known version of this song, which was most popular about 1550.


Briskly.
1. The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And
2. The East is bright with morn-ing light, And
3. The hor - ses snort to be at the sport, The
4. The sun is glad to see us clad All
5. A - wake, all men, I say a - gain, Be
it is well - nigh day,..... And
dark - ness it is fled,..... And
dogs are run - ing free,..... The
in our lus - ty green,..... And
mer - ry as you may,..... For

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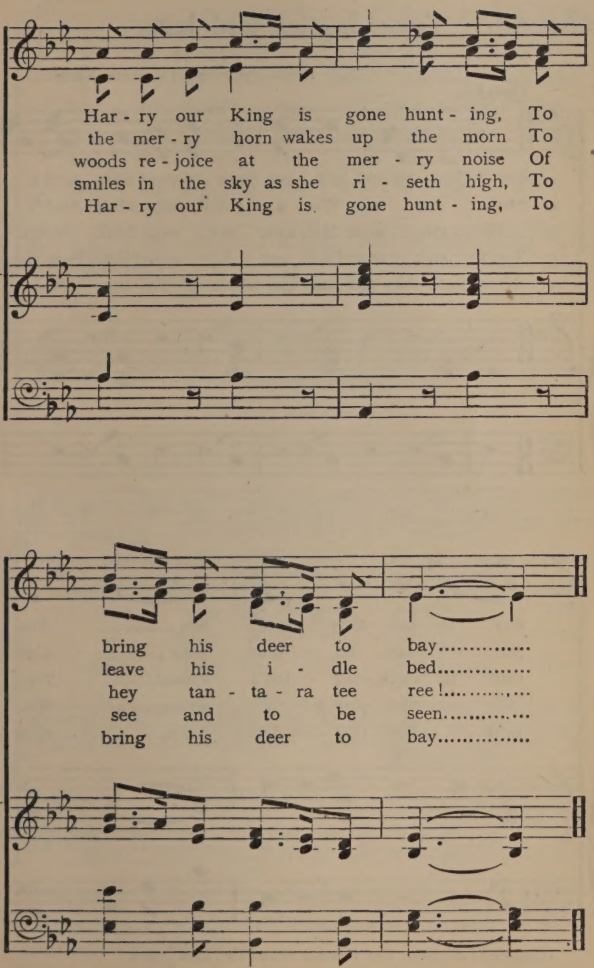
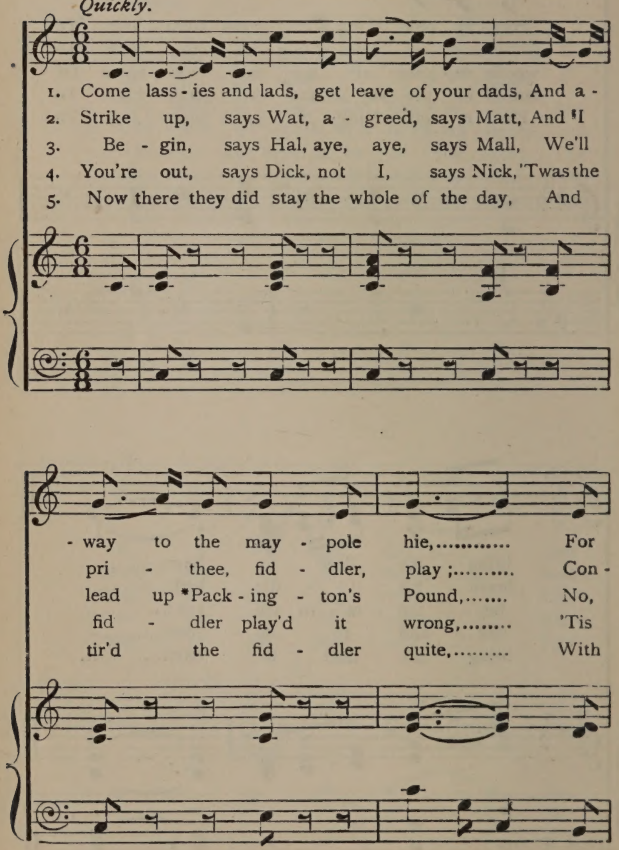

Har - ry our King is gone hunt - ing, To
the mer - ry horn wakes up the morn To
woods re - joice at the mer - ry noise Of
smiles in the sky as she ri - seth high, To
Har - ry our King is gone hunt - ing, To
bring his deer to bay.....
leave his i - dle bed.....
hey tan - ta - ra tee ree!.....
see and to be seen.....
bring his deer to bay.....

No. 68. Come lassies and lads.

OLD ENGLISH SONG (Modern Version).


Quickly.
1. Come lass - ies and lads, get leave of your dads, And a -
2. Strike up, says Wat, a - greed, says Matt, And I
3. Be - gin, says Hal, aye, aye, says Mall, We'll
4. You're out, says Dick, not I, says Nick, 'Twas the
5. Now there they did stay the whole of the day, And
- way to the may - pole hie,..... For
pri - thee, fid - dler, play ;..... Con -
lead up Pack - ing - ton's Pound,..... No,
fid - dler play'd it wrong,..... 'Tis
tir'd the fid - dler quite,..... With

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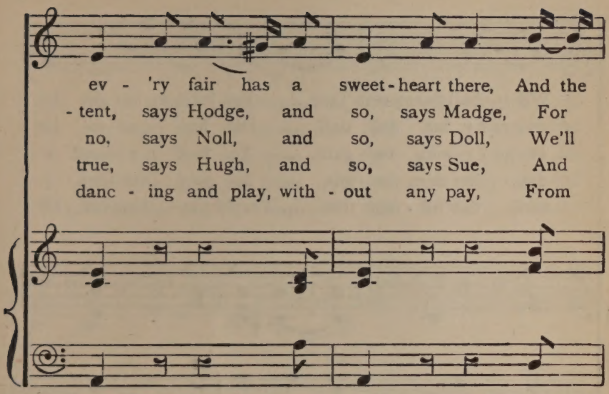
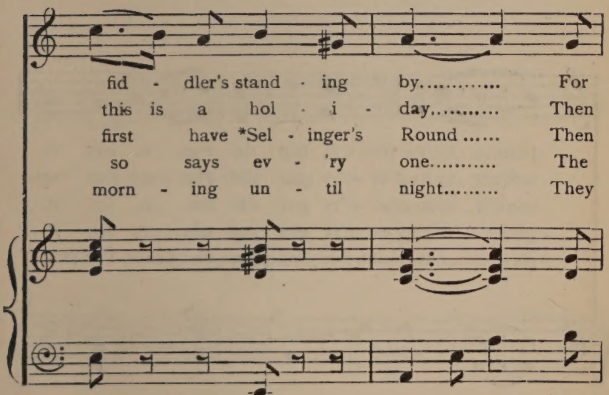
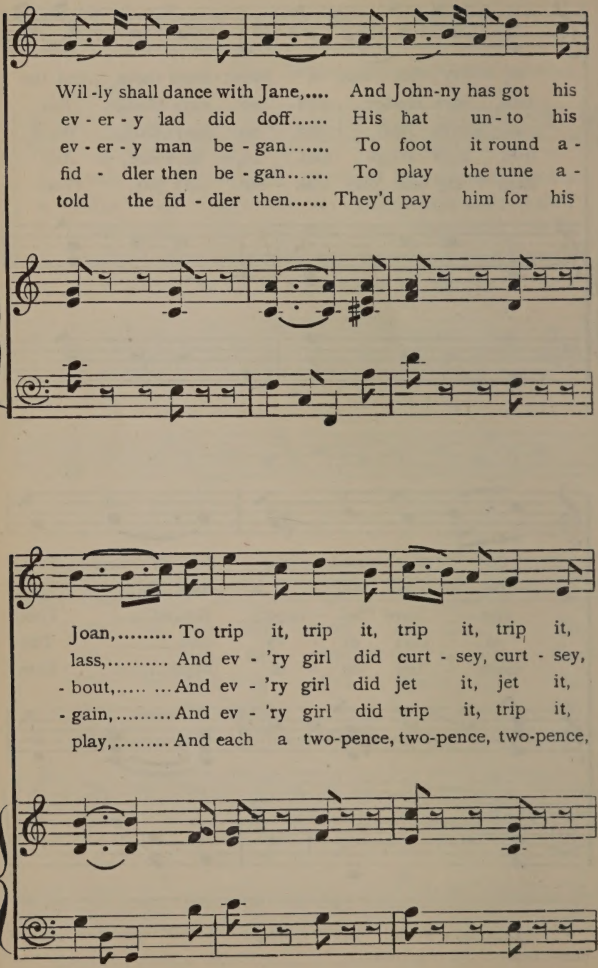
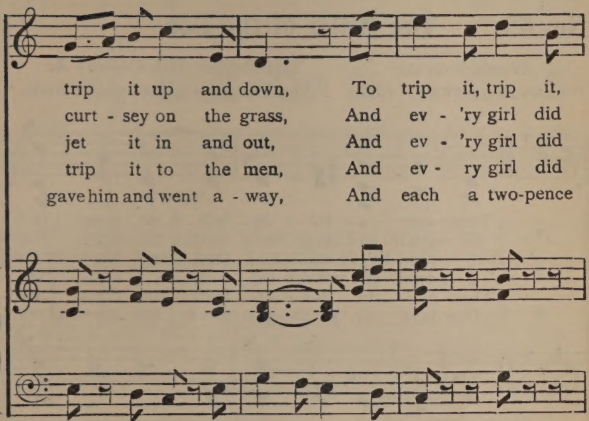
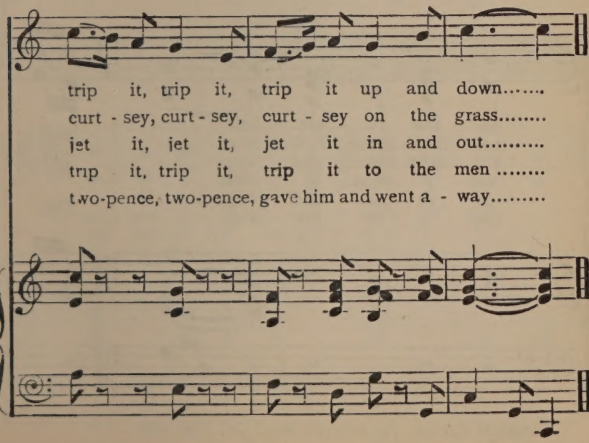

ev - 'ry fair has a sweet-heart there, And the
- tent, says Hodge, and so, says Madge, For
no, says Noll, and so, says Doll, We'll
true, says Hugh, and so, says Sue, And
danc - ing and play, with - out any pay, From


fid - dler's stand - ing by..... For
this is a hol - i - day..... Then
first have *Sel - inger's Round ..... Then
so says ev - 'ry one..... The
morn - ing un - til night..... They

* "Packington's Pound" and "Sellinger's Round" were two popular dance tunes of the 16th Century.


Wil-ly shall dance with Jane,.... And John-ny has got his
ev-er-y lad did doff..... His hat un-to his
ev-er-y man be-gan..... To foot it round a-
fid-dler then be-gan..... To play the tune a-
told the fid-dler then..... They'd pay him for his
Joan,..... To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
lass,..... And ev-'ry girl did curt-sey, curt-sey,
-bout,..... ...And ev-'ry girl did jet it, jet it,
-gain,.....And ev-'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
play,.....And each a two-pence, two-pence, two-pence,

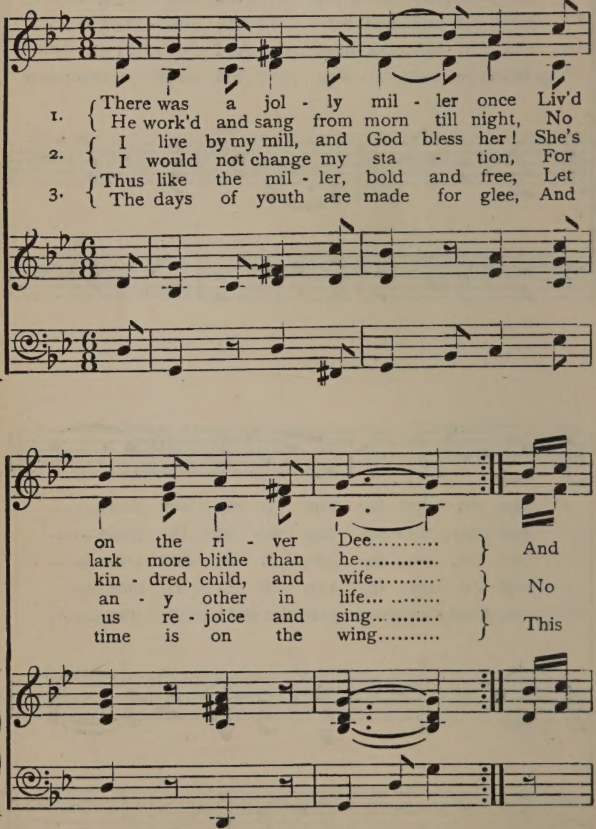

trip it up and down, To trip it, trip it,
curt - sey on the grass, And ev - 'ry girl did
jet it in and out, And ev - 'ry girl did
trip it to the men, And ev - ry girl did
gave him and went a - way, And each a two-pence


trip it, trip it, trip it up and down.....
curt - sey, curt - sey, curt - sey on the grass.....
jet it, jet it, jet it in and out.....
trip it, trip it, trip it to the men .....
two-pence, two-pence, gave him and went a - way.....

No. 69. The Miller of the Dee.

Words from the "Beggar's Opera," 1762.

Old English 17th Century Air. "The Bludgeon it is a delicate trade."


1. There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Liv'd
He work'd and sang from morn till night, No
2. I live by my mill, and God bless her! She's
I would not change my sta - tion, For
3. Thus like the mil - ler, bold and free, Let
The days of youth are made for glee, And
on the ri - ver Dee.....
lark more blithe than he.....
kin - dred, child, and wife.....
an - y other in life.....
us re - joice and sing.....
time is on the wing.....
And
No
This

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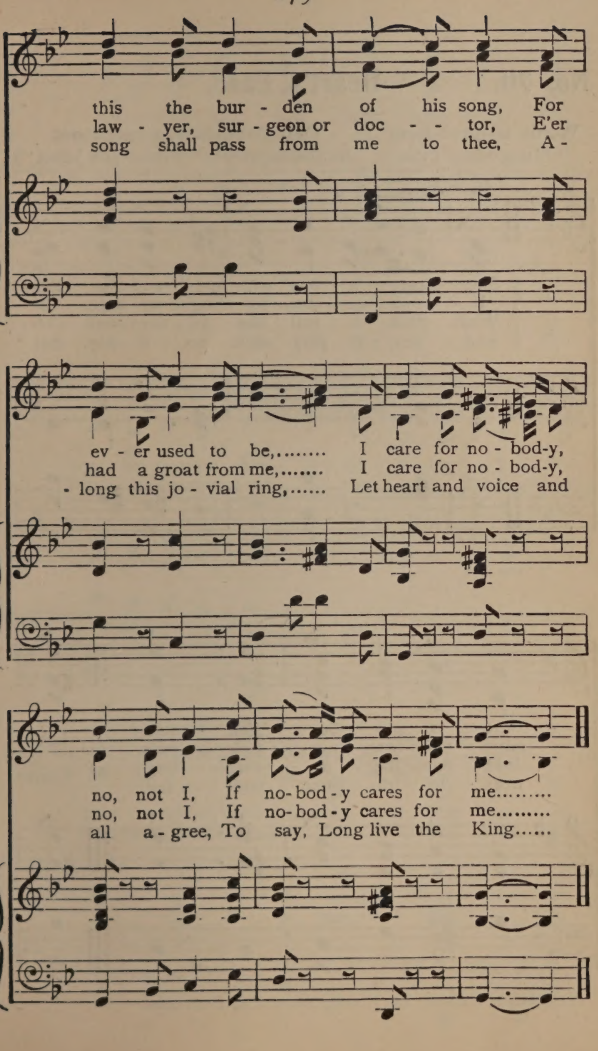
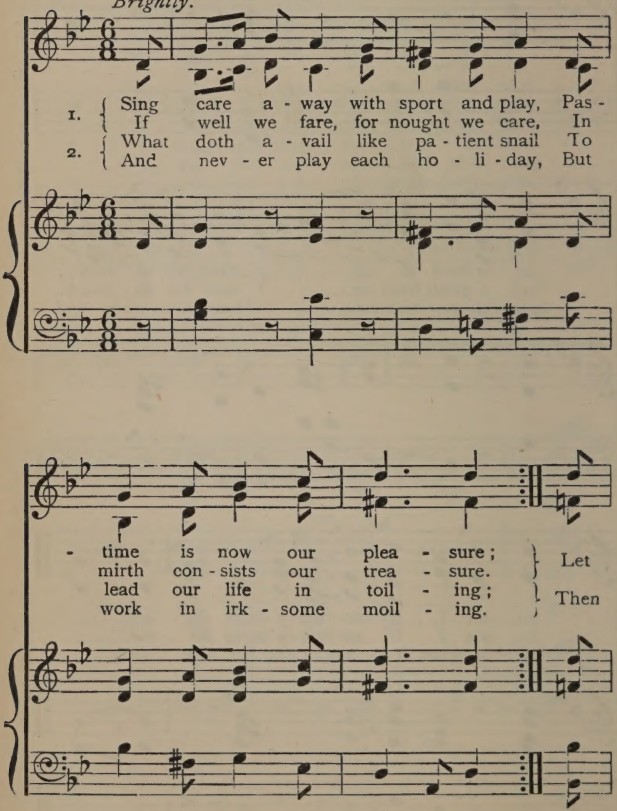

this the bur - den of his song, For
law - yer, sur - geon or doc - - tor, E'er
song shall pass from me to thee, A -
ev - er used to be,..... I care for no - bod-y,
had a groat from me,..... I care for no - bod-y,
- long this jo - vial ring,..... Let heart and voice and
no, not I, If no-bod-y cares for me.....
no, not I, If no-bod-y cares for me.....
all a - gree, To say, Long live the King.....

No. 70. Heart's Ease.

Words adapted from "Misogonus," 1560.

OLD ENGLISH AIR (mentioned by Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet")

Brightly.


1. Sing care a - way with sport and play, Pas -
If well we fare, for nought we care, In
2. What doth a - vail like pa - tient snail To
And nev - er play each ho - li - day, But
- time is now our plea - sure;
mirth con - sists our trea - sure.
lead our life in toil - ing;
work in irk - some moil - ing.
Let
Then

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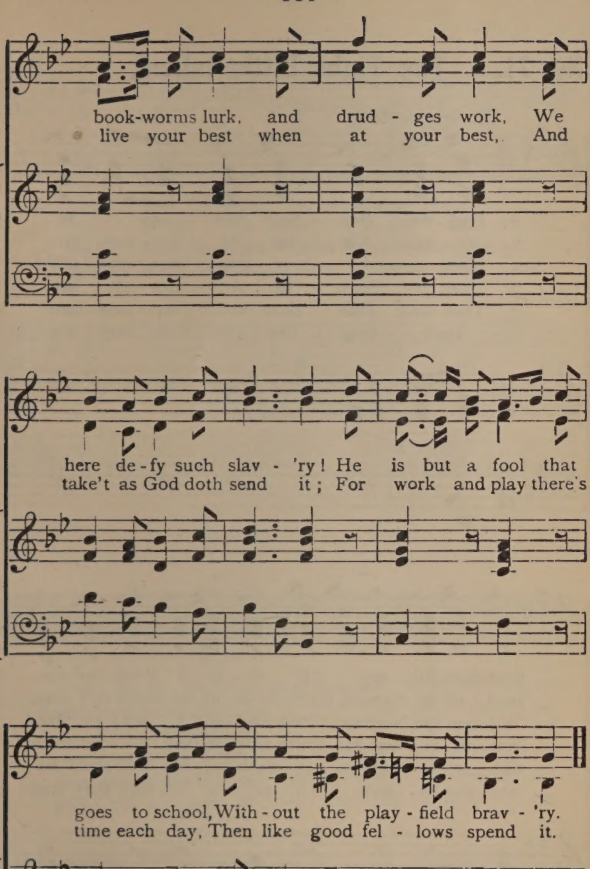
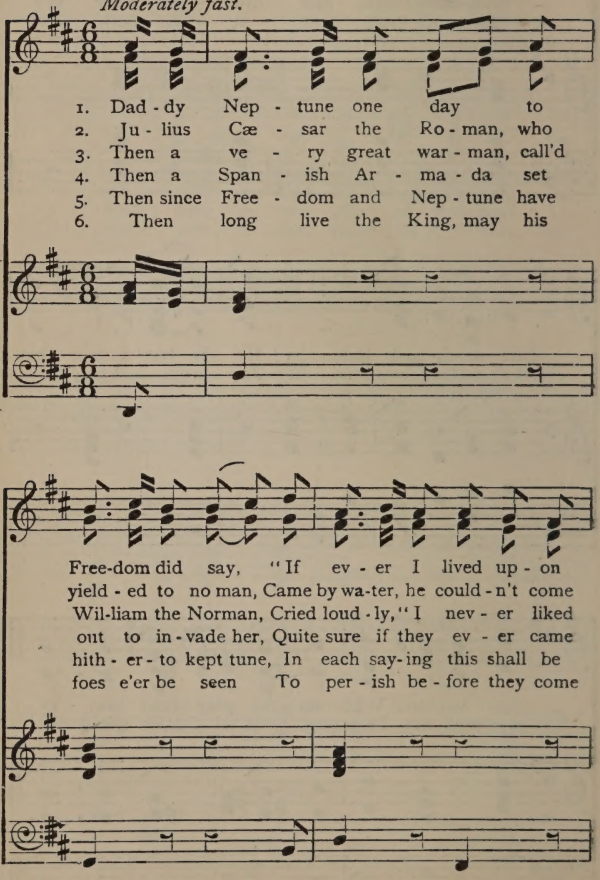

book-worms lurk, and drud - ges work, We
live your best when at your best, And
here de - fy such slav - 'ry! He is but a fool that
take't as God doth send it; For work and play there's
goes to school, With - out the play - field brav - 'ry.
time each day, Then like good fel - lows spend it.

No. 71. The Tight Little Island.


Moderately fast.
1. Dad - dy Nep - tune one day to
2. Ju - lius Cæ - sar the Ro - man, who
3. Then a ve - ry great war - man, call'd
4. Then a Span - ish Ar - ma - da set
5. Then since Free - dom and Nep - tune have
6. Then long live the King, may his
Free-dom did say, "If ev - er I lived up - on
yield - ed to no man, Came by wa-ter, he could - n't come
Wil-liam the Norman, Cried loud - ly, "I nev - er liked
out to in - vade her, Quite sure if they ev - er came
hith - er - to kept tune, In each say-ing this shall be
foes e'er be seen To per - ish be - fore they come

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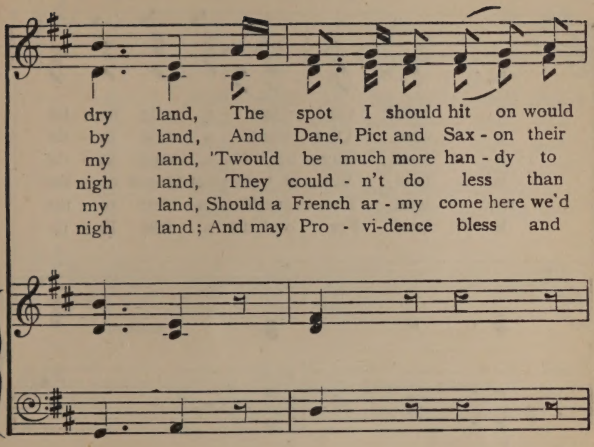
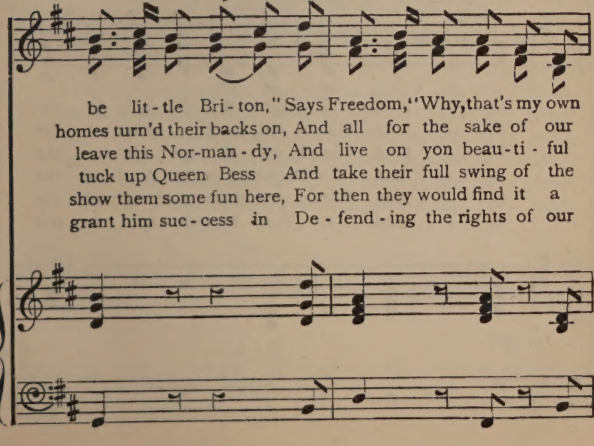
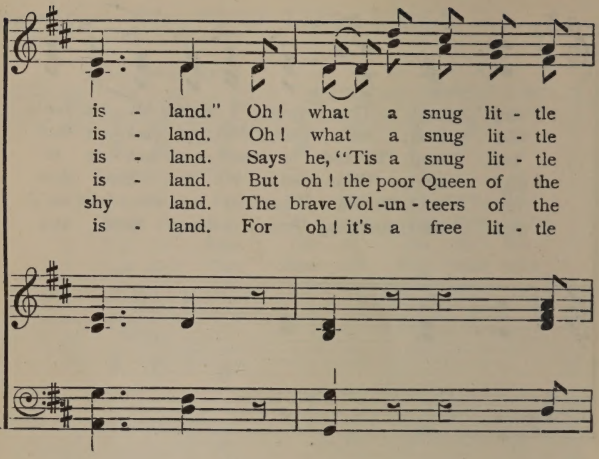
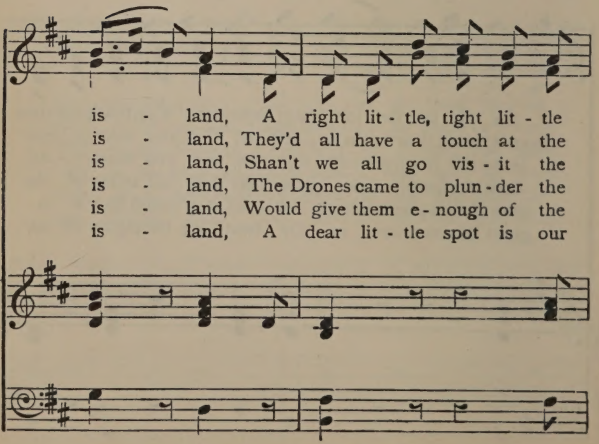
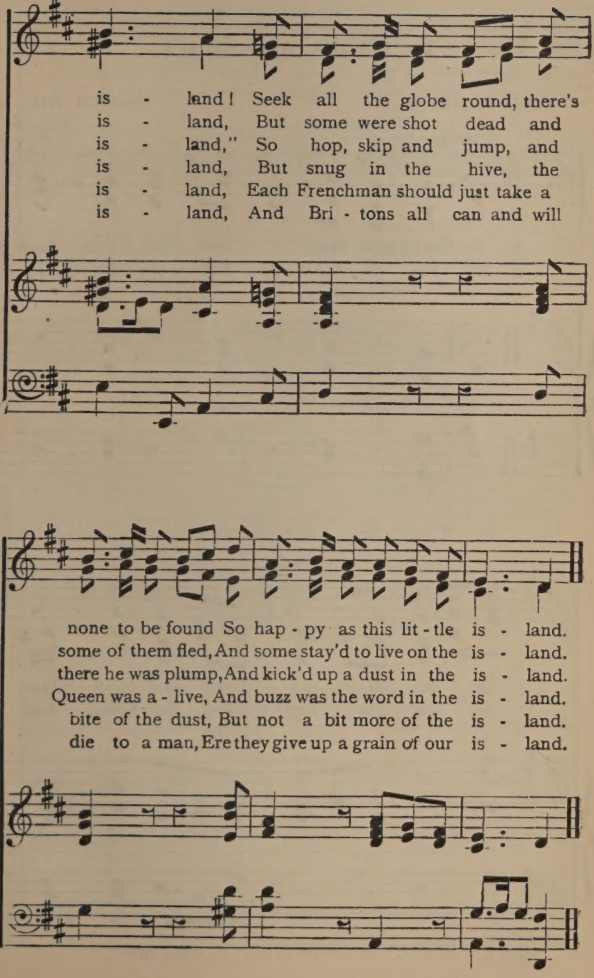

dry land, The spot I should hit on would
by land, And Dane, Pict and Sax - on their
my land, 'Twould be much more han - dy to
nigh land, They could - n't do less than
my land, Should a French ar - my come here we'd
nigh land; And may Pro - vi-dence bless and


be lit - tle Bri - ton," Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own
homes turn'd their backs on, And all for the sake of our
leave this Nor-man - dy, And live on yon beau - ti - ful
tuck up Queen Bess And take their full swing of the
show them some fun here, For then they would find it a
grant him suc - cess in De - fend - ing the rights of our

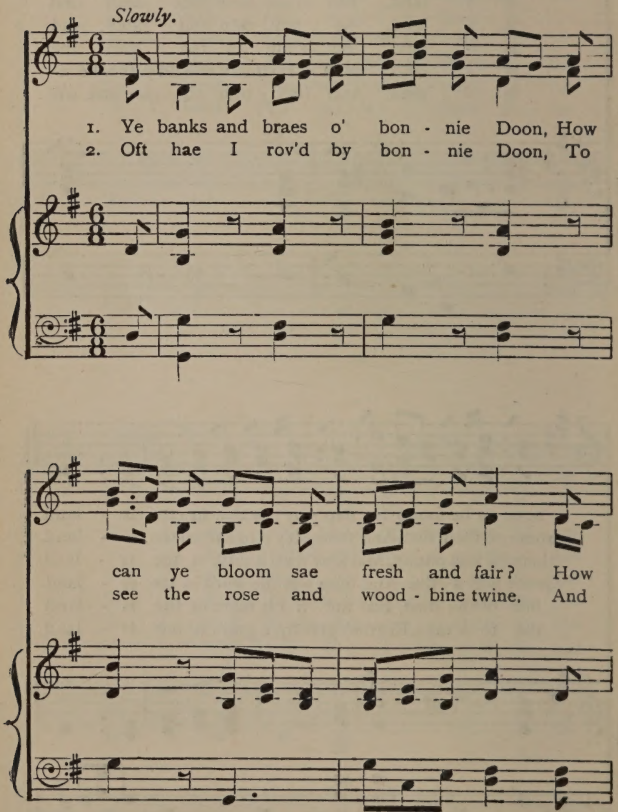

is - land." Oh! what a snug lit - tle
is - land. Oh! what a snug lit - tle
is - land. Says he, "'Tis a snug lit - tle
is - land. But oh! the poor Queen of the
shy land. The brave Vol-un - teers of the
is - land. For oh! it's a free lit - tle


is - land, A right lit - tle, tight lit - tle
is - land, They'd all have a touch at the
is - land, Shan't we all go vis - it the
is - land, The Drones came to plun - der the
is - land, Would give them e - nough of the
is - land, A dear lit - tle spot is our


is - land! Seek all the globe round, there's
is - land, But some were shot dead and
is - land," So hop, skip and jump, and
is - land, But snug in the hive, the
is - land, Each Frenchman should just take a
is - land, And Bri - tons all can and will
none to be found So hap - py as this lit - tle is - land.
some of them fled, And some stay'd to live on the is - land.
there he was plump, And kick'd up a dust in the is - land.
Queen was a - live, And buzz was the word in the is - land.
bite of the dust, But not a bit more of the is - land.
die to a man, Ere they give up a grain of our is - land.

No. 72. Ye Banks and Braes.

Words by BURNS. SCOTCH AIR.


Slowly.
1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To
can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
see the rose and wood - bine twine, And

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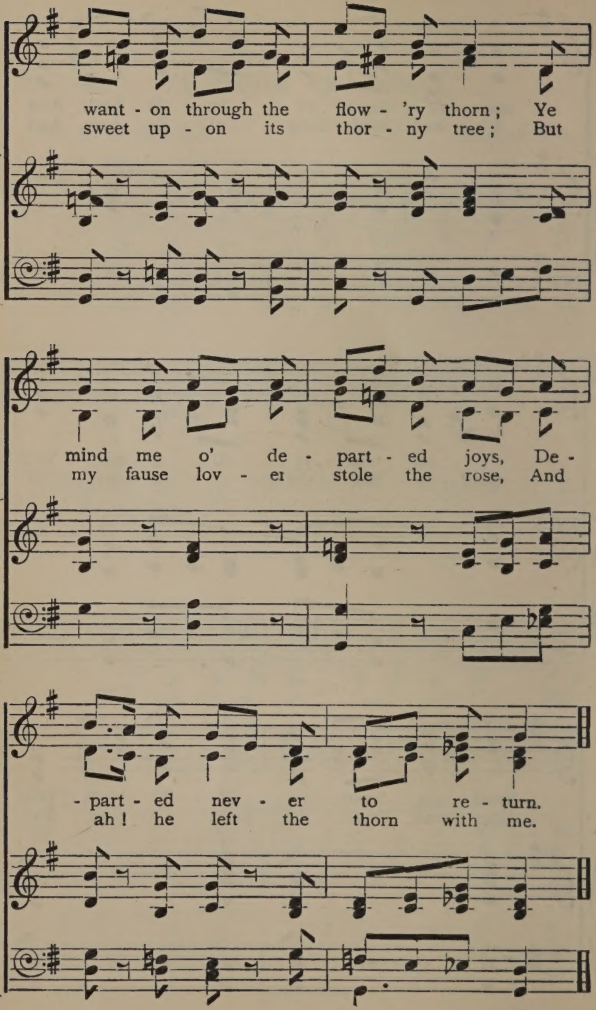
can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And
il - ka bird sang o' its love, And
I sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll
fond - ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'
break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That
light - some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu'


want - on through the flow - 'ry thorn; Ye
sweet up - on its thor - ny tree; But
mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De -
my fause lov - er stole the rose, And
- part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
ah! he left the thorn with me.

PART X.—E and A flat major

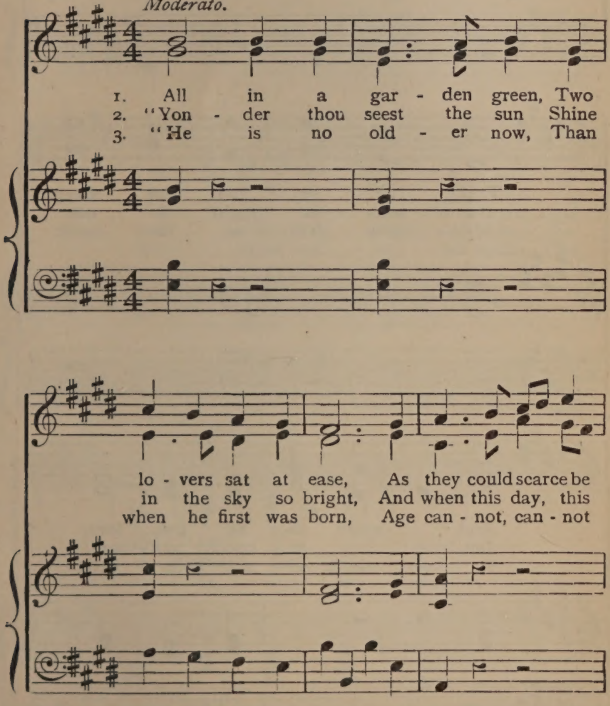
See "Manual of Sight-Singing," Part II, Chapters 17 and 18.

No. 73. All in a Garden green.

Old words
(about 17th Century).

OLD ENGLISH SONG
(about 1565).

Moderato.


1. All in a gar - den green, Two
2. "Yon - der thou seest the sun Shine
3. "He is no old - er now, Than
lo - vers sat at ease, As they could scarce be
in the sky so bright, And when this day, this
when he first was born, Age can - not, can - not

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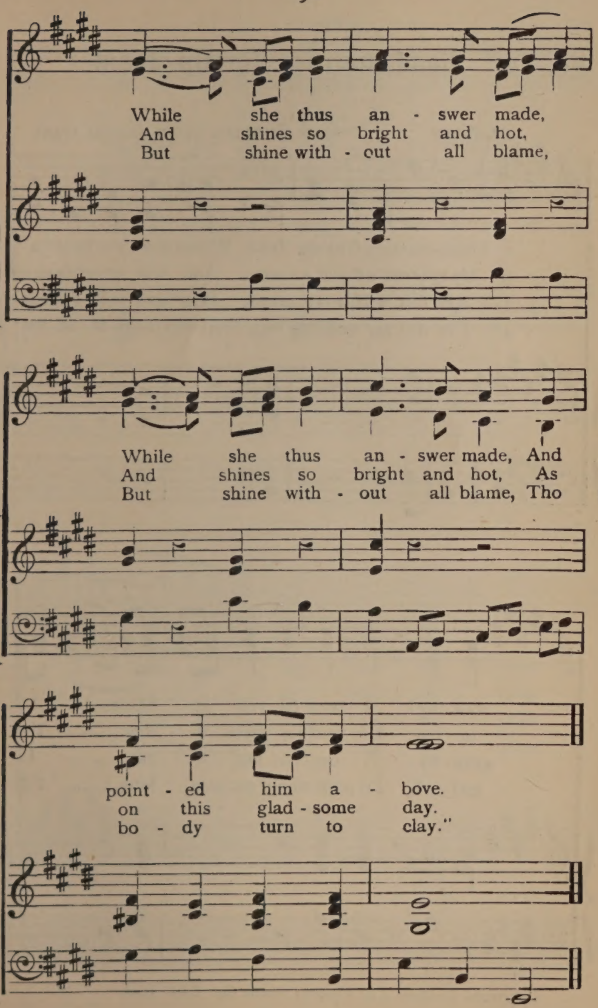
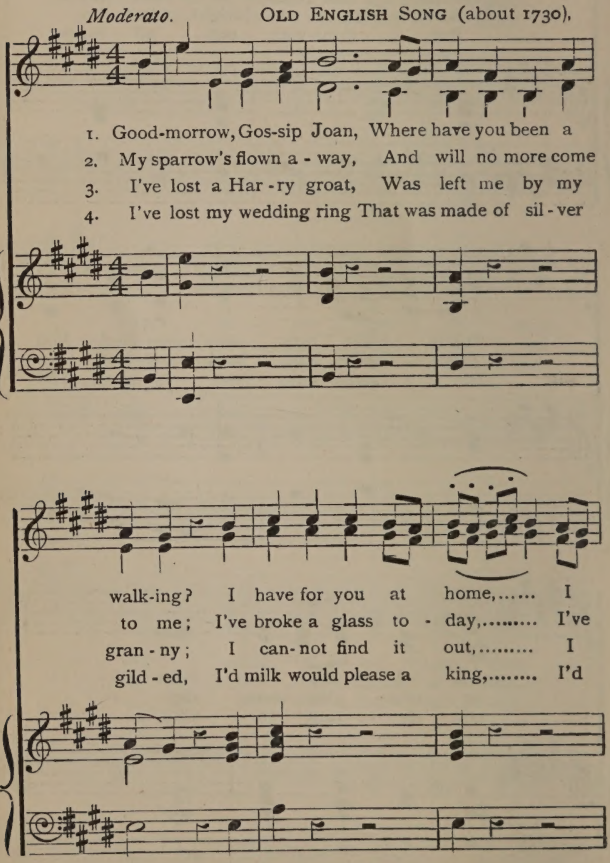
seen a-mong, A - mong the leaf - y trees.
day is done, And com-eth the dark night,
make him bow, He laughs old Time to scorn.
Then he be - gan his song,
No soon - er night is not,
My love shall be the same,
And spoke of his true love,
But he re - turns al - way,
It ne - ver shall de - cay,


While she thus an - swer made,
And shines so bright and hot,
But shine with - out all blame,
While she thus an - swer made, And
And shines so bright and hot, As
But shine with - out all blame, Tho
point - ed him a - bove.
on this glad - some day.
bo - dy turn to clay."

No. 74. Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.


Moderato.
OLD ENGLISH SONG (about 1730).
1. Good-morrow, Gos-sip Joan, Where have you been a
2. My sparrow's flown a - way, And will no more come
3. I've lost a Har - ry groat, Was left me by my
4. I've lost my wedding ring That was made of sil - ver
walk-ing? I have for you at home,..... I
to me; I've broke a glass to - day,..... I've
gran - ny; I can-not find it out,..... I
gild - ed, I'd milk would please a king,..... I'd

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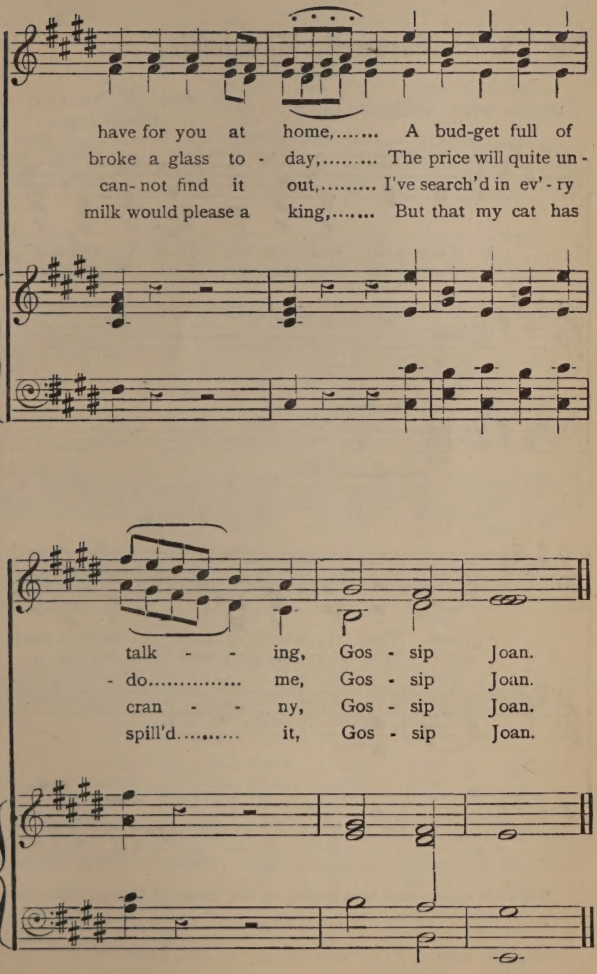
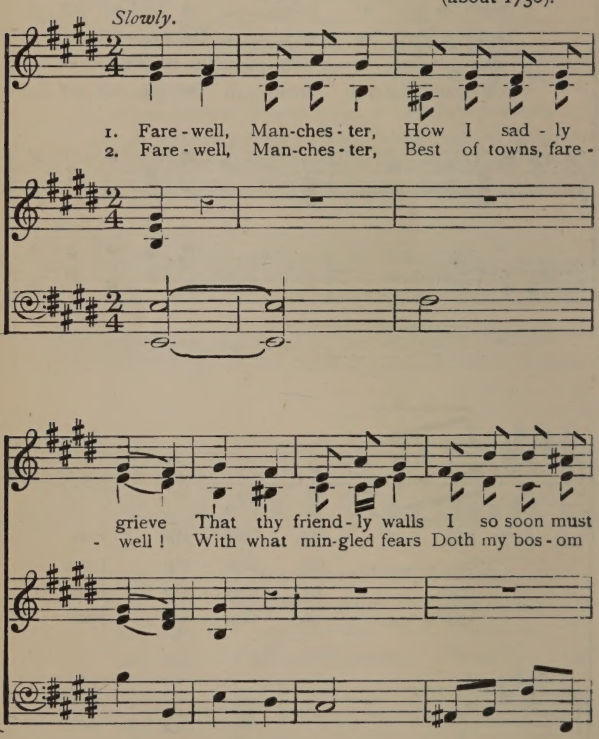

have for you at home,..... A bud-get full of
broke a glass to - day,..... The price will quite un -
can- not find it out,..... I've search'd in ev' - ry
milk would please a king,..... But that my cat has
talk - - ing, Gos - sip Joan.
- do..... me, Gos - sip Joan.
cran - - ny, Gos - sip Joan.
spill'd..... it, Gos - sip Joan.

No. 75. Farewell, Manchester.

Modern words on the old title.*

REV. W. FELTON.
(about 1730).


Slowly.
1. Fare - well, Man-ches - ter, How I sad - ly
2. Fare - well, Man-ches - ter, Best of towns, fare -
grieve That thy friend - ly walls I so soon must
- well ! With what min-gled fears Doth my bos - om

* This air is said to have been played by the troops of Charles Stuart on quitting Manchester, Dec., 1745.

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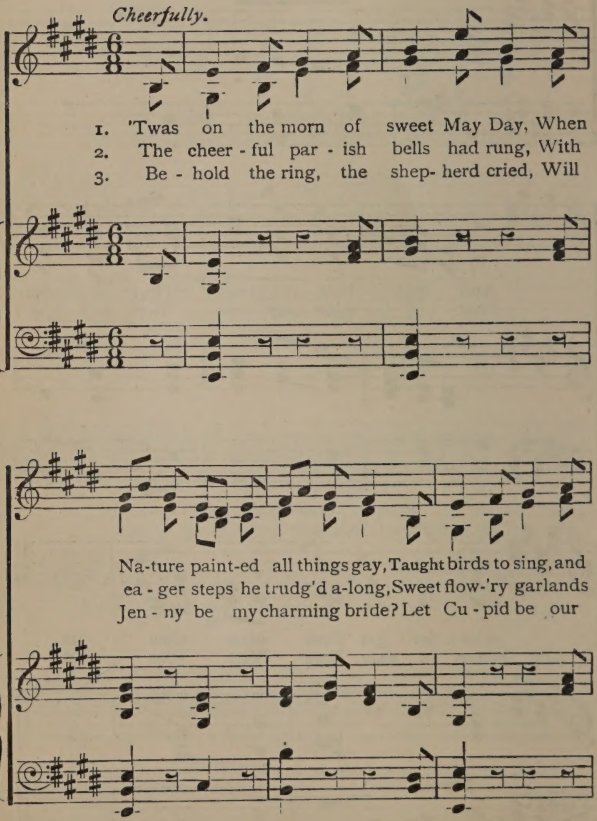
leave ; Thou wert such a friend
swell ; May it hap - ly be
And such help did lend That I can
That I soon may see Thy hap - py
ne'er for - get Dear Man - ches - ter.
homes a - gain, Dear Man - ches - ter.

No. 76. With Jockey to the Fair.

OLD ENGLISH SONG, 1772.


Cheerfully.
1. 'Twas on the morn of sweet May Day, When
2. The cheer - ful par - ish bells had rung, With
3. Be - hold the ring, the shep- herd cried, Will
Na-ture paint-ed all things gay, Taught birds to sing, and
ea - ger steps he trudg'd a-long, Sweet flow-'ry garlands
Jen - ny be my charming bride? Let Cu - pid be our

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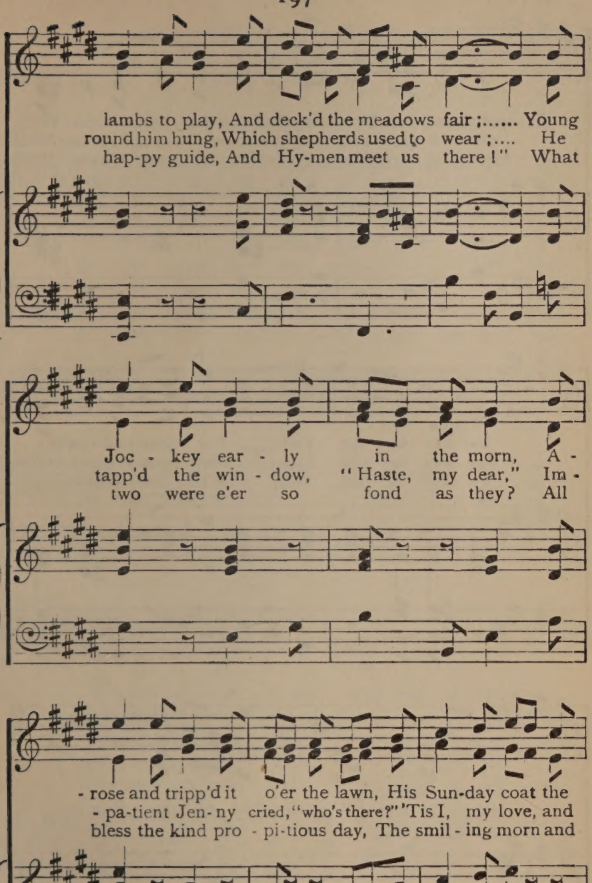
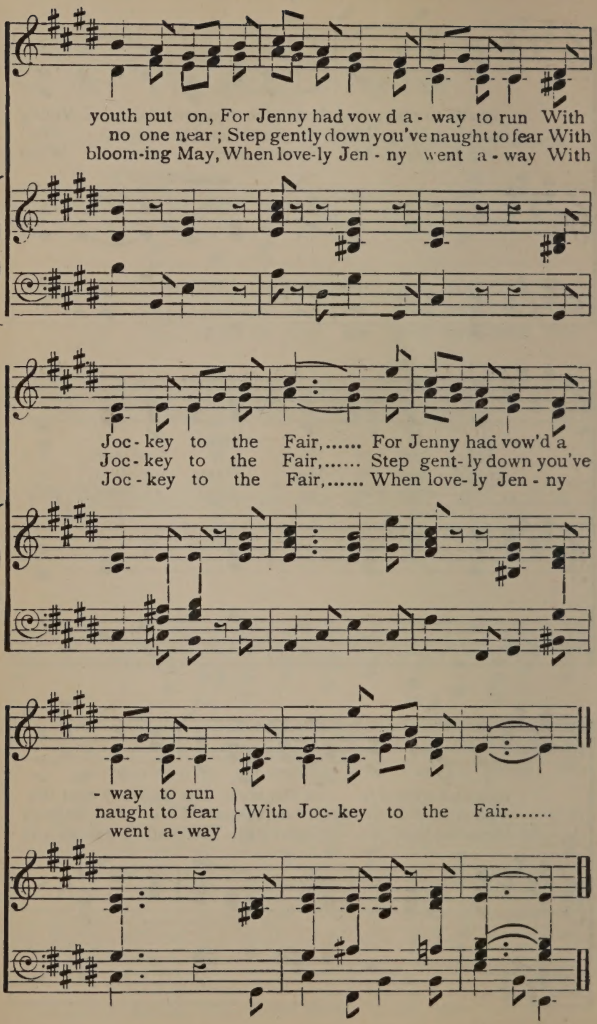
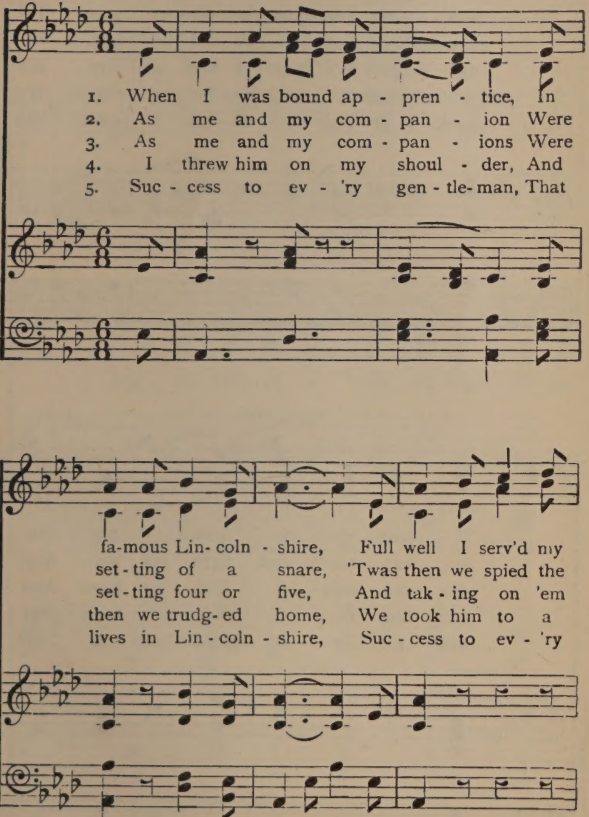

lambs to play, And deck'd the meadows fair ;..... Young
round him hung, Which shepherds used to wear ;.... He
hap-py guide, And Hy-men meet us there !" What
Joc - key ear - ly in the morn, A -
tapp'd the win - dow, "Haste, my dear," Im -
two were e'er so fond as they? All
- rose and tripp'd it o'er the lawn, His Sun-day coat the
- pa-tient Jen- ny cried, "who's there?" 'Tis I, my love, and
bless the kind pro - pi-tious day, The smil - ing morn and


youth put on, For Jenny had vow d a - way to run With
no one near ; Step gently down you've naught to fear With
bloom-ing May, When love-ly Jen - ny went a - way With
Joc - key to the Fair,..... For Jenny had vow'd a
Joc - key to the Fair,..... Step gent - ly down you've
Joc - key to the Fair,..... When love - ly Jen - ny
- way to run
naught to fear
went a - way
With Joc - key to the Fair.....

No. 77. The Poacher.

Old English Song, "The Lincolnshire Poacher."


1. When I was bound ap - pren - tice, In fa-mous Lin- coln - shire, Full well I serv'd my
2. As me and my com - pan - ion Were set - ting of a snare, 'Twas then we spied the
3. As me and my com - pan - ions Were set - ting four or five, And tak - ing on 'em
4. I threw him on my shoul - der, And then we trudg- ed home, We took him to a
5. Suc - cess to ev - 'ry gen - tle-man, That lives in Lin - coln - shire, Suc - cess to ev - 'ry

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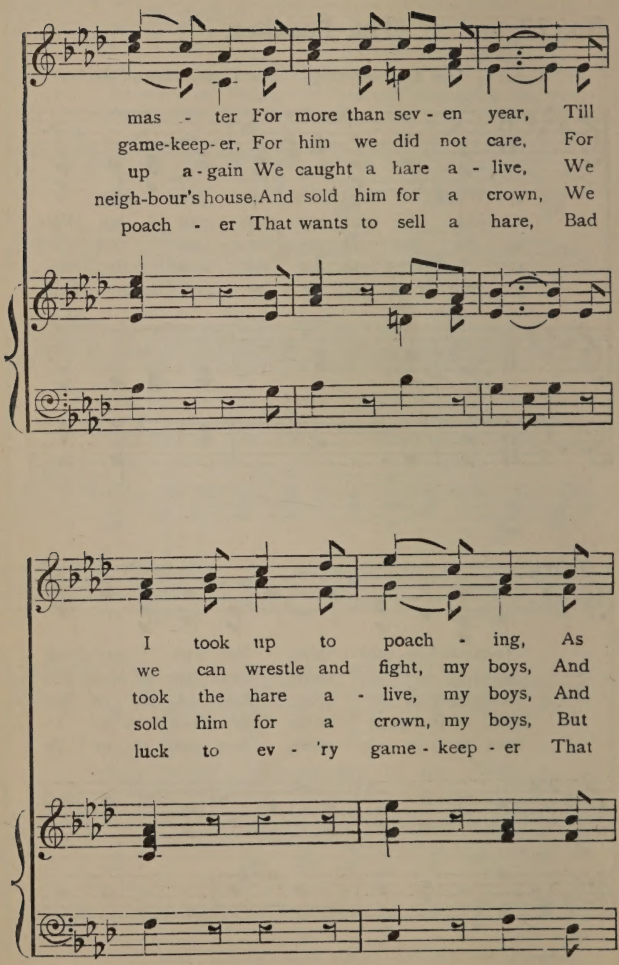
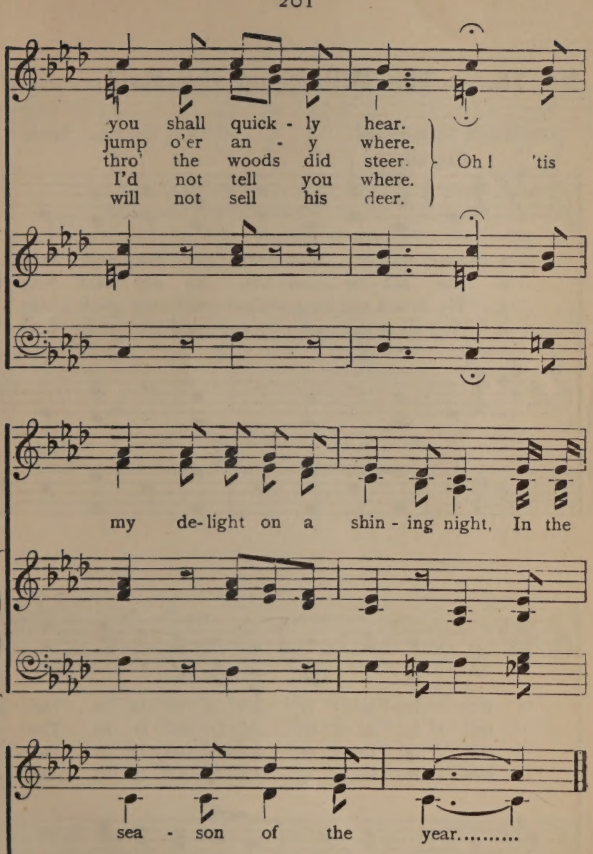
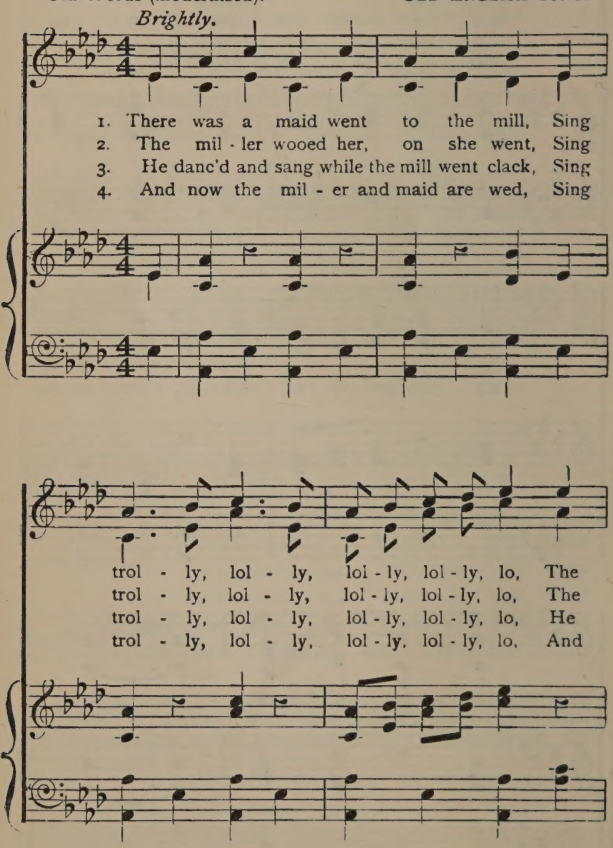

mas - ter For more than sev - en year, Till
game-keep-er, For him we did not care, For
up a-gain We caught a hare a - live, We
neigh-bour's house. And sold him for a crown, We
poach - er That wants to sell a hare, Bad
I took up to poach - ing, As
we can wrestle and fight, my boys, And
took the hare a - live, my boys, And
sold him for a crown, my boys, But
luck to ev - 'ry game - keep - er That


you shall quick - ly hear.
jump o'er an - y where.
thro' the woods did steer.
I'd not tell you where.
will not sell his deer.
Oh! 'tis
my de-light on a shin - ing night, In the
sea - son of the year.....

No. 78. The Miller and the Maid.

Old Words (modernised). OLD ENGLISH SONG.


Brightly.
1. There was a maid went to the mill, Sing
2. The mil - ler wooed her, on she went, Sing
3. He danc'd and sang while the mill went clack, Sing
4. And now the mil - er and maid are wed, Sing
trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo, The
trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo, The
trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo, He
trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo, And

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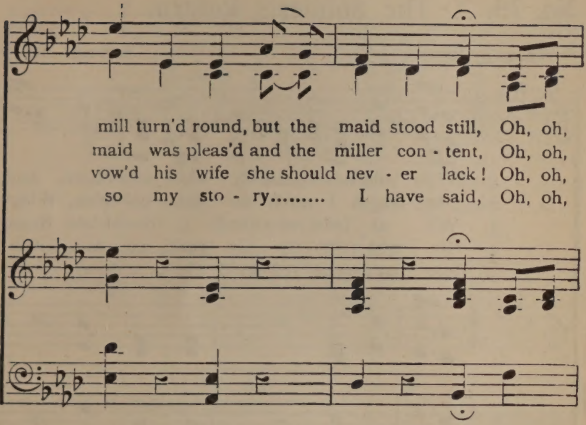
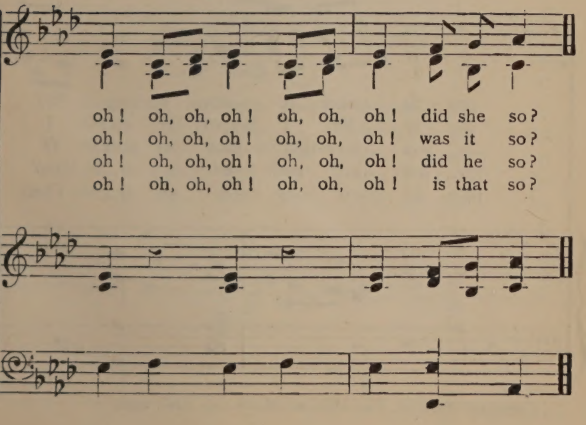
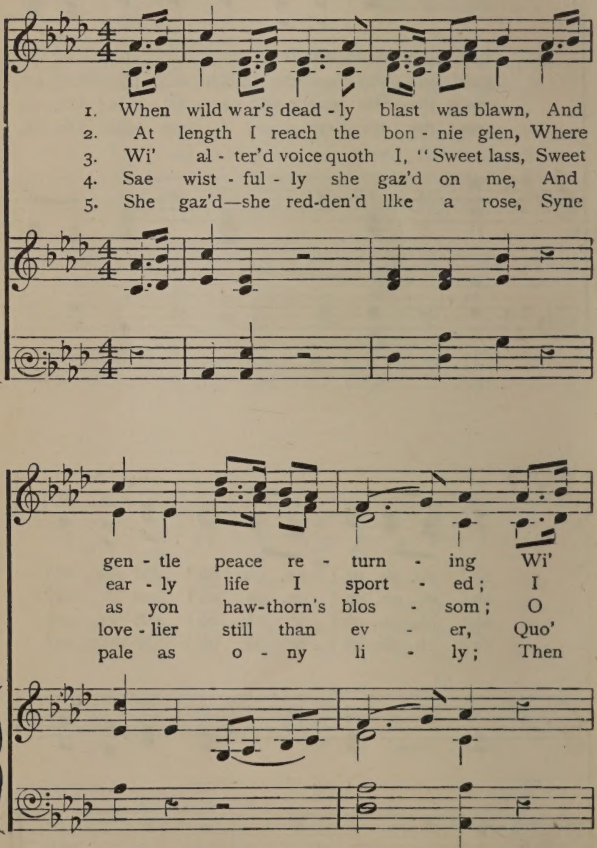

mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still, Oh, oh,
maid was pleas'd and the miller con - tent, Oh, oh,
vow'd his wife she should nev - er lack! Oh, oh,
so my sto - ry..... I have said, Oh, oh,


oh! oh, oh, oh! oh, oh, oh! did she so?
oh! oh, oh, oh! oh, oh, oh! was it so?
oh! oh, oh, oh! oh, oh, oh! did he so?
oh! oh, oh, oh! oh, oh, oh! is that so?

No. 79. The Soldier's Return.

Words by BURNS. SCOTCH AIR.


1. When wild war's dead - ly blast was blawn, And
2. At length I reach the bon - nie glen, Where
3. Wi' al - ter'd voice quoth I, "Sweet lass, Sweet
4. Sae wist - ful - ly she gaz'd on me, And
5. She gaz'd—she red-den'd like a rose, Syne
gen - tle peace re - turn - ing Wi'
ear - ly life I sport - ed; I
as yon haw-thorn's blos - som; O
love - lier still than ev - er, Quo'
pale as o - ny li - ly; Then

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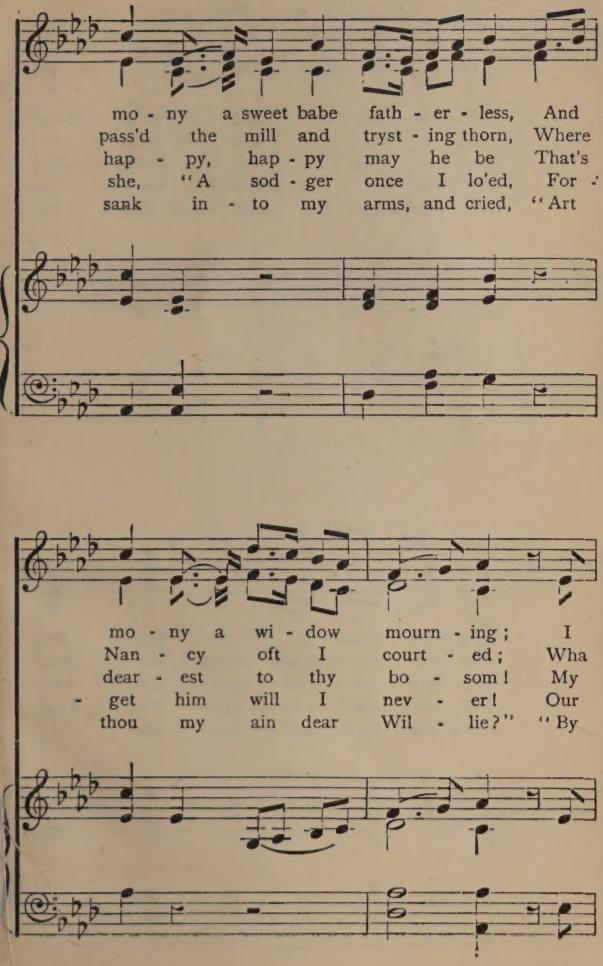
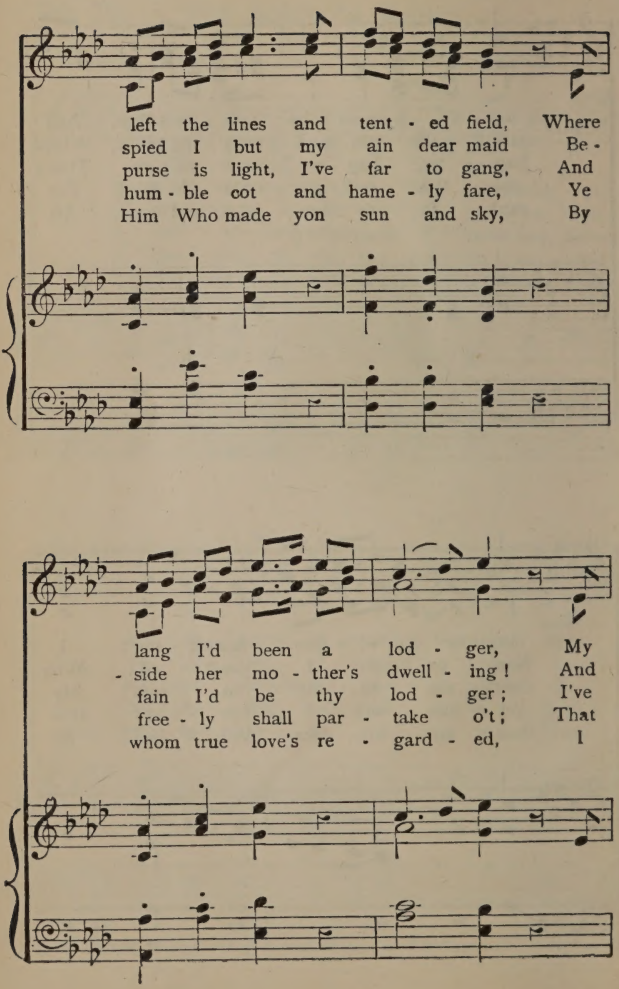
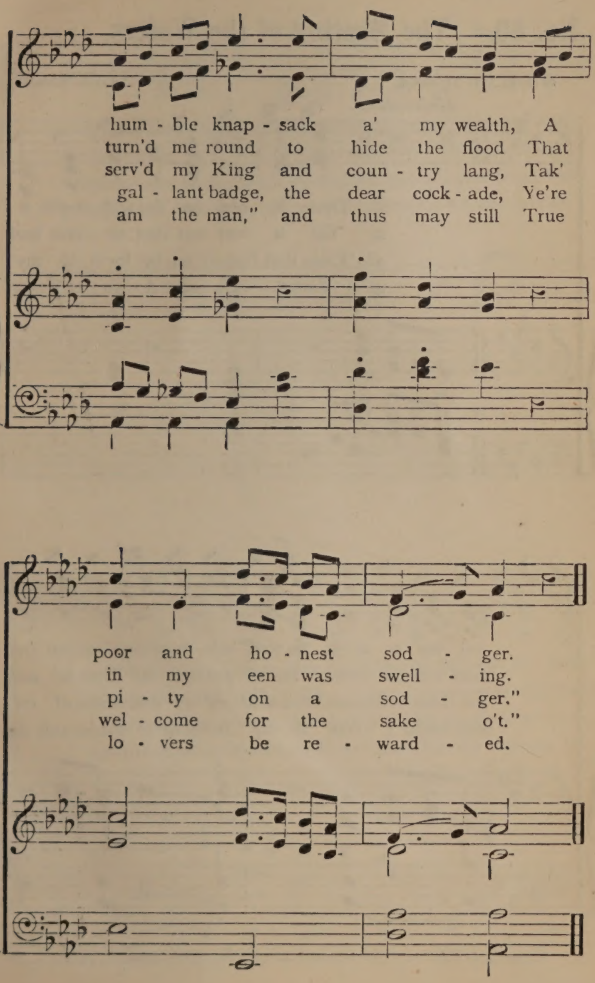

mo - ny a sweet babe fath - er - less, And
pass'd the mill and tryst - ing thorn, Where
hap - py, hap - py may he be That's
she, "A sod - ger once I lo'ed, For
sank in - to my arms, and cried, "Art
mo - ny a wi - dow mourn - ing; I
Nan - cy oft I court - ed; Wha
dear - est to thy bo - som! My
- get him will I nev - er! Our
thou my ain dear Wil - lie?" "By

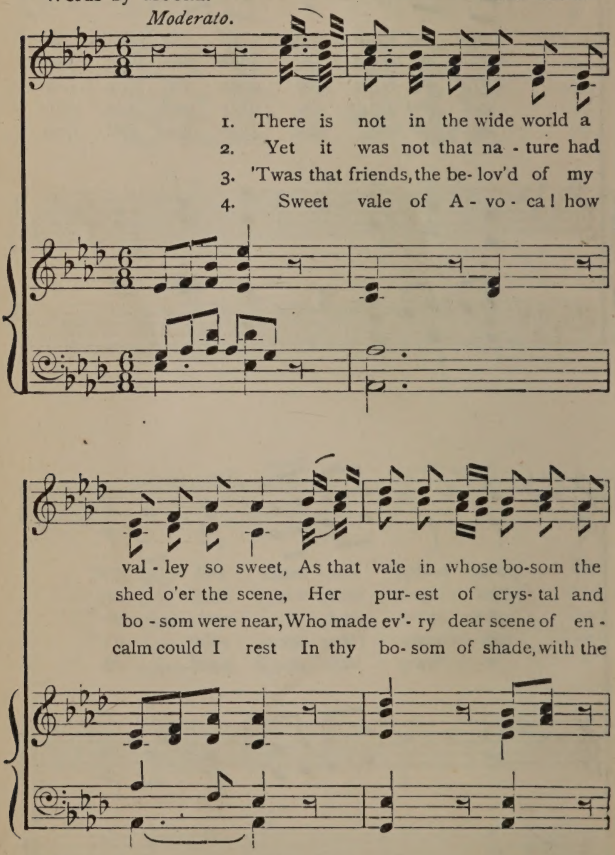

left the lines and tent - ed field, Where
spied I but my ain dear maid Be -
purse is light, I've far to gang, And
hum - ble cot and hame - ly fare, Ye
Him Who made yon sun and sky, By
lang I'd been a lod - ger, My
- side her mo - ther's dwell - ing ! And
fain I'd be thy lod - ger ; I've
free - ly shall par - take o't ; That
whom true love's re - gard - ed, I


hum - ble knap - sack a' my wealth, A
turn'd me round to hide the flood That
serv'd my King and coun - try lang, Tak'
gal - lant badge, the dear cock - ade, Ye're
am the man," and thus may still True
poor and ho - nest sod - ger.
in my een was swell - ing.
pi - ty on a sod - ger."
wel - come for the sake o't."
lo - vers be re - ward - ed.

No. 80. The Meeting of the Waters.

Words by MOORE. IRISH SONG.

Moderato.


1. There is not in the wide world a
2. Yet it was not that na - ture had
3. 'Twas that friends, the be- lov'd of my
4. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca ! how
val - ley so sweet, As that vale in whose bo-som the
shed o'er the scene, Her pur- est of crys- tal and
bo - som were near, Who made ev'- ry dear scene of en -
calm could I rest In thy bo- som of shade, with the

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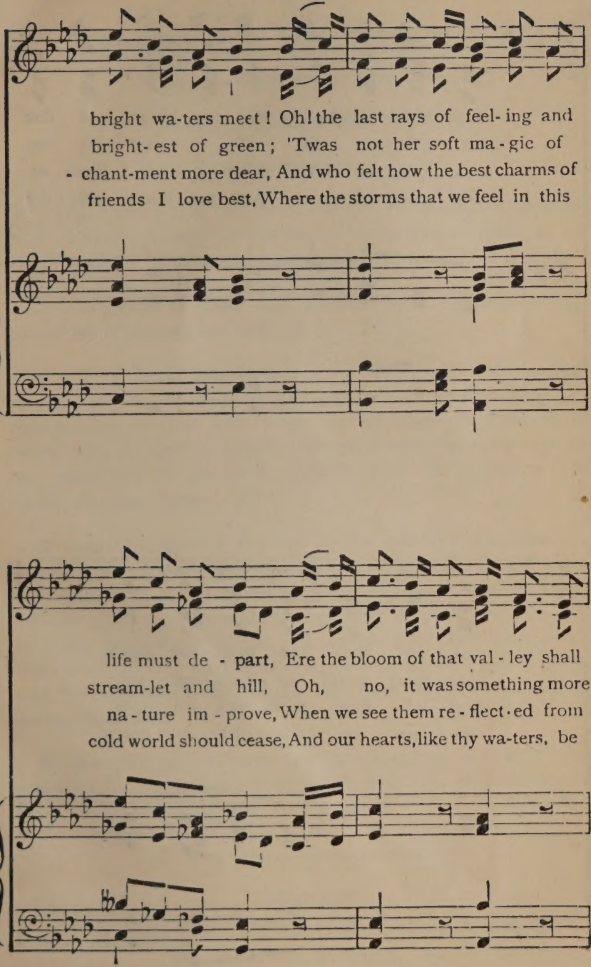
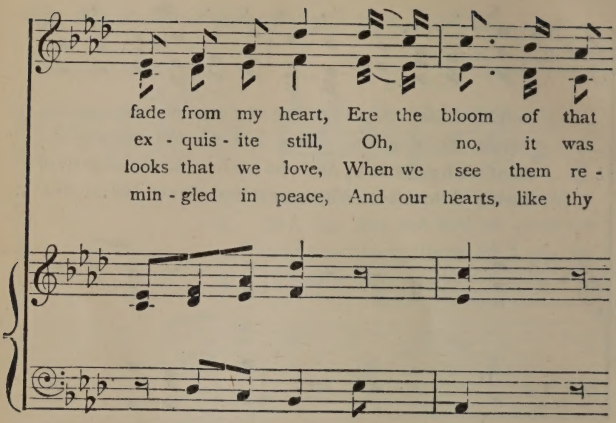
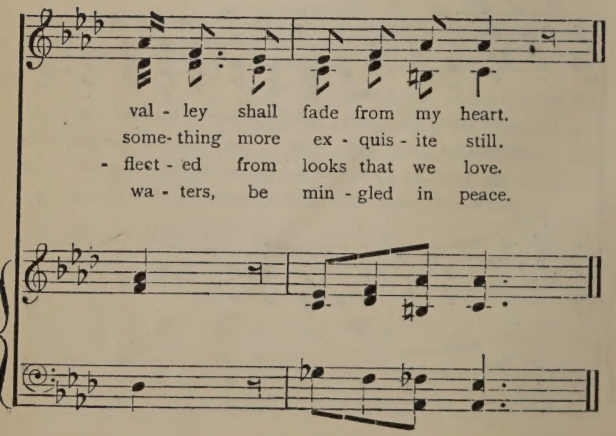

bright wa-ters meet! Oh! the last rays of feel-ing and
bright-est of green; 'Twas not her soft ma-gic of
-chant-ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of
friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this
life must de-part, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall
stream-let and hill, Oh, no, it was something more
na-ture im-prove, When we see them re-flect-ed from
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa-ters, be


fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that
ex - quis - ite still, Oh, no, it was
looks that we love, When we see them re -
min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy


val - ley shall fade from my heart.
some- thing more ex - quis - ite still.
- flect - ed from looks that we love.
wa - ters, be min - gled in peace.

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